

Phoebe Mitchell.

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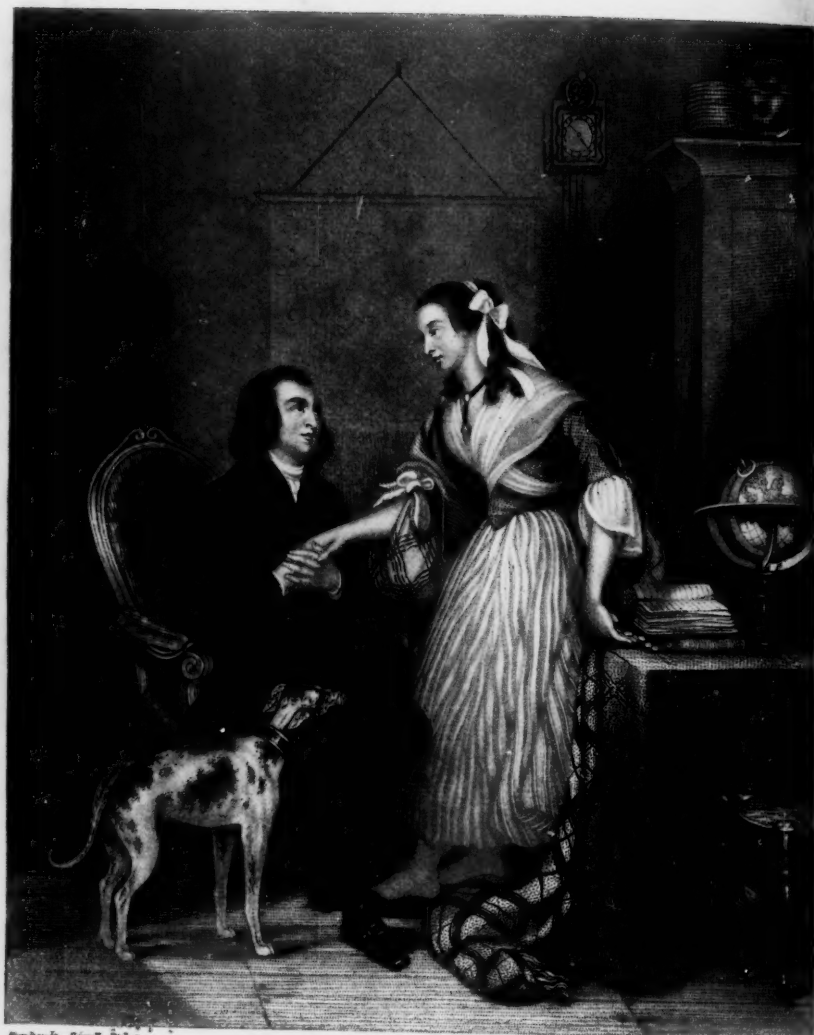
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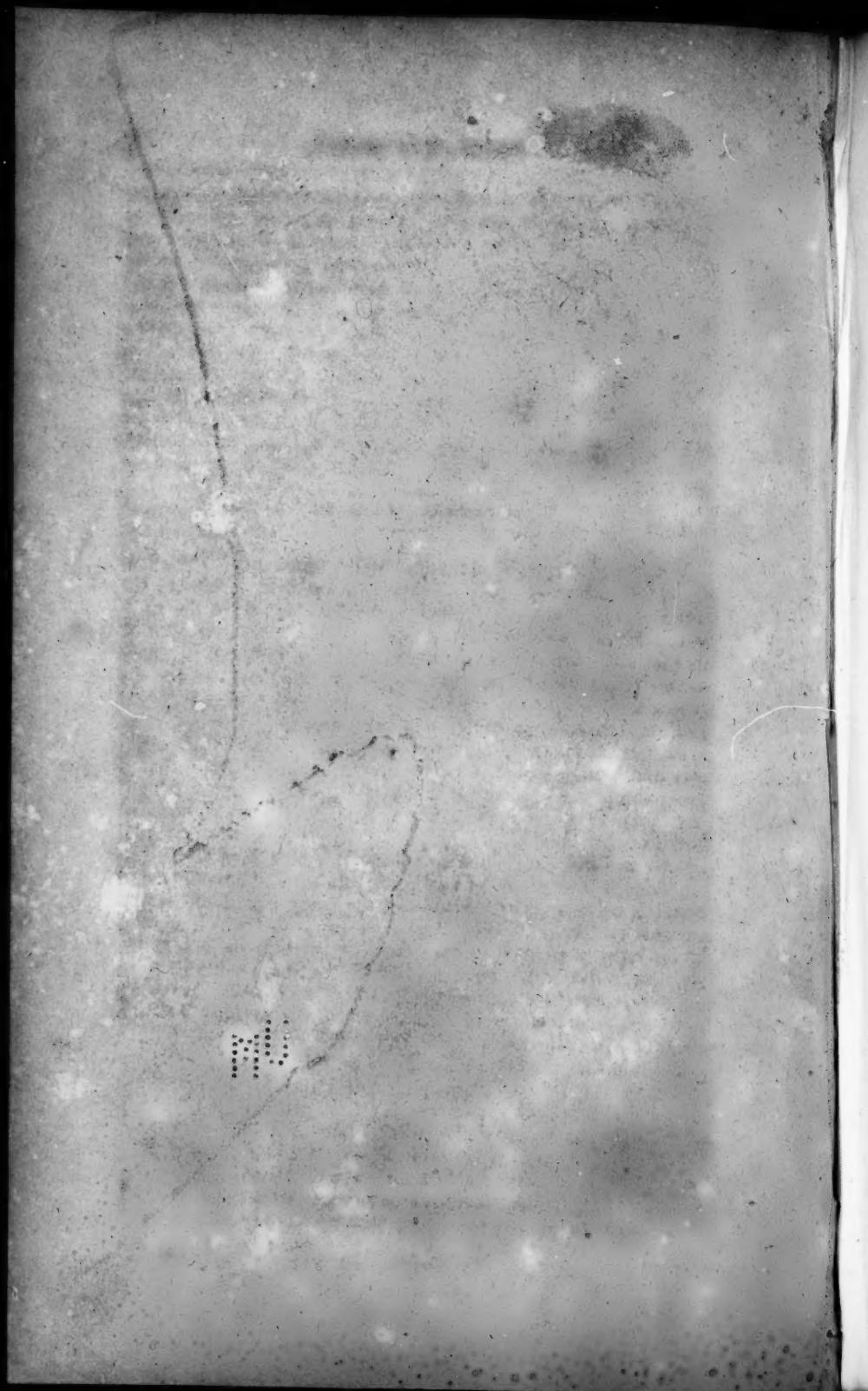
Eng. by H.S. Stodd

THE SISTERS FAREWELL.





No. 1.
Rosa Centifolia.
Hundred-leaved, or Provins Rose.



GENIUS AND ITS REWARD.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

WHAT a glorious gift is that of eloquent utterance! The laurels of the warrior are only achieved on the field of blood; the honors of the statesman depend on the fickle breath of the multitude; but the author—the creator—he who in the seclusion of his closet can commune with the sacred majesty of truth, whose oracles he has been chosen to interpret; he who can people the narrow limits of his solitary chamber with images of beauty; he who, amid the sands of worldliness, has found the “diamond of the desert,” while its sweet waters are welling up in all their freshness and purity—what a noble power is his! And what a strange and mystic faculty is that which gives to “airy nothings” such shapes as make them seem, even to the coarse-minded worldling, like familiar friends; which imparts to unsubstantial dreams a visible and life-like presence; which invests the impalpable shadows of the brain with the attributes of humanity, and demands for these fairy creatures of the fancy our kindest and warmest sympathy! What a godlike gift is that which enables the lonely student to sway the minds of myriads on whom his eye may never rest with a glance of friendly recognition; to move as if by one impulse the hearts of thousands; to stir up high and holy feelings in bosoms which the commerce of the world and the exigencies of life had chilled and hardened!

Yet it is with the mind as with the body; the exercise of our physical energies is delightful in proportion as it is the act of unfettered volition. The man who, in the sportiveness of health and spirits, will go into the woodland and make the strokes of his axe ring through the forest aisles, would find little pleasure in the same labor if necessity had driven him to become a hewer of wood. The well-trained dancer, whose lithe form moves to

the voice of music as if she were an embodiment of the spirit of harmony, feels none of the pure joy which once possessed her, when, in the freedom of childish mirth, her dance was but the evidence of a lightsome heart. It is only when the will is left free to direct the faculties that we can derive full gratification from our consciousness of power; and if this be true of the body—that mere machine which, from its earliest sentient moment, is submitted to restraint and subjection—how much more so is it of the free and unchained mind! It matters not whether the fetters that are laid upon the soul be forged from the iron sceptre of necessity, or wrought from the golden treasures of ambition; still they are but chains, and he who would feel the true majesty of mental power must never have worn the badge of thralldom.

It is not the triumph of satisfied ambition which affords the highest gratification to the truly noble-minded. Intellectual toil is its own exceeding great reward. The applause of the world may gladden the heart and quicken the pulse of the aspirant for fame, but the brightest crown that was ever laid on the brow of genius imparts no such thrill of joy as he felt in that delicious moment when the consciousness of power first came upon him. It is this sense of power—this innate consciousness of hidden strength, which is his most valued guerdon; and well would it be for him if the echo of worldly fame never resounded in the quiet, secluded chambers of his secret soul! Well would it be if no hand ever offered to his lips the cup of adulation, whose magic sweetness awakens a thirst no repeated draughts can slake! Well would it be if the voice of a clamorous multitude never mingled with the sweeter music of his own gentle fancies! Well would it be if he could always abide in the pure regions of elevated thought, leaving the mists and the darkness, the lightnings and tempests of a lower world, beneath his feet! Titian, living amid wealth and honors, and dying in the arms of a weeping monarch, presents to the eye of thought a far less noble picture than the poor, unfriended, humble Correggio, when, at the sight of some glorious works of art, the veil which had hidden his own resplendent genius was suddenly lifted from his eyes, and he exclaimed, in the ecstasy of an enlightened spirit, “Io anche son pittore!” I too am a painter!

With the first knowledge of innate power to the mind of genius comes also the desire of benefiting humanity, and, at that moment, when the fire which God has lighted within the soul burns upward with a steady light toward heaven, while it diffuses its pure splendors on a darkened world around—at such a moment man is indeed but a little lower than the angels.

“Could he keep his spirit to this pitch
He might be happy!”

but, alas ! the mists of earth rise up around him ; the light is dimmed upon the altar ; less holy gleams shoot athwart the growing darkness, and, too often, the fading flame of spiritual existence is rekindled at the bale-fires of the nether world.

There is something fearful in the responsibility which attaches to the expression of human thought and feeling. "We may have done that yesterday," says Madame de Stäel, "which has colored our whole future life." Appalling as this idea is, the reflection that in some idle mood and in some uncounted moment, now gone past recall, we may have uttered that which has influenced the opinions, the feelings, perhaps the fate of *another*, is even more terrific to the conscience. Who cannot remember some single word, some careless remark, which, coming from lips fraught with eloquence, or uttered from a heart filled with truth, has affected our early fortunes and perhaps our life-long destiny ? Who cannot look back upon some moment in life when the unconscious accents of another have withheld the foot which already pressed the verge of some frightful precipice ? Who cannot recall, in bitter anguish of spirit, some hour when the "voice of the charmer" has won the soul to evil influences and late remorse ? If such things come within the experience of each one of us (and that they do no one can doubt), may not every human being, however humble, feel awed before the simple power of human expression ? Oh ! it is a fearful thing to pour out one's soul in eloquent utterance ! fearful, because it opens the inner sanctuary to the gaze of vulgar eyes ; fearful, because its oracular voice is rarely interpreted aright ; doubly fearful, because even its most truthful sayings may be of evil import to those who listen to its teachings.

"When the gifts of genius inspire those who know us not with the desire to love us, they are the richest blessings that Heaven can bestow upon human nature." This is a woman's sentiment, but it is one to which every gifted soul will respond. I once heard it asserted by one, who has but to look within himself to behold the richest elements of the good and grand most harmoniously commingled, that "there is something essentially feminine in the mental character of a man of genius, while there are also decidedly masculine traits in the intellectual developments of a gifted woman." The idea was at first startling, but it is undoubtedly true. The delicacy of perception, the refinement of thought, the tenderness of fancy which mark the man of genius, approach very nearly to the finest traits of womanly nature ; while the vigor of thought and magnanimity of feeling which belong to an enlarged and occupied mind in the gentler sex, are certainly borrowed from the stronger nature of man. There is an assimilation between them, which, while it does not prove

the assertion that "there is no sex in genius," goes far to establish a theory and account for apparent incongruities. It is those very faculties, compelling each, as it were, to trench upon the privileges of the other, which involve and almost insure the social unhappiness of genius. How difficult it is for thought to fold its wings beside the household hearth, or brood with fostering care over the petty duties of life! How much more difficult for the delicate and sensitive nature to assert its manly strength, when every pulse is thrilling with refined emotion! Yet the diligent culture of the affections, the unselfish devotion to social duties, may and do preserve to each its true nature. Hence it is that while others seek for palpable and tangible rewards, the children of genius find so much to prize in the distant and far-off affection which their gifts awaken in loving and humble hearts.

What can impart more pure delight than the consciousness that we have given consolation to the wretched; that we have deepened the thrill of joy in the breast of the happy; that we have elevated the thoughts of an awakened mind, by the expression of unconscious sympathy? How many hearts, aching with excess of feeling, have found vent for their fulness in those exquisite lines of the poet of nature—those lines which contain an embodiment of all the romance, I had almost said of all the poetry, of life:

"Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

How many have felt the wild surges of feeling heave with a calmer swell when they listened to the solemn music uttered by the great master of passion:

"Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!
Ave Maria! may our spirit dare
Look up to thine and to thy Son's, above?"

How many "nel tempo dei dolci sospiri," have echoed the strain of that passionate emotion which thrilled the heart of Petrarca when he exclaimed:

"Benedetto sia 'l giorno, e 'l mese, e 'l anno,
E la stagione, e 'l tempo, e 'l ora, e 'l punto,
E 'l bel paese, e 'l loco ov' lo fui giunto
Da duo begli occhi, che legato m' hanno."

How many, while listening to the voice of nature's great high priest, learn to love the gifted beings who have power to interpret the vague oracles of God within their souls; how many would fain utter in nobler language the sentiment which dictated this grateful burst of feeling to one of our country's greatest bards:

To W. C. B.

My thanks are thine, most gifted one! to thee
 I owe an hour of intellectual life,
 A sweet hour stolen from the noise, and strife,
 And turmoil of the world, which, but to see,
 Or hear of from afar, is pain to me.
 I thank thee for the rich draught thou hast brought
 To lips that love the well-springs of pure thought
 Which from thy soul gush up so plenteously.
 The hymnings of thy prophet voice awake
 Those nobler impulses, that, hushed and still,
 Lie hidden in our hearts, till some wild thrill
 Of spirit-life has power their chains to break;
 Then from our long, inglorious dream we start,
 As if an angel's tone had stirred the slumbering heart.

It is true, such thanks may come from one whose "name is writ in water"—from a mind which is only endowed with power to enjoy a music it never can create; yet surely it is pleasant to feel that we have imparted pure and intellectual gratification to one of God's creatures, however humble; and that we have awakened, for one brief hour, the joy of inner life.

Well may such things be prized, for they are among the few earthly joys which cheer the heart of genius when the darkness of self-distrust gathers around him. The smile of Heaven may beam upon him with unfading brightness, but he must tread an earthly path, and dangers and sorrows beset him on every side. They who are his daily companions are those who see not into the mysteries of life. They weigh him in the balance of worldly prudence and he is found wanting; they watch his moods and bring them up in judgment against him, as if every variation of a sentiment was a deviation from a moral principle; they try him by tests from which even the enduring spirit of calculation would shrink; they stand afar off and then wonder that he is not of themselves; they seek to despise that which they may not comprehend, and they receive his teachings rather as the ravings of the Delphian Pythoness than as the solemn voice of a prophet. Weary and heart-sick, how often does he pause on his lonely way! how often does he faint in very heaviness of soul! how often does he long to fold his weary pinion in the still chamber of death!

Yet comfort is still for him. The multitude may know him not; the laurel may never wreath his brow to guard it from the lightning which hallows even while it scathes; yet will his clarion voice be heard afar off, and while those pause to catch its tones who have never listened to his household words, it will echo widely through the dim shadow of the future. His thoughts will find a response in hearts that knew him not, and his memory will live, embalmed in sweetest fancies, when he shall have lain down like a weary child to sleep the dreamless sleep of death. His life will be one of fevered hope and chilling disappointment; he will ever grasp after some unattained delight, for it is in vain yearnings after the spiritual that men utter the hymn-

ings of their noblest nature ; he will wander unsatisfied through a world which seems green and beautiful beneath every foot save his ; he will drink of many a Circean cup, but his thirst will be still unslaked, his joy still untasted !

But "*coraggio e pazienza*" must be written upon his heart and upon his banner. Life has only its transient joys and sorrows, while his course is still onward and upward. He may be of those whom the world knows not, but while he guards the sacred flame within his bosom, he is not forsaken of Him who gave that spark of celestial fire. In his journeying across the sands of worldly care, he is guided as were the Israelites of old. When the day-star beams on high and all around seems bright, his eye may see only a pillar of cloud ; but when all earthly light has departed, then does it beam forth a heaven-sent flame to direct his steps to the better land !

Let him never forget that his gifts are not his own. "Is not this the great Babylon that I have built," was the arrogant thought of him who became as the beast of the field. Others may be endowed with the power of gathering the treasures of worldliness ; wealth may fall to the lot of some ; power may be the destiny of others ; popular applause may follow the steps of others ; but to him has been given a nobler faculty, and for a nobler aim. They are "of the earth, earthy ;" in the providence of God all these his creatures are needed to fulfil their mission, and verily they have their reward. But thou, child of genius, art chosen for a higher purpose. It is thy privilege to guard the sacred shield on whose safety depends the welfare of thy fellow beings. Thou art chosen to watch over truth, to interpret the voice of conscience, to utter the oracles of love and wisdom. No selfish dream must fill thy fancy ; the dark form of ambition must fling no shadow over the pure stream of thought within thy bosom.

The world may sneer at the nobleness of soul it cannot imitate ; friends may rebuke the nature they cannot comprehend ; even affection may be blind to the deep mysteries of a high and holy purpose of life ; but still faint not thou ! Like the fabled bird of Eden, it is only in upward flight that thy pinions give out their radiant hues of paradise ; thou wert not meant to fold thy wing above thy weary heart and rest on earth.

To be poor in worldly goods, despised by the worldly wise, half dreaded by the worldly ambitious and only half loved by those on whom thy best affections have been poured forth ; such is thy earthly destiny, O genius ! Thou wilt give thyself out like incense to the wind, like music on the tempest. Yet rejoice thou in thy destiny. The incense may be borne afar off, but it will yet breathe sweetness upon some weary brow ; the melody may

be wasted on the blast, but some faint tones will reach and cheer
a brother's sinking heart.

Truly is the gift of genius a glorious one, even in its grief
The fruits which are given to its thirsting lip may be bitter to the
taste, but they are plucked from the tree which is "for the heal-
ing of the nations."

Brooklyn, L. I.

HYMN TO THE SOUL.

I.

God said, let there be light!
Back fled the startled night,
In swift dismay:
Deep Chaos heard the sound,
To her remotest bound;
Effulgence beamed around,
A radiant day.

II.

Breath of Omnipotence,
Mysterious spirit, whence?
Deathless and fair!
Thou hast no mortal form,
No life-blood free and warm;
The sunshine and the storm!
Thy garments are.

III.

Thought is thine empire; vast
As time the antepast
Thy being hath:
Farther than planets roll,
Deep as creation's soul,
Wide as to either pole,
Thy trackless path!

IV.

To love—to feel the ties
Of human sympathies,
The dawn of Heaven;
Joy in its ardent gush,
And Passion's frenzied rush,
Hope, brighter than the flush
Of stars at even.

V.

Systems and suns shall fade,
And fairest flowers arrayed,
In robes of light:
But thou, oh! deathless part,
A scintillation art
Of the eternal heart—
The Infinite!

VI.

Thy never parting-breath,
 Nor time may steal, nor death,
 Nor cold decay;
 Thine eagle-wing doth stray
 To mountain crags away,
 Where, 'mid wild ocean's spray,
 The lightnings play.

VII.

Chained though thou art to earth,
 Thou hast a nobler birth
 And destiny:
 Upward shall be thy flight,
 Or where insatiate night,
 Broods dismal o'er the sight,
 Eternally!

VIII.

Spirit immortal, wake!
 That boundless pathway take,
 By seraphs trod:
 Break thou the sensual reign,
 Dispart the galling chain,
 Arise to life again—
 The smile of God!

[Knickerbocker.]

THE SCRIPTURES AS A SPECIMEN OF LITERATURE.

BY E. C. COGSWELL.

In simplicity and purity of style, and in originality of sentiment, the Bible stands unrivalled. Its purity and eloquence are unsurpassed by any productions ancient or modern. Its material for the exercise of deep thought, for cultivating the taste, for invigorating the imagination, and for eliciting the best feelings of the soul, is rich and exhaustless. Its weighty doctrines, the hopes it enkindles, the fears it arrays, alike prove its divine original.

No *human* composition is so exquisite as *always* to please. Its stores of wisdom are quickly exhausted; the eye soon perceives the end of created perfection; but the beauties of the Bible are none the less lovely, though the charm of novelty may have passed away.

He who can read the inspired narration of Moses with diminished interest, can have no beauty in his own soul. Cold must be that heart which does not kindle at his eloquence, and melt at his pathos.

Moses's account of the Creation is unique. It is abrupt, simple, sublime. The volume of destiny is suddenly thrown open; time is proclaimed; creation arises; and a new race of intelligences appear on the scene. The Almighty voice is addressed to chaos. "Confusion hears it, and wild uproar stands ruled." The waters subside; the verdant landscape is seen; songs burst from every grove; and stars, bright rolling, silent beaming, are hurled forth from the Almighty's hand.

The story of Jacob's darling boy, dressed out in his coat of many colors, sold into Egypt by jealous brothers, rising to be second in power in that mighty nation, saving by his foresight a famishing world, especially the chosen people of God, and dying the most beloved of princes, far surpasses the sublimest conceptions of poets or novelists.

The style of Moses as a Historian, is the best model, both in the vigorous and the sublime, the pleasing and the tender. His history is clothed with the grace of eloquence, the charms of poetry, and the fascinations of fiction.

Poetry is the breathing out of that principle which is deepest and sublimest in human nature; the expression of that aspiration for something more powerful and more thrilling than ordinary life affords.

The Bible is replete with poetry. The Hebrew poets rouse, warm, and transport the mind in strains the sweetest and boldest that bard ever sung; in numbers, the loftiest that imagination ever dictated. No poetry extant equals that which comes to us from the rapt patriarch of Idumea and the inspired prophets of Salem; from the schools of Bethel and Jericho. The Bible is the prototype; the unrivalled model and inspirer of all that is elevated in poetry. It has been a fountain from which later poets have drawn their richest thoughts, their boldest figures, their grandest imagery.

The Psalms of David are an elegant specimen of poetic literature. The character of their diction and expression is vivid, the thoughts animated, passionate. They communicate truths which philosophy could never investigate, in a style which uninspired poetry can never equal. The Hebrew literature itself contains nothing more lovely.

Among the prophetic writers, Isaiah stands unrivalled. His language possesses surprising beauties. His triumphal song upon the fall of the Babylonish monarch is replete with imagery, diversified and sublime. The conception is bold, the characters are introduced with wonderful art. Nothing is wanting to defend its claims to perfect beauty. In every excellence of composition, it is unequalled by any specimen of Greek or Roman poetry.

The strains of Ezekiel break forth like the gushing of a mighty fountain. He is deep, vehement, tragical. He rouses every energy of the soul; overwhelms the mind by his bold figures, abrupt transitions, fervid expressions. But he who astonishes us by his graphic images, possesses, at the same time, the loveliness of the sweetest poet. For invigorating the imagination, for giving energy of thought and boldness of expression, the writings of Ezekiel are unequalled.

The Bible has stood the test of ages. No closeness of inspection, keenness of investigation or strictures of criticism, have been able to defeat its claims to the highest excellencies of language. Here the man of taste may find every variety of material to discipline the mind, enrich the imagination, and polish the taste.

Of the men that have shed a lustre over ages and nations, the purest and the noblest are those who have been most deeply imbued with the literature of the Bible. The divines of the seventeenth century, those gigantic pillars of English literature, have been celebrated for their love of the excellence of scripture composition. At this fountain the most distinguished poets and orators have drank deepest. What but the literature of the Bible has rendered immortal the writings of Milton and Young? or those of Chatham and Burke, the models of modern eloquence? What else has given interest and power to the writings of Jones, Butler, Hall and Edwards, the admiration of every scholar? It is the literature of the Bible which has sent out a redeeming influence through our whole literary system—an influence which pervades and strengthens the public mind. There is a spirit in the literature of the Bible, before which the lurid fires of impure passion, kindled at the shrine of heathen literature, go out. The whole atmosphere of the Bible is pure and salutary; its clime a region of strong thought; the place for giant minds to thrive in. It is an exhaustless treasury of truths—

"Truths that have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of eternal silence; truths that wake
To perish never."

Let the Bible be studied in its original, as we study the *Iliad* of Homer, or the history of Livy, and giants in intellect will rise up, to surpass the loftiest geniuses of past ages. Let the student study the incomparable histories of Moses and Luke, and the sententious writings of Solomon—men of wonderful grasp of mind, of strong massive style, of deep reflection—also the writings of Paul, another name for the perfection of condensed eloquence—the unrivalled poetry of David, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Habakkuk; and he will find such a discipline adapted to indurate his mental constitution; to give it muscle and energy; to gird the intellect with power; and to aid him in concentrating its energies so as to bring

vast regions at once to the mind ; to comprehend almost the infinite in the finite, as the "cope of heaven is imaged in the dew-drop."

Such is the literature of the Scriptures. Written by its numerous authors, during the space of fifteen hundred years, in the sands of Arabia, in the deserts of Judah, in the rustic schools of the prophets, in the sumptuous palaces of Babylon; in the bosom of pantheism and its sad philosophy, the Bible comes to us the oldest offspring of sanctified intellect, the highest effort of genius, the effusions of truth and nature, the overflowings of genuine feeling, the utterance of undisguised sentiments. It is essential truth, the thoughts of heaven. This volume was conceived in the councils of eternal mercy. It contains the wondrous story of redeeming love. It blazes with the lustre of Jehovah's glory. It is calculated to soften the heart; to sanctify the affections; to elevate the soul. It is adapted to pour the balm of heaven into the wounded heart; to cheer the dying hour; and to shed the light of immortality upon the darkness of the tomb. The force of its truth compelled the highly-gifted but infidel Byron to testify that,

"Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries.
O! happiest they of human race,
To whom our God has given grace
To hear, to read, to fear, to pray,
To lift the latch, and force the way;
But better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt or read to scorn."

CHRISTIAN ASPIRATIONS.

Ask'st thou why, the world despising,
Unsatisfied with joys terrene,
The Christian's soul delights in rising
To the world of bliss unseen?

'Tis not that earth affords no pleasures
Which he may taste with pure delight;
It is that brighter far the treasures
Known to faith but not to sight.

'Tis not that there are none around him,
Whom his soul delights to love,
It is that stronger ties have bound him,
To the Holy One above.

'Tis not that he would bear no longer
The toil that is man's portion here;
'Tis that he longs with powers far stronger,
To labor in a higher sphere.

'Tis not that here, in darkness shrouded,
The present God he fails to trace;
'Tis that he longs, with eye unclouded,
To view his Maker face to face.

ODE FOR NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

BY GEO. H. COLTON, AUTHOR OF "TECUMSEH."

I. 1.

HARK! I heard a mournful sound,
 Deep as ocean's groaning surge;
 Minds are wildly wailing round
 A low funereal dirge;
 And spirit voices meet my ear
 With solemn sadness and appalling fear!
 What can it be doth thus my soul affright,
 And startle e'en the slumbering Night?
 It seems with sullen roar Oblivion's wave
 Rolling o'er nations dead and Nature in her grave!

I. 2.

Lo! a haggard spectre train,
 Wild and shadowy shapes appear,
 Bearing on with woful plain
 A corse and sable bier;
 Disease, and Pain, and Penury,
 And Melancholy of the tearful eye,
 Friendship with altered brow, and baffled Guile,
 Remorse, that ne'er was seen to smile,
 Envy, Mistrust, wan Grief, and wasted Care,
 And Disappointment sad, and suicide Despair.

I. 3.

"Wearily, O, wearily,"
 (The mournful chant was said),
 "We bear thy clay-cold corse, O Year, along:
 Thy children all are dead;
 One by one we saw them die,
 And join the Past's innumerable throng.
 Thy faithful followers we have been,
 Ever wasting hapless Man,
 Whose joyless life is shortened to a span,
 Tracking his weary steps through each dark scene.
 Childhood, and Youth, and withered Age,
 On each and all we aye attend,
 Till reaching life's last dusty stage,
 The pilgrim hails e'en tyrant Death a friend,
 Smiles at the icy touch, and joyeth at his end.

II. 1.

"Sisters, brothers, slowly bear
 To his grave the perished Year,
 Wailing to the darkened air
 A dirge above his bier.
 Around him flitting, faded Hours,
 Scatter upon his corse pale, withered flowers;
 For he is hasting to that dim domain,
 Whence he may ne'er return again,
 The Past,—into that peopled Solitude,
 The voiceless, shadowy throng, the years beyond the Flood.

II. 2.

"Ever with the perishing years
From the earth man's race decay,
Journeying on in dust and tears,
Of Time and Death the prey!
Ours is the joy to see them fall,
To wrap them in the winding-sheet and pall,
And bearing their cold forms, like thine, along,
With mockery of mourning song,
Whelm them at last 'neath dark Oblivion's main,
Whence they and thou, O year, shall never wake again!"

II. 3.

Merrily, O, merrily,
Arose another strain,
As this strange company did disappear;
And lo! a joyous train
Passed before my wondering eye,
Bearing in lifted arms the infant Year.
Pleasure, and Youth, and laughing Love,
Hand in hand with Joy and Mirth,
And star-eyed Hope, that ever looks from earth,
And radiant Fancy in light measure move.
On silken wings the blooming Hours
Hovered above the sleeping child,
Dispensing fairest, freshest flowers,
Until the boy awoke, and waking smiled,
'To hear this rising strain, so solemn, sweet, and wild.

III. 1.

"See the golden Morn arise,
Where the first faint streaks appear,
Climbing up the dewy skies
To hail the new-born Year,
Attendants of the princely boy,
We bring man's wasted race sweet peace and joy,
While flee yon ghastly train with gloomy Night
Before us and the dawning light.
Raise we on high the joyous natal lay,
And bear the new-born King to meet the early day.

III. 2.

"See the star of Bethlehem
Up the burning east ascend!
Cherubim and Seraphim
Upon its course attend!
Away, away the shadows roll,
That hopeless darkened erst the human soul,
As its bright beams on the mean mansion shine,
Where lowly sleeps the Child Divine.
'Peace, peace to men!' the heavenly voices sing,
And 'peace, good will to men!' the heavenly arches ring!

III. 3.

"Cheerily, then, cheerily,
O child of earth and Heaven,
Bear thou the lot that is appointed here;
Grateful for bounty given,
O'er thy sorrows weep nor sigh,
But welcome with sweet smiles the new-born Year.

For earth is always beautiful,
 In her every hue and form;
 Enrobed in sunshine, or begirt with storm,
 Still, ever still the earth is beautiful.
 However roll Time's restless wave,
 Yield not, O man, thy soul to gloom,
 Nor deem thy resting-place the grave,
 But watching Bethlehem's star beyond the tomb,
 Hope for immortal life and never-fading bloom.

New Haven.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

AN ADDRESS BY WILLIAM JOHNSON, ESQ.

I HAVE read that the people of one of the interior nations of Africa elect their king by fastening a cord to the top of a tree, and requiring all the candidates for the regal office to pull at it; and that candidate who can draw it nearest to the ground, is by acclamation declared king; not because he is wiser or better, but because he unites in his person more of the important properties of *weight* and *power* than any other man in the nation.

In savage and idolatrous countries, in all ages, the power to acquire dominion has been regarded as a sufficient guaranty for enslaving the feeble and defenceless. Hence it is that because her muscles are weak, and her frame tender, woman has become the slave and inferior of man, and has been doomed to drudgery and degradation to promote his pleasure or indulge his pride. But as degradation is the consequence of ignorance, and slavery the condition of the brute, he who would degrade or enslave even the feeble, must first degrade and enslave the mind, by keeping it locked up in ignorance, both of the dignity of its origin and the glory of its end. Hence tyranny in pagan countries has denied woman the book of knowledge, and in Mohammedan countries the existence of a soul. But wherever civilisation has dawned on the world, and the influence of Christianity been felt, her chains have fallen off—female character has progressively risen, and female education become of greater and greater importance. But much as she has advanced in both these respects, she is yet very far below her proper level and her ultimate destiny. Her education is yet very far from what it ought to be to make her the instructor of her offspring, the ornament of society, and the free, equal, and happy companion of man; and even where its progress has been sufficiently great, it has been

encumbered with so many wild and wanton growths as to make it almost fruitless of its great and important end.

Situated as we are in reference both to time and eternity, all education is valuable or valueless, as it tends to make the relations we shall hereafter occupy happy or miserable. How unwise, then, to spend the vigor of youth in the acquirement of that which youth only can enjoy, and which, if carried into the more advanced period of life, would only be adding the follies of youth to the follies of age! Life is a short drama at best, and the parts which women play are soonest over. It is the old age of the other sex only which is tormented by the plague of avarice and ambition. It is man only whose

"—— pale withered hands are still stretched out,
Trembling at once with eagerness and age,
With avarice and convulsions grasping hard."

Woman's chief ambition is gratified by a single conquest; the scope of her happiness and usefulness is circumscribed by the domestic and social circle. Beyond this her influence is only felt by its moral reflection on the hearts and lives of mankind. Nor is this the result of any system of education—it is a distinguishing circumstance in her existence—one which God never intended to be otherwise.

What, then, is this highest object of woman's ambition—that in which she feels the deepest interest, and from whence she draws the greatest happiness? It is to be beloved—to call one gallant and faithful heart her own. Poverty, exile, slavery and death have no aspect to her so gloomy as the thought of being forgotten. She will smile like an angel over poverty's scantiest meal—she will follow a lover's footsteps to "distant and barbarous climes"—she will ply her hands to the spindle and the distaff with the constancy of a galley-slave—she will meet death with the fortitude of a heroine—but ah! to be neglected—to be neither the object of joy nor grief, of hope nor fear, of love nor hate, but to wither unseen, like a neglected weed, is more than she can endure.

"The keenest pangs the wretched find
Are raptures to the dreary void—
The leafless desert of the mind—
The waste of feeling unemployed."

How then shall she attain and keep that which is thus the soul of her ambition and the well-spring of her life? If the rose on her cheek was perennial, and the fire in her eye unquenchable, then might she trust in the power of beauty; but when sickness tames the bounding pulse, when the rose fades from the cheek, and the fire from the eye, what then remains to be admired but the superior beauties of the immortal mind?

To our sex is given more of the muscular power possessed

in common with the inferior animals; but the God of nature, as if he would form a connecting link between men and angels, has given to woman the tiny form, the fragile frame, and pictured in her countenance the personification of spiritual existence. How mortifying, then, to the ardent admirer of the fair, to find beneath the form of beauty that index of intellect, a starved, meagre, and dwarfish soul!

Flora was once a lovely laughing girl, possessed of all the external charms which this world calls beautiful. She danced like a fairy and sang like an angel; and when she entered the assembly room, each stranger with fluttering heart asked his acquaintance, "Who is that beautiful creature?" A beardless youth of lofty brow stepped down from the shades of Parnassus, burning with poetic ardor, and revolving in his mind a thousand plans of future greatness—she caught his eye, and his soul was wrapt with the vision—

"—— he looked
Upon it till it could not pass away—
He had no breath or being but in hers.
—— she was his sight;
For his eyes followed hers, and saw with hers,
Which colored all his objects. He had ceased
To live within himself. She was his life—
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
That terminated all."

He wooed, and won, and wedded her, and she (fond enthusiast) thought her happiness complete. For a while he doted fondly on her; but—he loves her not now. Why not? She is now his wife, and custom no longer requires that they should consume the time by talking over the little nothings with which the fashionable gallant ekes out an evening's conversation. The sweetmeats of the honeymoon pall upon the sense, and his taste requires something more substantial. He talks to her about the realities of life; but she has lived all her days in the world of imagination. He talks to her about science; but she knows not what he says. He talks to her about literature; but she knows not what it is. He talks to her about the world as it is; but he finds her a stranger in it. He talks to her about the world as it has been in past ages; but the light of history has never beamed on her mind. He finds in her no thought, no feeling in harmony with his own. She touches not the strings of his heart, and like the wires of an untuned instrument, they corrode with the rust of loneliness. He becomes solitary in the bosom of his own family, and seeks society elsewhere. Something (it may be jealousy) whispers in the ear of the once happy Flora, "Your husband despises you!" and her peace of mind is ruined for ever. There may be something unkind in his conduct, but it is the legitimate result of disappointment. It is the common fate of the disappointed, not only to be unhappy themselves, but to make

those around them unhappy also. The disappointment is always in proportion to the interest felt in the object of pursuit, and the human heart cannot affect happiness where it is not felt. He saw the lovely jewel sparkling in the casket, and he sighed to possess it. For a day it sparkled on his finger; but the gilding wore away, and the baser metal showed itself; the cheat was out, and his mortification was greater than if he had never thought it a jewel. The fond and foolish creature had exhausted all her resources to attain her object—like a child enamored of a bird in the bush, she had strewn the last grain about her trap to catch the gilded rover; and when he was caught, he was doomed to starve on chaff, or rudely break his cage and fly away in search of better fare. The conditions of both are unfortunate, but hers is greatly worst. He may resort to books for consolation, or reason himself into the ridiculous opinion that woman is an inferior being, and that his fate is but the fate of all men; but she is without resource, without consolation.

But the *educated* woman forms the nucleus of society at home. Her husband loves her because she is good, and venerates her because she is wise. Her domicile becomes his library and his reading-room, and there is the repository of solid wisdom—not merely the gilded annuals spread out for show, but some of the perennials too—the Miltons, and Popes, and Addisons, and Johnsons. Not the mere butterfly-wing productions of the day, with gaudy covers and virgin pages, unsoiled and untouched, save where the pictured Medora droops her languid head, or my Uncle Toby peeps in the Widow Wadman's eye; but volumes of history, philosophy, poetry, elocution and divinity, whose merits have redeemed them from all-destroying time.

But although the largest portion of woman's happiness is derived from her relation to the other sex, yet it is not the only source of her enjoyment, nor the exclusive object of her ambition. There is another point of view in which education and a literary cast of mind would greatly better her condition. It would open to her a source of excellence and elevation consistent with her nature, and within the reach of the poor as well as the rich—one which the reverses of fortune could not take away. Some stimulus like this is almost indispensable to her intellectual existence; for although her ambition is not towering, there is a kind of aristocracy of which she is more ambitious than man—she is fonder of distinction in the circle in which she moves. I have often been amused by the embarrassment of some clever fellow, whose very soul was imbued with democracy, and who was so much in love with the people that he could hardly attend to his own affairs, to see his wife so aristocratic that she could hardly treat one of the "sove-

reigns" with common courtesy, when he called to shake hands with his humble servant, her husband. Is this ambition of eminence wrong? No, sir, not of itself:

"Ambition first sprang from the bright abodes,
The glorious fault of angels and of gods."

But like the ambition of the rebel angels, it is wofully misdirected, and tends to ruin and downfall. There is no real distinction among mortals, but such as wisdom and goodness impart; and all distinction built on any other foundation, must sooner or later tumble in ruin on the heads of those who aspire to it. One-half of the poverty and misery in the world grow out of this misguided ambition to be great.

Mrs. Extravaganza is happily married to a young man in moderate circumstances, but of industrious habits, and sufficient income to support his family with comfort and credit; and thus begins the world with flattering prospects. But she is ambitious to be superior to her neighbor's wife. The world acknowledges no real distinction between them—her neighbor's wife is as polite, as learned, as wise, as good as she. From whence then shall her superiority come? From richer silks, costlier furniture, more splendid equipage, a statelier mansion, and a more numerous train of domestics, no one of which is essential to real comfort or convenience. The ship sails well while the sky is clear and the breeze blows fair; but when the storm of adversity comes she is overwhelmed. The expense is too great for the income, and by her misguided ambition she is doomed to perpetual poverty.

But extravagance is not the only way in which this misguided ambition develops itself. It seeks distinction in *affectation* of superiority, more ridiculous than extravagance or poverty. In the estimation of shallow observers, whatever is grotesque requires but little puffing to make it superior. In this way the veriest butterflies in the world seek and often find distinction, while real merit passes to the grave unnoticed. Whether our understanding or our education is at fault, I do not pretend to say; but one thing is certain—we are in this respect the most hoaxable people on earth.

Let some European scullion abjure her mistress' kitchen, put on an air of singularity, and appear among us bedecked with tawdry tissue, and in four and twenty hours a hundred gallant skulls are thumping together to do her homage. She converses with thrilling eloquence in some language which no one of them understands, and the lineaments of Thaddeus Pulaski, or Americus Vesputius, brighten in her countenance; while the beautiful, the lovely, the learned, the simple-hearted buckeye blushes un-

seen, like the desert rose, because she is indigenous to the soil and unobtrusive in her manners.

Several years ago, I conversed with a gentleman who had just returned from Europe, after performing the duties of minister to a foreign court. In speaking of the English nobility, he remarked that the ladies were plain and simple-hearted in comparison with ladies of wealth and fashion in our country. I asked him how he accounted for this, seeing that our institutions were based on the principle of human equality. "They rely, sir," said he, "upon their rank, and have no need of affectation to sustain them." In our country there is no such rank as that on which they rely. It is not desirable that such rank ever should exist. But is there no rank in the republic of letters—is there no eminence in the field of science—is there no elevation in the art of doing good on which the ambitious fair one might rely for distinction, without resorting to the miserable extremes of extravagance and affectation?

But woman should not be educated with reference to her individual happiness alone; she is a social being, and as such, is destined to have her influence on all around her; and you cannot educate one, without to a certain extent educating every other in the neighborhood. They act upon each other like the reeds in the fisherman's flambeau—the moment you light one, it communicates the fire to another, and another, and another, until the whole unites in a flame.

The old adage, that "it is better to be out of the world than out of the fashion," has often been applied to ladies. Whether they deserve it or not, I do not pretend to decide; but it is certain they are more *curious*, more *communicative*, more *imitative* than men, and consequently more likely to be benefited or injured by the influence of society. A city is too large and unwieldy for observation. In the country the population is too sparse. But go to a village where you can take in society at a single glance, and there make your practical observation. Let some intrigue exist, or some deed of darkness be committed, no matter with how much secrecy, and you might as well attempt to "hide the sun with a blanket, or put the moon in your pocket," as to conceal it from their scrutiny; and when it is found out, it rests like sin on the conscience of the discoverer, until she has communicated it to every friend she has in the village. But she is imitative. Let some new example of taste, elegance, or fashion make its appearance, and it runs round the circle with almost the speed of electricity; and the thought of being left behind is painful in the extreme.

Mrs. Brocade appears at church in a new-fangled dress, and instantly all the ladies in the neighborhood follow *suit*. Mrs.

Mr Fiddle sends her little daughter to dancing school, and in four and twenty hours half the matrons in the village inquire of the parson whether it would be a sin to send their little daughters too. Miss Exquisite has been to the city, and meeting with an improvement in the strait-jacket, has compressed her beautiful form to the thickness of a spade-shaft, and "live or die, survive or perish," and in spite of Dr. Muzzy's lecture,* in one week every young lady in town is compressed to the same model. And think you, sir, that this anxiety to *know*—this eagerness to *communicate*—this tendency to *imitate*, was implanted in the breast of woman to poison and make war on the nobler spirit of sympathy and benevolence? No, sir, no such thing. They are the wild luxuriant growths of a noble soul, fallen down from their native bower, and tangled and interwoven with briars and noxious weeds. Only let the hand of education lift them from the ground, disentangle them from the thorny maze, prune away the rubbish, fasten the tendrils to the bower, and teach them to aspire to the nobler objects; and trust me, sir, they will become the ornaments of the sex, and make society redolent of moral sweetness. These very qualities which have so long and so often been the topics of ridicule, are the evidences of mind admirably suited, if properly cultivated, to give and take the blessings of society.

But the influence of woman as a social being, is not confined to her own sex. She wields a powerful influence over the other sex, and especially over her own husband; and very much of his success or disappointment in life depends upon her. Let a man of genius and enterprise be linked for life with an ignorant woman, whose thoughts aspire not with his thoughts—whose sentiments mingle not with his sentiments—whose heart beats not in unison with his heart; and all his energies, like a living victim chained to a body of death, will sicken, gangrene, and die. The man of genius requires both the sympathy and approbation of the other sex to aid him in his efforts, and without them his exertions, however great, will be misdirected. He may be ambitious; but his ambition will be for glory and not for good. His actions in themselves may be noble; but philanthropy will not be their moving spring. He may acquire knowledge, but it will not be devoted to the benefit of mankind. He may accumulate wealth, but it will not be used for the purposes of benevolence. A few examples to the contrary may be found; and those examples are striking, because they are singular; but frozen-hearted selfishness is the common motive of men alienated from the sympathy and influence of the softer sex.

In the age of chivalry, when a young and valorous knight clad

* Dr. Muzzy, at the same session, delivered a lecture on the injurious effects of tight lacing.

in complete steel, entered the tournament, he knew that the eye of beauty marked his deeds, and that the hand of beauty would reward his success; and as if the fire of Minerva inspired his bosom, and the spirit of Minerva nerved his arm, he poised the weapon, warded the thrust, and dealt the blow. And when in quest of adventures, he went up and down, fearless of danger, and despising repose—as he slept beneath the spacious sky, it was not the star that beamed on his helmet, nor the dew-drop that glittered on his breast-plate, but the eye and the tear of his lady-love that inspired his dreams of glory, and steel-ed his heart for the day of battle. And in the rigorous combat, when he covered his breast with his shield, and braced his lance in its rest, he invoked the spirit of his lady-love to aid him in the desperate conflict. Nor were his expectations blasted. When he returned in triumph from the field and laid the trophy of victory at her feet, as if the victory had been her own, she unbuckled his armor and acknowledged him the champion of her honor, and the lord of her heart. But after the youthful votary of science has sacrificed ease, and pleasure, and wealth, to fit himself for usefulness, if he enters the arena of life, with no eye to brighten at his triumphs—no cheek to blush for his fall—no bosom to sympathize with his fortunes—

"If beauty blunts on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claims the triumphs of a lettered heart,"

what motive has he for excellence? Why should not he kneel at the shrine of Mammon, side by side with the mercenary fair one, much more likely to be enamored of his wealth than his learning?

But there is another relation of life in which woman appears more interesting than in any of the former, and in which her thorough and substantial education seems to be more important than that of man—it is the relation of a mother. Such is the nature of the father's business engagements, that if he were ever so well qualified to be an instructor, children, during the earlier period of life, when they are most susceptible of impressions, are almost exclusively under the control of the mother. To her belongs the nurture and training of the moral sentiments, while they are yet so tender that the touch of a ruder hand might snap them from the tiny stem, and blast them for ever. Those very feelings of the mother which men call female weakness, act upon the incipient intellect like the volatile oils and the rainbow colors of the blossom on the embryo fruit, distilling and refining the dews of heaven, and reflecting and softening the rays of light, until it swells into strength and vigor, to be matured by the redundant showers of summer, and ripened in the powerful beams of the sun. The stern philosophy of the father smiles at the sleepless vigilance

and thrilling anxiety with which the mother watches the sleeping infant, and her distracted wildness when its toppling footsteps carry it beyond her sight; yet the actions of the mother under these circumstances make an impression on the infant mind never to be erased, by time, or change, or circumstances; and by an association of ideas, too mysterious to be explained, but too palpable to be denied, the moral lessons inculcated under these circumstances can never be forgotten; and many a heartless rake has been reformed, and many a reckless renegade reclaimed, by the recollection of a mother's precepts, after she had gone to her grave. This powerful influence is happily illustrated in one of those speeches of John Randolph, in which that eccentric orator was wont to wander over the whole universe. In denouncing a certain quality of atheists for the mischief they had done, "Once," said he, "they had well nigh robbed me of my religion; but when the last spark was nearly extinguished, I remembered that when a child, my good old mother called me to her side, and taught me to say, 'Our Father who art in heaven.'"

If then the mother is to be instructor of her children, and if the precepts of the mother are of such lasting consequence, how important is it that she herself should be well educated—that her head, and her heart, and her hands should be educated, so that her example may teach where her precept fails, and that her life may stand a monumental preacher to her offspring, pointing its hand to the domestic duties of life, and lifting its eye to "the recompense of reward" in another world!

Is there any other consideration which can add to the importance of female education? Yes, there is one other consideration—the most important of all—the influence which it is to have on her future existence. Were she, according to the religion of Mohammed, a soulless creature of the dust, doomed to fret out a few short years on the stage of existence, alternately the toy and the slave of man, and then lie down like a log, in the hopeless slumber of the grave—why should anything else employ her thoughts but meat, drink, and the butterfly decorations of the body? But Revelation steps in and proclaims her immortality, and lifts her thoughts to enjoyments beyond the reach of mutability and decay.

How vain and empty, then, are all her accomplishments which do not tend to enlighten and elevate the soul, and fit it for a higher destiny! The ancients represent Time by the figure of an angel flying with outspread wings, and carrying in his hand an enormous scythe, with which he cuts down all before him. But not so—he creeps upon us with a stealthy step; he performs his work with smaller and more malignant weapons. He marks

that form of beauty before the glass, and while she polishes her shining ivory, knocks out a tooth—while she curls a sunny ringlet turns it into grey—while she revives the rose on her cheek, ploughs a wrinkle there—while she triumphs in the conquest of her eye, quenches a beam of light from its orbit—while she warbles a song of love, mars its music with the husky notes of age—and anon, like her damask sisters of the spring, her beauty withers and is scattered by the wind. But the mental and moral culture of the mind and the heart impart a charm which neither the malignity of time, nor the ghastliness of age, nor the worms of the grave can destroy. Death may hush the music of the material organ; but the deathless minstrel that was wont to touch its peevish chords shall wake in a higher sphere, with her fingers on the golden wires of a celestial harp, to weave the sweet, and long, and lofty strains of immortality.

[Ladies Repository.]

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

BY MISS MARGARET ROBINSON OF NEW YORK.

A Prize Composition in the Albany Female Academy, for which a gold medal was awarded.

Bow down, my spirit, and adore, while thus I gaze on thee,
Thou favored spot of all the earth, thrice hallowed Galilee;
Bow down, my spirit, and adore, as in the courts above;
Behold the place the Saviour trod, in sorrow and in love.

Throughout thy valleys rang his words, thy hill-tops heard his voice,
And Hermon from its dewy height called on them to rejoice!
Thy verdant banks his pillow formed, his footsteps pressed thy sod,
And oft thy waters mirrored back the image of a God.

There is no sound along thy shore, no murmur of thy wave,
But tells of him who left the skies, and life eternal gave:
Methinks among those stirring leaves his accents linger yet,
And fancy sees each glittering shrub with tears of pity wet.

While heartless man denied a home, thy trees a shelter made;
Thy smiles of beauty cheered his soul when faithless friends betrayed:
Forsaken, scorned, his mission spurned, no angry wish he knew,
But freely fell his love on all, as falls the gentle dew

How great that love, thy silver waves the tale can well attest,
As from a simple seaman's boat, that floated on thy breast,
The God who reared those lofty hills, and gave the seas their birth,
There deigned to teach the outcast poor, the ignorant of earth.

Or, when oppress by multitudes, he turned him from his way,
And standing on the mountain top, he taught them "how to pray,"
When streams of truth and mercy flowed among the list'ning crowd,
And the stout heart with holy fear, like oaks of Bashan bowed.

That list'ning crowd have passed away; their very names forgot;
While the heavenly world is echoing yet from earth's remotest spot;
And, like thy waves, that gospel sound shall still keep flowing on,
Unchanged by time, unspent by age, till all the earth be won.

"Thy conscious waters knew their God," and yielded to his will,
As moved along the troubled deep, the gentle words, "Be still;"
Or when beneath the starless sky, upon the stormy wave,
He went in mercy's fairest guise, to succor and to save.

When faithless Peter asked a sign, and not a sign was given,
He learned that faith should ever trust, though clouds obscure the heaven;
For faith is like the summer flower, that opes its portals wide,
If the warm sunshine be bestowed, or if it be denied.

Lonely and sad, throughout thy midst, the holy Jordan flows,
Nor ripples with thy curling breeze, nor mingling current knows;
So passed the Saviour through this world, mingling, but yet apart,
With human passions in his frame, the Godhead at his heart.

And meeting with thy western sky, Mount Tabor rears its head,
At whose broad base the Saviour once his famished followers fed,
And on whose summit as he stood, his face with glory shone,
While from the cloud the Father spake, and hailed him as his own.

Capernaum, where the Chosen One his purest lessons taught;
Chorazin and Bethsaida too, where healing oft was wrought;
Low in the dust their fallen towers in shapeless ruin lie,
Who in the fulness of their pride a Saviour dared deny.

Yes, tower and ruin, hill and plain, but most, thou beauteous sea,
Does every varying look of thine some image bring to me;
For though it is with spirit eyes I've looked along thy shore,
With spirit-step have trod the path the Saviour trod before;

I feel the impress on my soul the holy shepherds felt,
When first before the manger rude, adoringly they knelt;
And fain I'd pass away in peace, as though mine eyes *had* seen
The Saviour in his glory bright, nor worldly mist between.

What though thy shores no sightless bard with classic beauty sang,
Nor clang of spear, nor battle-shout, along thy margin rang;
A deeper charm is resting there than mortal lyre can sound,
For there the star of Bethlehem shone, and lo! 'tis holy ground.

Thou art the holy spot of earth, by prophets long foretold,
Where the righteous of the world should come, as to a shepherd's fold;
Thou art the "Mecca of the mind," where man his homage turns,
Thy shores the altars where the heart its purest incense burns.

Thou shalt remain when battling spear to ploughshare shall be turned,
And peace and goodness fill the heart where fearful passions burned;
Thou shalt remain in all thy pride, till nature sinks to rest,
And unborn millions pass away, like foam from off thy breast.

THE SONG OF THE HEAVENLY HOSTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF KLOPSTOCK BY ELIHU BURRITT.

O THOU heavenly Muse! companion of angels! prophetess of God! thou who listenest to high, and immortal strains! rehearse to me the song, then sung by the angels.

Hail, thou sacred land of the revelation of God! Here we behold him, as he is, as he has been, as he shall be;—here see the Blessed without veil, without the intervening shadow of distant worlds. Thee we behold in the congregation of thy redeemed, on whom thou deignest to look with gracious eye. O thou art Infinite Perfection! Truly art thou, and shalt be called in Heaven, the Unutterable Jehovah! Our songs, living by the power of inspiration, in vain attempt thy likeness; even directed by thy revelation, we can hardly express our conceptions of thy divinity. Eternal, thou art alone in thy perfect greatness! Every conception of thy glorious being is more sublime and holy than the contemplation of all created things: Yet thou didst resolve to see other beings than thee, and let thy en-souling breath descend on them. Heaven didst thou first create, then us, heaven's inhabitants. Far wert thou then from thy birth, thou young, terrestrial globe; thou sun, and thou moon, the blessed associates of the earth; First-born of the creation, what was thy appearance, when, after an inconceivable eternity, God descended, and prepared thee for the sacred mansion of his glory? Thy immense circle, called into existence, assumed its form. The creating voice went forth with the first tumult of the crystal seas; their listening banks arose like worlds. Then didst thou, Creator, sit solitary on thy throne in deep contemplation of thyself. O Hail the reflecting Deity, with shouts of joy! Then, aye then, were ye created, ye seraphim, ye spiritual beings, full of intellect,—full of mighty powers, and perceptions of the Creator!—ye whom he created of himself for his worship. Hallelujah, a joyful hallelujah be by us unceasing sung to thee, O First of Blessings! To Solitude thou saidst: Be thou no more! and to the beings; Awake Hallelujah!

* * * * *
'Till now Jehovah had fixed his eye upon the earth; for thence, from the fullness of his soul, the Son was still holding with the Father discourse of fate-concealing import,—fearful, glorious and holy, full of the retributions of life and death, obscure to the immortals themselves; discourse of things, which the approaching redemption of God should publish to all created beings. But

now the Eternal's eye filled heaven anew; all met in waiting silence the divine look. All now awaited the voice of the Lord. The celestial cedars no longer waved, the ocean kept silence within its lofty shores. God's breathing winds tarried motionless, between the brazen mountains, awaiting the descent of the Almighty voice, with outstretched wings. Thunders from the holy of holies rolled down upon the listening ears of the expectant beings. But God spoke not yet. The sacred thunders were only heralds of the approaching divine answer. When they ceased, the throne was unveiled at the gracious look of God revealing his sanctuary,—the long desired throne prepared for the lofty thoughts of the Eternal. Then full of earnestness the cherub Urim, the trusty angel of the everlasting spirit, turned, full of divine contemplation, to high Eloa, and spoke: "What seest thou, Eloa?" The seraph Eloa arose, went slowly forward and said:

"There on these golden pillars, are labyrinthian tables full of prescience; there the Book of Life, opening by the breath of mighty winds, reveals the names of future Christians, new awarded names, of heaven's immortality. How the book of the universal judgment opens, dreadful, like the waving banners of battling seraphs. A fatal sight for those degraded souls, that rebel against God! O how the Almighty unveils himself! Ah, Urim, in holy stillness the candlesticks glimmer through a silver cloud; by thousands of thousands they are glimmering,—types of churches reconciled to God! Count, Urim, the sacred number.

"The worlds, Eloa," replied he,—*"the deeds of crowned angels, and their joys are numerable to us; but not the effects of the great redemption of God's compassion."* Then spoke Eloa: "I see his judgment seat! Fearful art thou, O Messiah, Judge of the world! Fearful is the sight of the lofty throne. Glowing with ready vengeance, he thunders from afar! Almighty tempest bears him aloft into the thundering clouds! Soon, O Messiah, soon, Judge of the world, shalt thou appear armed with eternal death!"

Thus discoursed Eloa and Urim between themselves. Seven times the thunder had torn away the veil, when, soft stealing down, came the Eternal's voice:

"God is love. That was ere the existence of my creatures; when I formed the worlds, then, too, was I love; and now, in the completion of my most mysterious, most exalted work, am I the same. But, through the death of the Son, the Judge of the world, shall ye fully know me, and offer new worship to the Fearful One. Did not my extended arm sustain you, ye finite beings, ye would sink at the spectacle of great death."

The Eternal paused. In deep admiration they folded holy

hands before him. Now beckoned he to Eloa, and the seraph, reading in Jehovah's countenance what he should say, turned to the celestial audience, and said :

"Behold the Eternal, ye chosen righteous ones, ye holy children. Know his heart, for in his thoughts ye were the most beloved, when he contemplated the salvation by the Redeemer. Ye have ardently desired, God is your witness, to see at last the day of redemption, and his Messiah. Blessed be ye, children of the Deity, born of the spirit! Shout for joy, ye celestial sons, ye behold the Father, the Being of Beings. Lo, he is the First and Last,—the everlasting God of mercy! He, God,—Jehovah, who is from eternity, whom no creature can conceive—he condescends to call you children. This messenger of peace sent from his son, has come in your behalf to this high altar. Were ye not born to be spectators of this great redemption, O then would it have been in distant solitudes a mysterious, unsearchable theme. But now with us, shall ye, offspring of the earth, welcome that day with rapture, with eternal exultation. We too will explore the whole unrevealed extent of your redemption : with you will we complete this mystery with a more enlightened view than ye, ye devout and weeping friends of your Redeemer, who still wander in darkness. But his lost persecutors! Long already hath the Eternal blotted them from the holy book! but to his redeemed he sends a divine light. They shall view the blood of reconciliation no longer with weeping eyes. They shall see it, as, before them, its stream is lost in the ocean of eternal life. O then shall they here, solaced in the bosom of peace, spend the illustrious festival of eternal rest. Ye Seraphim, and ye souls, escaped from the snares of life, begin the jubilee, which shall last henceforward through eternity. The yet mortal children of the earth, generation after generation, shall all be gathered to you, until at last perfected, and clothed with new bodies, they shall enter into blessedness after the general judgment. Meanwhile, ye high angels of the throne, go forth from us, and instruct the guardians of God's creatures, to prepare themselves against the festival of the chosen, mysterious day."

[Christian Citizens.]

THE PRESS.—The press is a messenger of truth, the herald of science, the interpreter of letters, the amanuensis of history, and the teacher of futurity. Like the sun, it dispels the gloom of night, irradiates the shade of ignorance, and pours a flood of knowledge on the world : it dilates the perceptions of man, extends his intellectual vision, inspires his heart with sensibility, and his mind with thought, and endows him with past and present omniscience ; it directs his way to the temple of fame, and discovers to him the path by angels trod to Zion's holy hill.

SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal; every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open; this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved; when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal, would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish, and the convulsive agony over the present ruin of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it, even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn, even from the charms of the living. O, the grave! the grave! It buries every error; covers every defect; extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave, even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!

But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling—O, how thrilling—pressure of the hand! The last

fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate. There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited; every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never, never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, even ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear; more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile, tributes of regret, but take warning by this, thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

STANDARD OF CHARACTER

BY D. BETHUNE.

THE prejudice of dark ages, when a false aristocracy contemned labor in any form as dishonorable necessity, is passing away, and should have no place in a philosophical or republican mind. To determine a man's position in society by the honest calling he follows in life, is as contrary to the justice of good sense, as it is to the genius of our political institutions. The petty distinctions of social rank which have obtained in this country, excite the deserved ridicule of calm observers of other lands. Nothing can be more absurd than pride of family, in people who scarcely know the birthplace of their grandfathers! or an assertion of superior nobility, by one who sells cloth in packages, over another who sells ribands by the yard! or by the importer of

bristles in hogsheads, or of hides in cargoes, over him who makes brushes or shoes! or by the professional man over either, when he is in reality the paid servant of them all. We are members of one body, necessarily dependent upon and contributive to each other's well being. To look down upon a neighbor because his way of serving the community differs from our own, is to despise ourselves. We should own no superiority but that of age, worth and wisdom. The highest officer of our government is entitled to honor, only as he faithfully administers to the people's good: and for one, without any reference to parties or individuals, I can see no humiliation in the retirement of a statesman, conscious of truth, from his lost magistracy to his farm; while I rejoice that there is but a single step from the log-cabin to the capital.

It proves the working like leaven of that blessed doctrine our fathers wrote upon the bond of our confederacy, the native equality of the people. Yet, certainly, cultivated intelligence is, as it should be, necessary to real respectability. The merchant is little more than a common carrier, and the mere mechanic than an animated machine, convenient and useful in supplying the needs and business of the community. To win our trust and deference, they must prove themselves mentally and morally worthy of it. It is when, leaving behind them with the dust of their warehouses and workshops the thirst for gain, they exhibit a liberal sympathy and a wise zeal for social advancement; when the wealth they may have acquired is devoted not to ostentatious display, but to the patronage of art, the furtherance of learning, science and religion; and when the poor receive their unreluctant aid, the stranger their cheering hospitality, and every man their kindly courtesies, that we own them as brothers in their manhood, and venerate them as fathers after their heads are crowned with righteousness or hoariness. To acquire the elements of such a character, some years may well be spent in cultivating a taste for graceful thoughts, habits of philosophical observation, and sound notions of Christian, political and economical ethics.

POETRY.

BY DR. CHANNING.

POETRY, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressed cares, and awakens the consciousness of its efficacy with what is pure and noble. In its

legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity; that is, to spiritualize our nature. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. Its great tendency and purpose is to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life, to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of early feelings, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feeling, expands our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

ON SEEING A MANIAC SUDDENLY SMILE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

WHERE are those poor thoughts wand'ring now?

Almost a sunny gleam
Broke o'er that melancholy brow,
To light its cheerless dream!
So swift the smile shot o'er thy face,
As if relentless thought
Resolv'd, un pitying, to efface
The transient joy it brought!

O! was it borne on Future's wings,
So radiant—so bright?
Where Hope its gladsonnet sings—
Of never proved delight!
Or was it of that joyous Past,
When boyhood's laughing hours
In sanguine projects speed so fast,
No disappointment lours?

It cannot of the Present be,
Wrapp'd in the fearful gloom
Of dull and drear insanity,
Which antedates the tomb!
Ah! sure it was of that fair sky,
Where reason lives again—
In holy calm reality,
Releas'd from folly's chain!

An angel, from that bright abode,
Sent thee that fleeting thought—
Painting the mercy of a God,
By patient suff'ring bought!
Ah! who can tell what radiant gleams
Of future glory shine,
To light the maniac's brooding dreams—
Shed by a power divine?

REFLECTIONS ON THE NEW YEAR.

DEAR READER, we really wish you, and not you only, but the entire world of intelligences, a *Happy New Year*. But how feeble are wishes, however good they may be! They cannot make even one soul happy, much less the world. And yet the difficulty is not that it is impossible for all to be happy; *all* might be happy if they would, *i. e.* if they would obey the laws on which their happiness depends, *viz.* the law of God, the obedience of which, only, is consistent with the philosophy of the human mind. We will make clear this position, we think, in a few words. Everything in nature is governed by fixed laws—every living creature has its element; the bird the air, the fish the sea, &c. To illustrate this, take the dove that travels so easy in the air, so happy and gay; place the happy creature one foot below the surface of the water, how soon its joy is gone, it struggles but for a moment, and dies! Take, also, the nimble trout that swims and floats so easy, and is at peace; place it one foot above the water, how changed the scene—it struggles for breath, but how soon it dies! And why all this change? Why, they were out of their element. So man, made in the image of God, holy, free from sin, God and holiness was his element so long as he obeyed the law of his Maker. The smiling and lovely face of his God was upon him—his happiness was perfect. But the moment man sinned and disobeyed the law of God and the law of his nature, that moment his joy departed, unhappiness and death came. And why this mighty change? Like the bird in the water, and the fish in the air, he was out of his element; therefore he could not be happy; and he never can, till he is changed, or the laws of his existence. Now, dear reader, to be happy, what will you do? I will tell you, in the language of God's word, come to Jesus Christ, who has died to make an atonement for sinners and for you. What can you do to be happy this year? Go to Christ, bow before his throne of grace, repent, be humbled, believe with ALL THY SOUL, hang on his promises, give up to him at once, have faith in his blood, and his Spirit will come over you; your sins will depart and you brought back to the element of your original state, *viz.* holiness. Depart not again from his precepts, and you will be happy, not this year only, but it will be without end. Why not, then, take the sure way to peace? Why wish to be happy and not take the sure way to accomplish it? No longer expect happiness in the various vanities of this world. Oh, listen then to the voice of thy Redeemer, and be happy this year and for ever!

100



The Young Tutors.



No. 5.

Dianthus Caryophyllus.

Pink Carnation.

100

CULTIVATION OF TASTE.

It is unnecessary to enter into any disquisition as to what constitutes taste, but, assuming that all understand Mr. Webster, when he defines it, "Judgment: nice perception; the faculty of discerning beauty, order, congruity, symmetry, or whatever constitutes excellence," &c., we propose to suggest a few thoughts upon its cultivation. At the outset we meet the following objections: "It is a waste of time, and promotes luxury," says economy; "*Cui bono?*" says utility.

If it were the highest end of life simply to amass gold, or to be a slave to constant labor, such cultivation might be considered a loss of time. And if it were desirable that society should make no advance from the savage state, it might properly be considered a promoter of luxury. But no one will say that his Maker has brought him into being merely to breathe, eat, drink, grow sick, take physic, and die. For what end has man been endowed with noble faculties? For what end has the eye been fitted up with such exquisite mechanism, unless it be that it should delight in seeing; or the ear, save that it may delight in hearing? Coarser instruments than these might assist us sufficiently to "buy and sell, and get gain." But is it true that good taste is an expensive attribute? May it not promote real utility—real happiness? We think that it may. It will nerve the peasant to make his cottage the abode of comfort; while sloth is folding the hands for a little more sleep, he will prevent the steps of the morning, that he may train the woodbine or honeysuckle over his low porch, and surround his home with numberless little conveniences, and sources of pleasure, of which his idle neighbor is ignorant. It will also restrain the extravagances of affluence, and lead to the fountains of permanent happiness.

Taste has, frequently, for its object works of art. Nature, many suppose, may be studied with some propriety, but art they reject as entirely superficial. But what is the fact? In the highest sense, art is the child of nature, and is most admired when it preserves the likeness of its parent. Tradition tells us that the harp was first suggested by the vibration of a dead turtle's sinews, which Apollo found on the banks of the Nile, and the flute, by the piping of the wind in hollow reeds among the marshes of the same river. Are the pagodas of Burmah anything more than an improvement on the rude tent of the Tartar? Is not the proudest ship that rides the sea only a perfection of

the canoe of the savage? Are not Gothic churches only an advance on "the forests of God's first temples"—the drop-roof, an imitation of hanging boughs—the stained windows, an attempt to counterfeit a sunset sky, sending its light through the interstices of waving foliage? In painting, it is always the aim of the artist to copy nature; and, other things being the same, his success is in exact proportion to his skill in imitation. Why does he love to represent the unaffected positions of children, rather than the stiff attitude and awkward grimace of men? It is unnecessary to answer. The same principles apply to music, poetry, and all the arts. If these things be so, does not the man who objects to the study of art, virtually oppose the study of nature?

Of all the benefits arising from the cultivation of correct taste, we cannot now attempt an enumeration. It fits us to estimate better the world in which we live. That the universe was designed by its Creator to afford happiness to man, cannot be denied. Its adaptation to his physical and intellectual organization, strikes the observer at first survey. God might have made the earth a monstrous plain of one color, without flower or bird. Instead of hanging over us by day, a tent of many tinted clouds, and by night, a curtain of azure, he might have made the sky of a gloomy, unchangeable hue, with little beneath it to promote the well-being of his rational creation. But how far otherwise is the fact! How prodigal is nature in her gifts! How all things contribute to render us happy!

"More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of."

But he who does not cultivate a discernment of these things, walks blindfolded over the earth. This beautiful adaptation, running through all nature, brings such an one few thrills of pleasure. In his estimation, Niagara furnishes excellent water privileges; and his perception is about as accurate as that of the blind man who thought that the color of scarlet must be something like the sound of a trumpet!

The cultivation of taste is but a cultivation of the entire man. Who can doubt that poetry has a tendency to polish the roughest nature, and impart new and pure aspirations? Will not he who has just conceptions of the true and the beautiful, shrink from whatever is low and degrading, sooner than he who has no such conceptions? And who will affirm that music has no influence in making men better? Taste rocked the cradle of music and poetry, and led them on to their present maturity.

To comprehend fully the influence of true taste (and we here use it in its enlarged acceptance) we need only for a moment to

suppose the world destitute of it. How cold and desolate! The forest grows and decays untouched from age to age. The gold glitters in the sand, and the more useful metals lie buried in the dust of the earth. The pearl remains on the floor of the ocean. The granite and marble are hid in the bowels of the mountain, and man creeps about in the skins of animals. In this state of things, introduce taste, and lo! the transformation. The forest bows to the woodman's axe and is converted into implements of utility, or floats on the ocean. The metals become ornaments, and a medium of exchange among all nations, and the hum of happy industry rises on every gale. Music strings her harp, and poetry chants her numbers. The marble breathes—it starts to life: the granite is converted into the abodes of man, and into temples of the Most High.

In conclusion, we say that the perversion of taste to evil is no argument against its proper cultivation. Like all that was originally good, and designed to promote happiness, it is liable to become an instrument of the arch enemy; but if cultivated with a becoming spirit, it may be like the star which shone over Bethlehem—it may lead wise men to worship God.

TYRE.

BY J. CLEMENT.

Proud City! once the mistress of the earth,
 Whose might and majesty all nations owned;
 Where Art to proud magnificence gave birth,
 And Taste, for ages honored, sat enthroned!
 Thy glory, once to lordly empire loaned,
 Is in the grave of vanished years interred;
 And Desolation there has sadly moaned
 For centuries, and ceaselessly is heard
 The hollow scream of wild Destruction's vulture bird.

The seat of Science once, the learned were proud
 In thee a mother and a friend to claim;
 The voice of eloquence amid the crowd,
 Rang through thy streets in praise of thine own name:
 Thy sons exulted in thy spreading fame,
 And men of State, with honor's laurels crowned,
 And men of lore, from distant nations came,
 And sat well pleased within thy halls renowned,
 Listening with awe-struck brow to Wisdom's words profound.

The mart of nations, far along thy coast,
 A cloud of sails once wooed the swelling breeze:
 Of traffickers most noble thou couldst boast,

From every land and island of the seas.
 Young Commerce, with her splendid argosies,
 Along thy shores magnificently strode;
 And thou could'st proudly point to treasures,
 Whose stores, like inundating fountains flowed,
 Whilst thou upon the waves of rising glory rode.

But all thy greatness like a dream has fled,
 Thy wealth is spoiled by stateless havoc's rust;
 The iron foot of Time, with ponderous tread,
 Has trampled all thy grandeur in the dust.
 Dominion was assumed by sordid lust,
 And all thy virgin charms became his spoil;
 Then smote the great Avenger, ever just,
 Whose stroke no human power can ever foil,
 And prostrate thou wert laid, as in thy dying coil.

Through all thy streets, where traffic drew her throng
 Of bustling votaries, and men of lore
 With thoughtful mien brushed rapidly along,
 The queen of solitude reigns evermore.
 No human form is seen upon the shore
 So crowded once, save a small rugged clan
 Of fishermen, or stranger, come to pore
 O'er power dethroned, and thy dark ruins scan,
 Which waken mournful thoughts, and quell the pride of man.

Unscared, the slimy monsters of the deep
 Bask on the rock where stood the stately dome;
 And scaly reptiles from thy ruins creep,
 And o'er the broken columns peaceful roam,
 Making those vaulted cellars now their home,
 Which once thy countless treasures did command;
 And birds of prey amid the ocean's foam,
 That whitens all thy lone unpeopled strand,
 In hosts innumerable flock—a bold marauding band.

Thus art thou fallen, proud and haughty Tyre!
 Yet though now prostrate, like the sturdy oak,
 That fronts the blast for ages, towering higher,
 Long, long thou stood'st the strong invader's stroke;
 In vain Assyria's wrath against thee broke,
 Her mightiest hosts Chaldea for years arrayed,
 And all her hottest ire against thee woke,
 Ere thou the debt of empire lingering paid,
 And Macedon's dread path thy blackened ruins made.

Yet this, O Tyre! was not thy last repose,
 Though slumbering long in shame's inglorious rest;
 Again thou, like a Phoenix, sudden rose
 From thine own ashes, and thy lofty crest
 In stern defiance reared on ocean's breast;
 As if the Almighty's fiat to gainsay,
 Thyself in beauty's robe thou didst invest,
 And held once more with sister powers thy sway,
 And vainly boasted yet an endless gala day.

True, thou wert deemed Religion's sacred seat,
 And Christian truth a home within thee found;
 The messenger of peace with beauteous feet,
 High o'er the mountains on his errand bound,
 Woke thee to joy with glad salvation's sound.
 Then rose the temple with its gilded spire,
 To Him who is the Lord of glory crowned,

And the fair youth, the matron and the sire,
Bowed down before the cross, and caught devotion's fire.

But God's avenging eye is on thee yet,
A harlot in thy pride he sees thee still ;
And thou must see thy sun in darkness set,
And feel the vials of his wrath distill.
The Saracen on thee shall work his will,
Trampling in dust thy beauty ; and anon,
The Mameluke come, and then the Turk, to fill
The measure of thy cup. Time hastens on,
When plundered, ravished, crushed, God's righteous will is done.

But not alone, O Tyre ! thou liest low !
Towns, cities, nations, each of sin the slave,
Their idol gold, and their ambition show,
Are buried deep in ignominy's grave !
Thus all the proud, that wealth and honor crave—
Or men or empires—and refuse to own
Him as their Lord, whose arm alone can save,
Like chaff before the breath of Heaven are strown,
Their very name a blank, their wealth and power unknown !

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

MARIA THERESA, Empress Queen of Bohemia and Hungary, was the daughter of the Emperor Charles VI., who, losing his only son, constituted her the heir of his dominions. She was born in 1717, and, at the age of nineteen, married Francis of Lorraine ; and, on the death of her father, in 1740, ascended the throne. No sooner had she attained that envied, though dangerous position, than the neighboring princes invaded her dominions on all sides ; and she being no longer in safety at Vienna, fled for protection to her Hungarian subjects. She assembled the States, and presenting herself before them, with her infant in her arms, addressed them in Latin in the following memorable words : " Abandoned by my friends, persecuted by my enemies, attacked by my nearest relations, I have no other resource than in your fidelity, in your courage, and my own constancy. I commit to your care the son of your king, who has no other safety than your protection." At the spectacle of the beauty and distress of their young Queen, the Hungarians, a warlike people, drew their swords, and exclaimed, as with one voice : " We will die for our queen, Maria Theresa." An army was assembled ; and the queen, who had two powerful supports in her rare talents, and the love of her people, recovered several important places ; the kings of England and Sardinia espoused her cause ; and after eight years of war, Maria Theresa was confirmed in her rights by the peace of 1748. She then directed her attention to

repairing the evils which the war had occasioned ; the arts were encouraged, and commerce extended. The ports of Trieste and Turin were opened to all nations, Leghorn extended her commerce to the Levant and the East Indies. The city of Vienna was enlarged and embellished ; and manufactures of cloth, porcelain, silk, &c., were established in its vast suburbs. To encourage science, the Empress erected universities and colleges throughout her dominions, one of which, at Vienna, bears her name. She founded schools for drawing, sculpture, and architecture ; formed public libraries at Prague and Inspruck, and raised magnificent observatories at Vienna, Gratz, and Tiernan.

In 1756 the torch of war was again kindled, and was not extinguished till 1763, when the treaty of Hubertsborough placed the affairs of Germany on nearly the same footing as before the war. The only advantage Maria Theresa reaped was, electing her son Joseph king of the Romans in 1764. The next year she experienced a great domestic misfortune in the loss of her husband, to whom she had been tenderly attached ; the mourning she assumed was never laid aside during her life ; and she founded at Inspruck a chapter of nuns, whose office was to pray for the repose of the soul of this beloved husband. Vienna beheld her every month water with her tears the tomb of this prince, who, for thirty years, had been her support and adviser.

After a long and glorious reign, and having beheld her eight children seated on the thrones, or united to the monarchs of some of the most flourishing States of Europe, and after having merited the title of Mother of her country, Maria Theresa descended to the tomb in 1780. Her last moments were employed in shedding benefits upon the poor and orphans : and the following were some of the last words which she uttered : " That state in which you now behold me," said she to her son, " is the termination of what is called power and grandeur. During a long and painful reign of forty years, I have loved and sought after truth ; I may have been mistaken in my choice, my intentions may have been ill understood, and worse executed ; but he who knows all, has seen the purity of my intentions, and the tranquillity I now enjoy is the first pledge of his acceptance, and emboldens me to hope for more. One of the most consoling thoughts on my deathbed," said she, " is that I have never closed my heart to the cry of misfortune."

THE FINGER OF GOD.

Go listen to the whirlwind's roar,
As over all 'tis fiercely sweeping,
Hurling each severed trunk before
Its face, as o'er the mount it's leaping;
And see the beast before it fall,
Or spring affrighted from its lair,
And as the storm its limbs appal,
Thou see'st, O man, God's finger there.

Go! watch the sun's last glimmering ray,
As in the west he's slowly sinking,
His brightness fading fast away,
As dews that from his face are shrinking;
See the light clouds which there unfold
Their loveliness in evening air,
And gazing on their forms of gold,
Thou'lt see God's glorious finger there.

Go! seek in summer wood a flower,
So graceful from its foot-stalk bending,
And then reflect that in an hour,
'Twill with the mother earth be blending;
Minutely trace its symmetry,
Each stamen and each petal fair,
And thou art blind, or thou wilt see,
In each faint line, God's finger there.

Go! look upon a penitent
Who long has been from heaven straying,
And listen to his voice intent,
As on his bended knees he's praying;
That wretch who all his life has spent
In wickedness, without a prayer,
Yet now his heart is upward sent,
For God's own finger sure is there.

Go! lowly kneel before his shrine,
The gushings of your full heart pouring,
And pray that bright your lamp may shine,
'Till loosed from earth you're upward soaring!
Go! heavy laden, and find rest,
A soothing draught for all your care,
And peaceful as you feel your breast,
Reflect God's finger's touch is there!

A CREATURE, who spends its whole time in dressing, gaming, prating and gadding, is a being originally, indeed, of the rational make; but who has sunk itself beneath its rank, and it is to be considered at present as nearly on a level with the monkey-species.

B. CONSTANT.

DIGNITY.

AMONG the various characteristics of high-toned humanity, that which most attracts attention and secures respect is true dignity of mind and action. It is to the possessor a direct passport to the heart, and renders him honorable among his fellow beings. It is constituted of a sense of man's high attributes and of his accountability to the divine Author of his life, and is one of the natural feelings implanted in his breast by that Being who gave to him complete possession of every tangible entity which his wisdom brought into existence.

Man is truly "lord of creation;" with everything at his command for his comfort and happiness, he stands a monument of the power of God and the glory of the universe.

His superior natural faculties and qualifications tend to give him an exalted idea of the perfection of the Deity, and to make him proud of his existence, while the consciousness of his entire accountability makes it apparent to him that his earthly career must be in accordance with the conceptions he himself is capable of forming, of what constitutes propriety and justice.

Such is man's position; and that his actions may be conformable to natural laws, his character must be deeply imbued with the principle of dignity. We are told that "an honest man is the noblest work of God." Now, reader, what is the definition of nobleness and of honesty? Can that man be considered noble, who has not the moral courage to assert his rights under any circumstances? Can that man be honest who dare not stand erect and meet his fellow beings face to face? The evident and only answer to these interrogatories, is in the negative. It follows, then, that honesty and dignity are inseparably connected, and that dignity is one of the noblest traits in man's mental formation.

But through a strange perversion, it has occurred that men are possessed of the opposite quality—that of meanness. That there is, aside from these two feelings (dignity and meanness), a wide difference in men, you are all well aware, nor need I enter into any argument to show how it arose. Indeed, it is not necessary for my present purpose, to attempt an explanation of the matter, but taking the obvious fact as a groundwork, I would simply remark, that as some have noble feelings, and others have not, and as those who have, succeed in gaining friendship and respect, they who have not must needs make some contrivance to be equal; and hence spring cunning and assurance, and forcing as it were their possessor into notice, they seek to wring our

affections from us despite of ourselves. The natural superiority of pure motives over meanness, cannot be borne by those envious spirits who throng society, and they resort to a counterfeit in order to obtain their ends. But a discerning eye and discriminating judgment may always detect the imposition, and in time will strip duplicity of its mask, and exhibit it in all its deformity, its baseness and corruption.

Dignity is a quality of the mind that cannot be successfully copied, for no one who has it not, has even an idea of its grandeur and the peculiar emotions it awakens and shadows forth. The effects are seen, the springs are hidden. Many seem to mistake haughtiness and arrogance for dignity, but they are as far removed from it as the semblance of purity from purity itself. The inordinate vanity of such men (perhaps I should say *things*) allows them to consider themselves as being of a nobler race and of brighter talents than those around them, and they continually take occasion to dictate in matters of which they in reality know nothing, and care less, only as tending to display their opinions of their own dear persons, to which point all their views concentrate and fix them.

We need not wander far to see such a being. We can all point to him; behold him as he deigns to look upon the humble man and says, at least in action and mein, "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my mouth, let no dog bark!" Man is a strange creature, but an ass in lion's clothing is still more strange, although we have daily exemplification of this change of attire. The artifice may succeed for awhile, but when persevered in for any considerable length of time, it exposes itself, the bubble bursts, and the puffed-up demi-noble sinks into utter insignificance. Others fall into the opposite extreme, and have the opinion that a continual smile, and the treating of all with whom they come into contact with measured and extreme politeness, will insure to them that respect which their true merits, or rather demerits, would never entitle them to. Alas! even this will not do, and its falsity is as plainly perceptible as the conduct of the courtier, who, having a design upon the life of his patron, at the same instant in which he is endeavoring to gain his confidence, betrays himself by an over anxiety for his lordship's welfare, and a bow entirely too low. Other expedients than the one I have named, emanating from the same corrupted desire, are resorted to, but the thin gauze of mock nobleness is not sufficient to conceal the secret and actual motives of the heart.

But why need I rail against the vices and imperfections of man, when every one has within his own bosom faults, which, if known even to himself, would excite his indignation and abhorrence? Why? We are all imperfect, but some have the judg-

ment to keep their foibles from being known, and of correcting their own conduct by experience and observation. The difficulty is that those who do not know their faults, have no means of perceiving the effects of their conduct upon others.

But note the bearing of that man who understands his own heart and has the judgment to lead him aright in the ways of life; who, quitting the strife of petty minds, and allowing his thoughts to soar aloft and dwell upon higher objects than the grovelling herd can grasp at, yields himself up to that easy and unrestrained action, which always carries with it the conviction of spotless purity. As the majestic and powerful eagle, fearlessly spreading his wings aloft in air at mid-day, can look upon the glorious sun through the most piercing ray without cowering, so the possessor of true dignity, stretching forth his bold arm in asserting his rights and privileges, can stand before the searching glance of each and all "the choice and master spirits of the age," without fear, and free from any aspersions which may be levelled at his motives.

THE HAPPY DEAD.

BLEST spirit, where art thou this Sabbath eve?
 Amid the fields of glory dost thou range?
 Or, pausing, dost thou drink the crystal stream
 That flows beneath the throne, and eat the fruit
 Of life's immortal tree, and wear the palm
 Of victory? This moment dost thou bow
 Before the Lamb, and plunge into the beams
 That from the uncreated sun break forth?
 Dost thou look down on us who toil below,
 And feel a sympathy at our distress?
 Or dost thou hover, in the sable night,
 Above our sleeping pillow, breathing peace,
 And guarding, with celestial vigilance,
 The beings that were dear to thee on earth?
 Methinks I see thee move in all the grace,
 And bloom, and beauty of that world of life.
 I hear thee sing the song of the redeemed,
 And from the heights of Paradise I see
 Thee beckon us, with smiles of holy joy,
 To hasten up the steeps and join thee there.
 Then I recall the days, for ever gone,
 When those same smiles were wont to gild our path,
 When those same eyes that so regard us now,
 Looked through the veil of flesh to catch our glance;
 And when those hands, which now thou wav'st in light,
 Grasped ours, and helped us to pursue our way.
 I now bethink me of the bliss you gave—
 The sorrows that you shared—the pains you soothed—
 The hours that you beguiled—the lights you threw
 Across the shadowy scene! And then the change!
 O, here the heart recoils! Darkness and death
 Close in upon us—yet we turn again

To where you dwell, and, with zeal renewed
By your example, conquest, and your crown,
Address us to our way. We ask the aid
Of Him whom you adore, and pledge ourselves
To tread, unfaltering, and untried, the length
Of the celestial road, and meet thee there.
And wilt thou hail us over Jordan's stream,
Or meet us in the wave, and guide our flight
Up to the presence of your heaven and ours?
O, sainted one! thy holy life—thy death
Shall draw our hearts from earth and all its charms!
Then still attract; but let those cords of love,
Which almost call our spirits from their clay,
Draw us more closely to each other still,
Till mingled into one, our kindred souls
Aspire, and soar, and lose themselves with thine
In the abyss of life, and heaven, and God!

THY MOTHER.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY

Who, when thine infant life was young,
Delighted, o'er thy cradle hung?
With pity, sooth'd each childish moan,
And made thy little griefs her own?
Who sleepless watch'd in hours of pain
Nor smiled 'till thou wert well again?
Who sorrow'd from thy side to part,
And bore thee absent, on her heart?
Thy Mother, boy! How can'st thou pay
Her tender care, by night and day?

Who join'd thy sports with cheerful air,
And joy'd to see thee strong and fair?
Who, with fond pride, to guest and friend,
Would still the darling child commend?
Whose tears in secret flow'd like rain,
If sin or woe thy life did stain?
And who, with prayer's unceasing sigh,
Besought for thee a home on high?
Thy Mother, boy! How can'st thou pay
Her tireless love, by night and day?

Bear on thy brow the lofty smile
Of upright duty, free from guile;
With earnest diligence restrain
The word, the look, that gives her pain;
If weary toil her path invade,
Come, fond and fearless, to her aid,
Nerve thy young arm, her steps to guide,
If fades her cheek, be near her side,
And by a life of goodness pay
Her care and love, by night and day.

AN IDEA OF THE UNIVERSE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DICK, D.D.

THE term *universe* signifies the whole system of created beings, whether material or immaterial, existing throughout the regions of boundless space.

We can obtain an approximate idea of the universe only by commencing a train of thought at those objects with which we are more immediately conversant, and ascending gradually to objects and scenes more distant and expansive. We are partly acquainted with the objects in the landscape around us, of which we form a part—the hills, the plains, the lofty mountains, the forests, the rivers, the lakes, and the portions of the ocean that lie immediately adjacent. But all that diversity of objects which we behold in the landscape with which we are connected, forms but a very small and inconsiderable speck compared with the whole of the mighty continents and islands, the vast ranges of lofty mountains, and the expansive lakes, seas and oceans, which constitute the surface of the terraqueous globe. It would be requisite—taking the general average of a pretty extensive landscape—that more than nine hundred thousand landscapes of the extent we generally behold, should pass before our view, ere we could form an adequate conception of the bulk of the whole earth; and, I believe, very few persons are capable of forming, at one conception, a comprehensive idea of the superficial extent of the globe on which we tread, whose surface contains no less than one hundred and ninety-seven millions of square miles.

But, however great the earth may appear in the eyes of the frail beings that inhabit it, it appears only as an inconsiderable ball when compared with some of the planetary bodies belonging to our system. One of these bodies could contain within its dimensions nine hundred globes as large as the earth, another fourteen hundred: and were five hundred globes as large as that on which we dwell, laid upon a vast plane, the outermost ring of the planet Saturn, which is six hundred and forty-three thousand miles in circumference, would enclose them all. Such are the vast dimensions of some of those revolving bodies which appear only like small lucid specks on the concave of our sky. This earth, however, and all the huge planets, satellites, and comets, comprised within the range of the solar system, bear a very small proportion to the bulk of that glorious luminary which enlightens our day. The sun is five hundred times larger than the whole, and would contain within its circumference, thirteen

hundred thousand globes as large as our world. To contemplate all the variety of scenery on the surface of this luminary would require more than fifty thousand years, although a landscape five thousand miles in extent, were to pass before our eyes every hour. Of a globe of such dimensions, the human mind, with all its efforts, and the most vigorous fancy, after its boldest excursions, can form no adequate conception. It forms a kind of universe in itself, and ten thousands of years would be requisite before human beings could thoroughly investigate and explore its vast dimensions, and its hidden wonders. It presents to our view a most glorious idea of the grandeur of the Deity, and the amazing energies of Almighty power. It affords a striking and august emblem of the great Creator "who dwells in light inaccessible and full of glory." In its lustre, in its magnitude, in its boundless influence, in its beneficent effects on distant surrounding worlds, it exhibits a more bright display of Divine perfection than any other single object we behold in our visible firmament.

The farther we proceed in our researches in the sidereal heavens, the scene of creating power and wisdom becomes more expansive and magnificent. At every step of our progress, the prospect enlarges far beyond what we had previously conceived; the multitude and variety of its objects are indefinitely increased; new suns and new firmaments open to view on every hand, overwhelming the mind with astonishment and wonder, at the immensity of creation, and leaving it no room to doubt that, after all its excursions, it has arrived only "at the *frontiers* of the great Jehovah's kingdom." Wherever we turn our eyes amidst those higher regions, infinity appears to stretch before us on either hand, in its awful and overwhelming dimensions; and countless assemblages of the most resplendent objects are everywhere found, diversifying the tracks of immensity. To investigate such objects in relation to their number, magnitude, motion, and the laws by which they are united and directed in their revolutions, completely baffles the mathematician's skill, and sets all his boasted powers of analysis at defiance, and demonstrates that we are still in the infancy of knowledge and of being. Here all finite measures fail us in attempting to scan such amazing objects, and to penetrate into such unfathomable recesses: length, breadth, height and depth, and time and space are lost. We are justly filled with admiration at the astonishing grandeur of the Milky Way, where suns and worlds are counted by *millions*. When exploring its dimensions and sounding its profundities, we seem to have got a view of a universe far more expansive than what we had previously conceived to be the extent of the whole creation. But what shall we say, if this vast

assemblage of starry systems be found to be no more than a single *nebula*, of which several thousands, perhaps even richer in stars, have already been discovered! and that it bears no more proportion to the whole sidereal heavens, than a small dusky speck which our telescope enables us to descry! Yet such is the conclusion to which we are necessarily led, from the discoveries which have been lately made respecting the different orders of the *nebulae*.

The *nebulae* are faint cloudy spots which are seen in various parts of the heavens. Two or three of them are just perceptible to the naked eye; but the greater part can only be perceived by powerful telescopes. The discoveries which have been recently made in relation to these objects, have opened to our view a scene of inexpressible magnitude and grandeur. Those of them which are nearest, and are termed *clusters*, convey the idea of a globular space full of stars. "It would be a vain task," says Sir J. Herschel, "to attempt to count the stars in one of these clusters. They are not to be reckoned by hundreds; and on a rough calculation, grounded on the apparent intervals between them at the borders, and the angular diameter of the whole group, it would appear that many clusters of this description must contain at least *ten or twenty thousand stars*, compacted and wedged together in a round space whose area is not more than a *tenth part of that covered by the moon*." In lately taking a survey of some of the nearest of these clusters, I met with some beautiful telescopic fields of view. One of these is represented in the adjacent figure. The apparently small group to which these stars



belong, is in the constellation *Cancer*. It is just perceptible to the naked eye as an undefined, cloudy speck. The space in the heavens occupied by the stars in the figure, is not above the one-fourth or one-fifth part of the space occupied by the moon. They were all contained within one field of view, along with many smaller stars which are not here represented. The larger stars, which were arranged into different kinds of triangles, appeared more brilliant than stars of the first magnitude do to the naked

eye. Other fields of view, with different configurations, were seen immediately adjacent. From the observations made by Sir W. Herschel on other and more distant nebulae, he is of opinion that our nebula, or the Milky Way, is *not* the most considerable in the universe; and he points out some very remarkable nebulae which cannot be less, but are probably *much larger* than that of which our own sun and system form a part.

Now, on these grounds, let us consider what must be the extent and magnitude of only the *visible* universe. There have been more than *three thousand* of these nebulae already discovered. Supposing the number of stars which compose the Milky Way to be only ten millions (which is about half the actual number), and that each of the nebulae, at an average, contains the same number; supposing farther, that only two thousand of the three thousand nebulae are resolvable into stars, and that the other thousand are masses of a shining fluid not yet condensed by the fiat of the Almighty into luminous globes—the number of stars or *suns* comprehended in that portion of the firmament which is within the reach of our telescopes would be 20,000,000,000, or twenty thousand million, which is twenty millions of times the number of all the stars which are visible to the naked eye! Great as this number is, and magnificent and overpowering as the ideas are which it suggests of the extent of creation, yet these vast assemblages of systems may be no more than as a single nebula to the whole visible firmament, or even as a particle of sand to the whole earth, compared with what lies beyond the range of human vision, and is hid from mortal eye in the unexplored and boundless regions of immensity. Beyond the boundaries of all that will ever be visible to the inhabitants of earth an infinite region exists, in which we have every reason to believe the Deity sits enthroned in all the grandeur of his overflowing goodness and omnipotence, presiding over innumerable systems far surpassing in magnificence what “eye hath yet seen,” or the most brilliant intellect can conceive. For we ought never for a moment to surmise that the operations of Almighty Power are exhausted at the point where the efforts of human genius and art can no longer afford us assistance in tracing the footsteps of the Almighty through the mysterious regions of infinitude; nor should we ever suppose that man, placed on such a diminutive ball as the earth, and furnished with powers of so limited a nature as those with which he is invested, will ever be able to grasp the dominions of Him who fills immensity with his presence, and “whose ways are past finding out.”

There is a species of nebulae called *planetary nebulae*, which are round, compact bodies, like planetary disks, when viewed through telescopes. What is the nature or destination of such

bodies it is difficult to conjecture, but the magnitude of some of them is prodigious. One of these nebulae, in the constellation of Andromeda, is so large that, according to the computation of Sir J. Herschel, "it would more than fill the whole orbit of Uranus," which is three thousand six hundred millions of miles in diameter. Such a body would, therefore, contain 24,429,081,600,000,000,000,000,000, or more than twenty-four quartillions of solid miles, which is sixty-eight thousand four hundred millions of times larger than the cubical contents of the sun! There are hundreds of nebulae which have never been resolved into stars by the highest powers of the telescope. Many of these are justly considered as a species of luminous matter gradually condensing into solid globes. For we find them in all the various stages of condensation; some appearing like an obscure homogeneous mass of chaotic materials; others with a gradual condensation and superior intensity of light about the central parts, and others so condensed and brilliant at the centre as to present the appearance of a star surrounded by a faint nebosity. One of the largest of this class of nebulae, and which is almost visible to the naked eye, is to be found in the sword of the constellation Orion. This extraordinary object, which has never been resolved into stars, is computed to be 2,200,000,000,000,000,000, or two trillions, two hundred thousand billions of times larger than the sun. So that there is a peculiar emphasis in the expression in the book of Job, and the prophecy of Amos, when the Almighty is represented as "making the seven stars and Orion." It is by no means inconsistent with anything we know of the perfections and operations of the Creator, to suppose that these immense masses of matter, according to certain laws impressed upon them, are gradually progressing, under the superintendence of the Almighty, towards the formation of new systems for replenishing the voids of space, and for giving a display of his perfections to beings that may hereafter be created; and that this replenishing of infinite space may go forward throughout all the revolutions of eternity.

All the vast systems to which we have alluded are the workmanship of an infinite and eternal Being, and proclaim the glory of his perfections. It is impossible that such an amazing universe, arranged with such exquisite order, and all the bodies it contains moving with such regular and rapid motions, could have formed itself, or been produced by the fortuitous concurrence of atoms;—and the very surmise that such a thing was possible, is one of the wildest hallucinations that ever entered the human mind, and contrary to the first principles of reasoning, that every effect must have a corresponding cause. That such a notion was ever entertained by beings endowed with rational faculties

is a proof that man has lost, in part, that light of reason and intelligence with which he was originally invested, and that he is now "born like the wild ass's colt."

This amazing universe demands the serious contemplation of every rational being, and of every *Christian*. It contains a sensible adumbration of the Divine attributes—of the eternity, immensity, omniscience, omnipotence, wisdom and beneficence, of Him who presides over all its scenes and movements. To overlook this amazing scene, or to view it with indifference, is virtually to "disregard the works of Jehovah, and to refuse to consider the operations of his hands." It is a violation of religious duty, and implies a reflection on the character of Jehovah for any Christian to imagine that he has nothing to do with God considered as manifested in the immensity of his works; for his word is pointed and explicit in directing the mind to such contemplations. "Hearken unto this, stand still and consider the wonderful works of God"—"Great is the Lord, and of great power, his understanding is infinite"—"He hath made the earth by his power, he hath established the world by his wisdom, he hath stretched out the heavens by his understanding"—"Praise ye the Lord, from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, for the Lord is high above all nations, and *his glory is above the heavens*"—"The Lord hath prepared his *throne* in the heavens. By the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth." "Let all the earth fear the Lord, let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him; for he spake and it was done, he commanded and it stood fast"—"Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty"—"Declare his glory among the heathen, and his wonders among all people"—"Thy saints shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power." No Christian, therefore, can consistently set aside the contemplation of this mighty universe as one element of his religion, and as one mean by which his views of the great Object of his worship may be expanded, and his devotional feelings rendered more ardent and elevated.

The subject teaches us that, notwithstanding the greatness of God's universal kingdom, he does not overlook the minutest concerns of his creatures. We are apt, at first view, to imagine that, since God has such a boundless universe to superintend, there is a danger of being overlooked amidst the immensity of his works. Such an apprehension arises from a consciousness of our own limited powers and capacities. Our knowledge and observation are confined to a certain measure of space, and to a limited number of objects; and we feel that we cannot attend to many different objects at the same time; and, therefore, it some-

times happens, when we reflect on the Divine Being, that we can scarcely forbear ascribing to him something that approximates to the same imperfection. But we are certain that the knowledge of the Deity is unlimited, and absolutely infinite. While he sits enthroned on the magnificence of his works in the distant regions of his creation, and governs the affairs of unnumbered orders of intellectual existence, he also exercises the minutest superintendence over every world he has created, however diminutive in comparison of the whole. His eye rests on the humblest and minutest of its objects, and his spirit watches over it as vigilantly as if it formed the sole object of his physical and moral administration; so that neither man, nor even the smallest microscopic animalculæ are overlooked amidst the multifarious objects of the Divine government. Man is every moment supported by his power, and his thousand wants provided for by his overflowing goodness. He shares of the Divine beneficence in common with all the bright intelligences that people the amplitudes of creation. For the happiness bestowed on the unnumbered myriads of beings that people his domains can never diminish the resources of him who has all the treasures of the universe at his disposal, and who is the centre of all felicity. Within the range of the moral government of God—if he is obedient to his laws—every intelligence may rest secure, and confident that he is not overlooked amidst the immensity of being; for the presence of Deity pervades the infinity of space, and his knowledge extends to the most minute movements both of the material and the moral system. This is an attribute peculiar to the Most High, which flows from the immensity of his nature, and the boundless knowledge he has of all his works, and which gives us a more glorious and sublime idea of his character than if his regards were confined to one department of his empire, or to one order of his creatures; and in nothing is the Divine Being so immensely separated from man, or from any other rank of intelligent existence, as in the display he gives of this wonderful and incommunicable attribute.

Such a universe as we have faintly described, and such a universe alone, is accordant with the declarations of the word of God, and with the attributes with which he is declared to be invested. Some pious persons are apt to be somewhat sceptical in regard to what is stated respecting the magnitude and grandeur of the universe, as if the facts stated were either beyond the reach of human intellect to ascertain, or beyond the power of Omnipotence to accomplish. But the oracles of inspiration warrant our entertaining the sublimest conceptions of the dominions of the Almighty. "Great is our Lord and of great power, his greatness is unsearchable"—"Who can utter the mighty operations

of Jehovah, who can show forth all his praise?"—"Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection?"—"The heavens declare his glory, and the firmament sheweth forth his handy work!"—"He doth great things past finding out, yea and wonders without number."—"Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the glory, and the majesty; for all that is in heaven and earth is thine, and Thou art exalted far above all."—"Behold, the heavens and the heaven of heavens cannot contain thee!"—"All the inhabitants of the earth are accounted as nothing in his sight," and "He doth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; for his kingdom ruleth over all." A universe, vast, boundless, and incomprehensible, is just such as we ought naturally to expect from a Being who is infinite, eternal, and omnipresent; whose power is uncontrollable, whose wisdom is unsearchable, and whose goodness is boundless and diffusive. All his plans and operations must be, like himself, vast, boundless, and inconceivable by mortals. Were we to find the plan of the universe circumscribed like that which was represented by the ancient astronomers, we should be apt to think that the Creator of the world is a limited being. But when we contemplate the universe as it really is, we behold the plans and operations which are in perfect unison with the immensity of his nature, with his boundless power, his unaccountable agency, and his universal presence. Wherever we turn our eyes we behold the Creator acting like himself, and in no case is this more strikingly displayed than in the grandeur and magnificence of the orbs of heaven, and the immense spaces with which they are surrounded. So that nature, revelation, our abstract views of the attributes of Divinity, and the facts which exist in the material system, all conspire to show the harmony and consistency of the Creator in all his ways and works.

This subject affords a striking view of the wonderful *condescension* of the Divine Being towards man, especially in regard to the redemption of a fallen world. This sentiment seems to have been deeply impressed upon the mind of the pious psalmist when contemplating the nocturnal heavens. Viewing the resplendent orbs everywhere around him in the canopy of the sky, his thoughts seem to have taken a flight into the region of immensity, and, by the guidance of his rational powers, and the assistance of the spirit of inspiration, he takes an expansive view of the multitude, the magnitude, and the grandeur of those magnificent globes which roll in the distant tracts of creation. Overwhelmed with his views of the immensity of creation, and of the perfections and grandeur of its Creator, he breaks out in the language of astonishment and wonder, "When I consider the

heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, *what is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou visitest him?*" In no dispensation of the Almighty is this Divine condescension so strikingly apparent as in the economy of our redemption. Though countless myriads of worlds and intelligences are under his superintendence, and are incessantly celebrating his praise in the loftiest strains; and, consequently, though all the apostate inhabitants of our world might have been for ever annihilated without being missed amidst the immensity of creation, yet, amazing to relate! this joyful announcement was made to our rebellious race—"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whoso ever believeth on him might not perish but have everlasting life." This is the most wonderful event, and the most important message ever announced to our world. What displays of Divine love and mercy may have been made to other worlds, and other orders of beings, we are not in a situation to determine. We dare not affirm that in other regions of the Divine empire similar displays have not been made; for we have never traversed the depths of immensity to ascertain all the dispensations of the Almighty in every province of creation. But we may boldly affirm, that the mission and the death of Christ were the most wonderful events, and the most astonishing displays of mercy and love that were ever made to *our* sublunary world. As the Apostle of the Gentiles has declared, there is "a height and a depth, a breadth and length in the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, that passeth knowledge." When we consider the depths of misery from which it raises us, the heights of felicity to which it exalts us, the boundless nature of its operations, and the *everlasting* duration of all its blessings, we have reason to exclaim with the enraptured poet,

"O goodness infinite! goodness immense!
Love that passeth knowledge; words are vain,
Language is lost in wonders so sublime;
Come, then, expressive silence, muse his praise."

CONVERSATION.—One thing that occasions our finding so few people who appear reasonable and agreeable in conversation is, that scarcely any one thinks less of what he is about to say, than of answering correctly what is said to him. The most artful and complaisant people content themselves with affecting to pay attention to what is said, whilst it is evident, from their looks and manner, that they are little attentive to it, and impatient to take up the conversation, without reflecting that they thus offend others, and fail to convince them on any point. Listening attentively, and answering to the purpose, is the perfection of conversation.

CHRISTIAN INFLUENCE.

Matt. v. 14—16.

FAR away in the regions of the glowing east, there rises a steep and lofty mountain. Its sides are craggy and precipitous; at its feet a landscape of rich but uncultivated country stretches as far as the eye can see, interspersed with mountains, lakes, and the ruins of many once magnificent cities. Eighteen hundred years ago the scene presented a very different appearance. On the side of the mountain were a vast throng of people, all eagerly bending towards one individual who stood in the midst of them. He was not comely that they should look on him, neither was his rank distinguished, nor his commands invested with early authority. It was the calm, simple, heart-searching words which dropped from his lips that thus enchained the attention of the surrounding multitudes as by a spell; and the beaming look of godlike benevolence and love which stilled every tongue and won every heart to a willing and reverential submission. Let us try for a few moments to bring the scene before our eyes.

Immediately before us is the mountain with its hushed myriads, and Jesus standing in the midst. Above is spread the blue vault of heaven, bluer and purer and serener than we ever beheld it in our less favored latitude. In the far distance, on another lofty mountain, is situated the city of Saphet, a conspicuous object to all the country for miles around. Below lies the lake of Tiberias, surrounded by mountains, which are beautifully reflected in its clear waters. There are ships on its bosom, in which fishermen are plying their daily craft; there are palm trees too, and olive trees, rising up from its shores, giving their shelter to weary travellers, and affording a home to the countless fowls of the air who lodge in their branches. There, too, embosomed amidst all that is lovely in nature, are the dwellings of man. The cities of Capernaum and Tiberias lie in the near vicinity of the mountain, and within their precincts the stir of business, the intercourse of life, the incense of devotion, the rapture of joy, and the agony of sorrow, are constantly mingling in the confused hum which marks the places where men congregate. But no sound reaches the eminence above, where the multitude are gathered around Jesus.

Let us approach and listen to the words which are proceeding from the Saviour's lips and producing such a magical effect upon his hearers. He has just finished pronouncing a series of blessings which shall be the reward of those who leave worldly honors and pomps and follow the pure service of God, meekly enduring persecution and suffering for his sake. Then he goes

on to counsel those who are in possession of such hopes, to draw others to the enjoyment of them, by the right use of influence. Raising his hand and pointing upwards to the sun which was throwing his golden beams over the whole expanse of country, and then turning to the distant prospect where lay conspicuously the city Saphet, he turned to the multitude and thus appealed to them, saying, "Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

The disciples who were standing around him heard these words and obeyed: their writings, and their example, have been as shining lights to guide all succeeding ages and generations into the ways of truth. Jesus speaks to *us* also in them. He who readeth the hearts of men knows how powerfully every one of us is affected by the influence of others; and he desires, therefore, to turn this mighty agency into a means of good. Christian professor! Jesus appeals to *you*. He has passed away from the earth, and appointed you to remain as his witness there. In you are to shine forth the attributes of his holy character, so gracefully, so pleasingly, so attractively, that men when they see you shall be constrained to admire and to imitate. You are the living representatives of the Saviour on earth. You are earthen vessels into which he puts a little of his grace, that those around may taste how sweet it is, and seek to possess it also. It is a high and noble office to which you are called, and will you pollute it by inconsistent conduct? Or will you not rather strive as far as in you lies to fulfil its holy requirements?

"A city which is set on a hill *cannot* be hid." Mark that word "*cannot*." It is of striking and awful import. It signifies that whatever your character may be, it *must* have weight—that whatever may be your desire to annul your influence, you are without power to do so. It announces a decree from which there is no escape, no appeal. To the bad, it imparts to conscience a sharper sting. To the righteous, it is a blessed earnest that they have not lived in vain. No one is a completely isolated being. None of us liveth to himself. It is a fearful thought, and one which should impress the soul with a deep sense of its own responsibility, that every word, every action, must have a certain influence, either beneficial or pernicious, in forming the characters of those around. One sentence prayerfully uttered may, with God's blessing, lead a soul to the foot of the cross. Oh, how watchful ought we to be of our words, and of the thoughts from which they proceed, since each one may be laden with so tremendous a train of consequences both for time and for eternity!

Reader, when you feel your temper failing, or your words becoming hasty, or your conduct inconsistent, or your prayers few, and know that your example is thus being a curse rather than a blessing to those who are exposed to it—carry your thoughts back for a little space to that calm, quiet, lovely scene which we endeavored to bring vividly before you at the commencement of this paper. Dwell on the melancholy history of the individual who is there commissioning his disciples and the multitude to be his witnesses in the midst of a world of sin and misery. See his agony on the cross, endured for *you*—the scorn, the sorrow, the suffering he patiently bore to save *you* from eternal death. Do you not feel your heart melt with love and gratitude to him? Hear then his own words: "If ye love me, keep my commandments." One of these commandments is that which we have been endeavoring to illustrate and enforce: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your father which is in heaven." May the glorious Sun of Righteousness shine into each heart, so that his healing beams may be abundantly reflected back upon the world lying in darkness around.

F. F.

SEMINARIES OF ANGELS.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

THE sceptic wonders why those myriad orbs
That roll through immensity of space,
Were formed—and while he thinks of this small earth,
Is troubled, lest the infinity of worlds
Were made for that alone. Know, then, the truth:
Those countless spheres, "the poetry of Heaven,"
Were made for tribes, unnumbered save by Him,
Whose fiat gave them birth, and each apart
Is but a temporary school, to train
The immortal soul for Heaven. Love divine
Wills and intends his creatures for that home,
So they cooperate with Him in willing,
And thus receive his blessing; for mankind
Is free to choose or not, and as the choice,
So is the lot of each. Who then can gaze
On this delightful nursery of angels,
Our beauteous earth, with all its lovely forms—
So lovely, that the merely natural eye
Drinks in delight with gazing—and not feel
Joyous that he is sent here as to school,
To learn the way to Heaven? As for me,
I've learned to look on man with bitter thoughts,
Since I have known this truth; and while I mourn
O'er his infatuation, and despair
Of his democracy, knowing it to be false:
And while I grieve at the dark drapery, hanging

Between his spiritual and natural being,
 By which his inward senses are fast lock'd;
 Yet do I know his march henceforth is onward,
 Not, as the petty politician thinks,
 Amidst the sudden ruin of the system
 In which he lives; but in a gradual progress
 From natural science up to spiritual light,
 Even to angelic brightness. Thus our earth,
 With every other earth through boundless space,
 Will be the birthplace of angelic choirs,
 Their schools and seminaries. Would that men
 Might even now believe it, and put off
 Their evil loves as sins against high Heaven,
 Then would their eyes be open, and the truth
 Rush on their hearts; then would the word appear
 Bright as the midday sun, and under it,
 Man would stand shadowless.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY DR. CROLY.

FRANCE, from the commencement of the Papal supremacy, had been the chief champion of the popedom; so early as the ninth century, had given it temporal dominion; and continued through all ages fully to merit the title of "Eldest Son of the Church." But France had received in turn the fatal legacy of persecution. From the time of the Albigenses, through the wars of the League, and the struggles of the Protestant Church during the seventeenth century, closing with its ruin by the revolution of the edicts of Nantes, in 1685, the history of France was written in every page with blood of the Reformed. Frequently contesting the personal claims of the popes to authority, but submissively bowing down to the doctrines, ceremonial, and principles of Rome, France was the most eager, restless, and ruthless of all the ministers of Papal vengeance.

In a moment all this submission was changed into the direst hostility. At the exact close of the prophetic period, in 1793, the 1260th year from the birth of the Papal supremacy, a power, new to all eyes, suddenly started up among nations: an Infidel Democracy! France, rending away her ancient robes of loyalty and laws, stood before mankind a spectacle of naked crime. And, as if to strike the lesson of ruin deeper into the minds of all, on the very eve of this overthrow the French monarchy had been the most flourishing of continental Europe; the acknowledged leader in manners, arts, and arms; unrivalled in the brilliant frivolities which fill so large a space in the hearts of mankind; its language universal, its influence boundless, its polity the centre round which the European sovereignties perpetually re-

volved, its literature the fount from which all nations "in their golden urns drew light." Instantly, as by a single blow of the divine wrath, the land was covered with civil slaughter. Every star of the glittering firmament was shaken from its sphere; her throne was crushed into dust; her church of forty thousand clergy was scattered, exiled, ruined; all the bonds and appliances which once compacted her with the general European commonwealth, were burst asunder, and cast aside for a conspiracy against mankind. Still there was to be a deeper celebration of the mystery of evil. The spirit which had filled and tortured every limb of France with rebellion to man, now put forth a fiercer malice, and blasphemed. Hostility was declared against all that bore the name of religion. By an act, of which history, in all its depths and recesses of natural guilt, had never found an example, a crime too blind for the blindest ages of barbarism, and too atrocious for the hottest corruptions of the pagan world, France, the leader of civilized Europe, publicly pronounced that there was no God! The decree was rapidly followed by every measure which could make the blasphemy practical and national. The municipality of Paris, the virtual government, proclaimed, that as they had defied earthly monarchy, "they would now dethrone the monarchy of heaven." On the 7th of November, 1793, Gobet, the bishop of Paris, attended by his vicars-general, entered the hall of the legislature, tore off his ecclesiastical robes, and abjured Christianity; declaring that "the only religion thenceforth should be the religion of liberty, equality, and morality."* His language was echoed with acclamation. A still more consummate blasphemy was to follow. Within a few days after, the municipality presented a veiled female to the assembly as the goddess of Reason, with the fearful words, "There is no God; the worship of Reason shall exist in his stead!" The assembly bowed before her, and worshipped. She was then borne in triumph to the cathedral of Paris, placed on the high altar, and worshipped by the public authorities and the people. The name of the cathedral was thenceforth the Temple of Reason. Atheism was enthroned. Treason to the majesty of God had reached its height. No more gigantic insult could be hurled against heaven.

But the persecution had still its work. All the churches of the republic were closed. All the rites of religion were forbidden. Baptism and the communion were to be administered no more. The seventh day was to be no longer sacred; but a tenth was substituted; and on that day a public orator was appointed to read a discourse on the wisdom of Atheism. The reign of the demon was now resistless. While Voltaire and Marat (infidelity

* Allison, vol. ii.

and massacre personified) were raised to the honors of idolatry, the tombs of the kings, warriors, and statesmen of France were torn open, and the relics of men whose names were a national glory tossed about by the licentious sport of the populace. Immortality was publicly pronounced a dream; and on the gates of the cemeteries was written, "Death is an eternal sleep!" In this general outburst of frenzy, all the forms and feelings of religion, true or false, were alike trodden under the feet of the multitude. The scriptures, the lamps of the holy place, had fallen in the general fall of the temple. But they were not without their peculiar indignity: the copies of the Bible were publicly insulted; they were contemptuously burned in the havoc of the religious libraries; in Lyons, the capital of the south, where Protestantism had once erected her especial church, and where still a remnant worshipped in its ruins, an ass was actually made to drink the wine out of the communion cup, and was afterward led in public procession through the streets, dragging the Bible at his heels! The example of those horrors stimulated the daring of infidelity in every part of the continent. France, always modelling the mind of Europe, now still more powerfully impressed her image, while every nation was beginning to glow with fires like her own. Recklessness, licentiousness, and blasphemy were the characters and credentials by which the leaders of overthrow, in every land, ostentatiously proceeded to make good their claims to French regeneration. The scriptures, long lost to the people, in the whole extent of Romish Christendom, were now still more decisively undone. No effort was made to reinstate them, by the Romish Church. Thus spake the prophecy, "They shall lie in the street of the great city." They shall be dead, and abandoned to all the barbarous contumelies of the persecutor, refusing the last rites of humanity to his victim; "and they shall not suffer their dead bodies to be put in graves."

Why do I thus dwell on topics whose very touch makes the blood run cold? Why thus, with shuddering hand, lift up the gory folds of the shroud that wraps the dead rebellion? Why thus call on you to follow me from depth to depth of history, until we seem to have reached the borders of the kingdom of darkness, and exchanged the language of man for the sounds and maledictions of the undone? Certainly not with any desire to reimprint the stamp of reprobation on that ill-omened people. Certainly not to harass your minds by gratuitous remembrances of human crime. But if we may unpresumptuously penetrate the will of Providence, it was then its will to show to all mankind the necessity of religion, even for the common purposes of society; the infinite value of that divine Spirit, which, like His rain shed upon the just and the unjust, the God of all power and

mercy sheds even upon the partial and worldly economy of nations. Now, for the first time, man was to make the dreadful experiment of trusting altogether to his own nature. Despotisms had been subtle, ambitious, and revengeful; republics stern and cruel; democracies wild, capricious, and sanguinary. But there was still a saving principle: religion was not altogether abjured; and, deeply as the true God was lost to human view, in the incense offered to the passions and imaginations of man, that Holy Spirit which strove with the generations before the flood, still hovered above the darkness of the earth, and infused peace into its reluctant bosom. But now all religion was abjured; and, as the act was utterly without example, so were the horrors that instantly followed. Vice itself assumed a blacker hue. "A hundred thousand heads must fall!" was the unequivocal principle of the leaders of the state. The fact outran the calculation, and the massacre amounted to millions. The scaffold groaned from morning till night. The leaders themselves were successively swept away in the cataract of blood which they had let loose. Atheism, the last fury of the mind, had brought in anarchy, the last torture of nations.

THE SONG OF THE STREAMLET.

BY JOHN INMAN.

BRIGHTLY and gaily the streamlet went dancing on its way to mingle its pure waters with those of the broad majestic river. Murmuring it glided over round smooth pebbles, gleaming white in the reflected sunbeams that glanced down, as if in love, upon the bosom of the rivulet, through the openings made among the overhanging foliage by the fitful sighings of the breeze. Between verdant margins ran the stream; margins of soft green turf, enamelled here and there with flowers. Water-lilies floated on its bosom, glorious in their simple beauty. Silence was around it; the deep blue sky of summer-morning was above; beauty in a thousand forms surrounded it on every side, crowned with the beauty of solitude and peace. The streamlet felt its happiness, and thus in wild but gentle melody it sang:—

Gaily, peacefully, happily on I glide to mingle my pure waters with those of the mighty river. Thus for thousands of years have I been running, and thus to the end of time shall I continue to run my course, in sunshine or in shade, unknowing whence I came, uncaring whither I go, or what is to be my destiny when

swallowed up in the great sea, to which the river is hastening also. Such was the course marked out for me by my Creator, and for no other have I wish or ambition. To do that for which I was assigned,—to be always doing,—this is my only thought. And this, too, is the only thought of all that exists and does around me. The trees put forth their leaves in spring, and their fruits in summer; in autumn the leaves fall, leaving the naked and desolate branches to bide as they may the piercing assault of the winter blasts; but spring comes again, and again the unwearying tree puts forth its leaves, and prepares to live over again the same unvarying round of duty. The grass and the flowers also fulfil, year after year, the task that is given to them; the birds build their nests and bring forth their young; the resplendent sun shines out at his appointed time, as he shone in ages long past; and the lovely moon pours down her radiance nightly to glitter upon my breast. All that is created knows what it has to do, and that does—all except Man the restless, the ever-dissatisfied, the ever-rebellious against his lot.

Oh Man, wonderful and most favored among all created things, wise though thou art, and endowed with faculties like unto those of thy Creator, disdain not the lesson that may be taught thee even by us thy inferiors and servants. Learn from us that in doing is the purpose of thy creation to be fulfilled; for thou also hast thy appointed work to do.

As the drops of which the stream is composed pass on, each in its turn and place, to be seen no more, to form part of the stream no more, so does each son or daughter of humanity emerge for a brief space from the void of non-existence, to form part of the great current along which the tide of human life is flowing; each is but a drop—the least of all conceivable drops in that mighty stream—yet each has an assigned place to fill, an assigned share of performance to execute; the place may be infinitely small; the duty to be fulfilled may be infinitely unimportant of itself; yet of millions so small is the immense whole made up. One here and another there may start aside from the course; one here and another there may refuse to perform his part, and even put forth his strength to hinder the rest in their toil; yet the stream flows on,—the resistless current of man's destiny keeps on its course, even as the resistless current of time keeps on, alike sweeping away him that hinders and him that helps. And even as to the drop of the flowing streamlet, which should be foolish enough to resist the perpetual flow that bears it on to be lost in the great river, darting from side to side, or striving to mount upward again toward its source in the mountain rill—if drop so unwise there might be—even as to such, the fruit of its foolish resistance would be only trouble and toil

thrown away, while the streamlet would flow on unchecked, so does the child of man, who puts not his hand to the work that is appointed for him to do, gain only trouble and toil for himself, while the stream of his kind's destiny flows on resistless and solemn, as if he were not; and after a little time,—less than a moment to the stupendous whole, but to himself an eternity of ages, because to him it is all time,—he is borne away to the vast sea of the unknown, and his power for evil or good, with himself, is lost in the void for ever.

Oh Man, what wisdom it were in thee to know the excellence and the beauty of quiet! Come to the humble streamlet, stand on its grassy brink, and see with what gladness of heart it glides smoothly along; swiftly now, with an arrowy flight, where its approaching banks give it but narrow space, and now with a more gentle flow, where with its expanded surface it lies spread out like a lake under the clear sunshine and the celestial blue of the vault on high. See how it rejoices in the accomplishment of its destiny, having ever before it only the one object for which it was called into existence—to mingle its clear waters with those of the majestic river—striving only to do that, cherishing no delusive hope or ambition of being or doing save only that, putting forth all its powers for that, and murmuring ever its song of content and joy as it speeds along in the light of its own beauty, in the happiness of its duty fulfilled. Never, save when hindered in its course, does it lift its voice in aught but the gentle song of content and joy; where some fragment of rock opposes its progress, there its murmur is changed to a loud and complaining note; but the rock evaded by a turn to the right or left, the streamlet flows on again peacefully as before, forgetful of the injury it had sustained, too happy for the memory of aught but its task, for the consciousness of aught but the blessing and the charm of that quiet which alone it seeks.

Thou seest, oh child of humanity, how gaily my waters sparkle in the beams of the noon-day sun; but come to my grassy brink at nightfall, when the shade of twilight hovers around thee and me, and the whole beautiful landscape,—come, wearied with long travel, and faint with the heat of the long summer-day,—then bathe thy fevered brow in my cool stream—drink deep of my pure cold waters, and lay this truth to thy soul, that, if it be worthy of man's ambition to shine out in the blaze of renown, there is good also in the shade of peaceful and safe obscurity. Part of my winding course I run through broad level plains, where no tree interposes its dense foliage between me and the clear blue sky; part also through groves and forests, whose deep shade is ever upon me; whose broad boughs are ever waving above my breast, excluding the bright sunshine, and hiding the

fair scene from me, as they hide me from the gaze of all that might love to look on my beauty. Yet, through the broad level plain and the dark screening forest alike joyful I run, remembering that if in the former I shine out more fair, and have more to gaze on me admiringly as I flow, in the latter I find that peace and security which I so dearly love. There come no fierce howling winds to ruffle my tranquil stream—they waste their force on the tall trees at whose feet I glide; there come no falling floods from above to plough up my gentle breast, and lash my quiet deeps into fury—they descend harmless upon the thick overhanging canopy of foliage under whose shelter I hide in safety. Pine not, struggle not, therefore, oh child of humanity, for the broad and high places of life; there the storms of adversity beat down on thee most heavily, and there is thy exposure to their rage most defenceless. And remember, too, that if the sunshine of prosperity and glory that beams around thee there be gorgeous to the eye, it dazzles sometimes even to blinding, and that the warmth which vivifies may yet in the end consume.

Stretch thyself down beside me on that green knoll, around which my stream winds in its devious beauty. The sun is yet high in the heavens, and though thy restless spirit yearns for the turmoil and bustle of that world in which it is for thee to strive, to hope, and to do, there is time for thee to pause awhile, communing with thy own heart and with me in this healthful solitude. Impatient as thou art, oh man, deem not the time lost that is passed here, far away from the din of that eternal contest in which thou hast borne thy part, it may be—from which thou hast escaped for a brief season, and to which thou must soon return. Ever the waves of that contest are heaving, and with them thou must contend, to ride triumphantly on their swelling crests, or it may be, after a brief and profitless struggle, to go down in their depths for ever, thy hopes unfulfilled, thy aims unaccomplished, leaving no trace behind of all that thou hast done, or attempted, or dreamed. Stretch thyself down beside me, here in the mellow light of the summer's declining sun, and gaze into my smooth flowing waters. Thou beholdest there thine own features glancing up to thine eyes from my watery depths. Swiftly my waters flow, and not for a single moment—not for a thousandth part of the time that is taken up in a single beat of thy throbbing heart—does the glassy surface beneath thee remain unchanged. The water on which thou wast looking an instant since is gone from before thee, to be there no more for ever; not more rapidly does the thought pass through thy mind than the liquid plane from which thine image is there reflected passes on its way to the broad river, supplanting for an atom of time the plane from which that image was reflected but now, and as rapidly to be

replaced by another from which it will be reflected in turn. But there, ever unchanging, unmoving, fixed as if graven upon adamant, the image remains. Yet it is unsubstantial, intangible, nothing—a mere semblance and show, existing only in certain filaments of thy nervous system, acted upon in some mysterious way by the rays of light, and in some way still more mysterious acting upon thy perceptive mind. The water is real, and it passes away—the shadow remains, motionless.

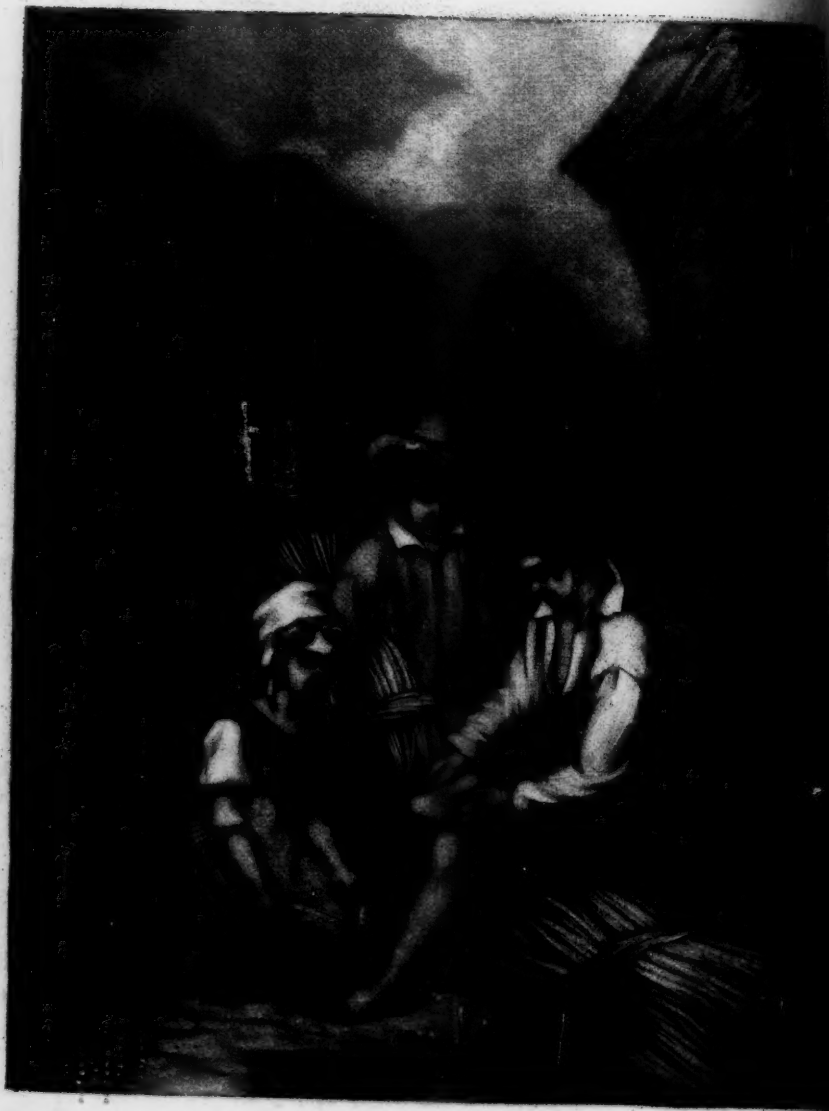
What lesson of wisdom gatherest thou from this? Thy existence, oh child of humanity, is real; thou art a substantial something in this thy world; a substantial, tangible element of the great creation. And thou passest away like my flowing waters; the place that has known thee knows thee no more; it was filled but a moment since by another whom thou hast supplanted, and in a moment hence it will be filled by another, supplanting thee. But thy thought remains; that which thou hast said, thought, or done, remains, unchanging, unchangeable for ever. Of little moment is it to thee, therefore, what aspect thy body wears, or how it is clothed or lodged, or with what food it is sustained; for be it repulsive or comely, tricked out in the fantastic decorations of royalty, or scantily shielded from cold and wet by the rags of the beggar, pampered with costly viands, or nourished with the rude but hunger-flavored crust of the toiling peasant, a time soon comes when it must pass away and be no more seen; when that which it has been—the how and the where—shall be of no moment to thee or to any, to thy race or the world. But consider that action or word of thine, once gone forth, can be no more recalled; be it for weal or wo to thyself or to others, it is there—garnered up among the imperishable things of the past;—omnipotence itself can neither annihilate nor change it. Take no care then, oh child of humanity, what thou art, but give heed to all thou doest or sayest—to the speech of thy lips and the thought of thy mind; these are the reflection of thy image upon the ever-gliding stream of time, enduring as that reflection of thy features from my ever-changing bosom.

Another lesson for thy study, in the reflection that meets thine eyes as thou liest there gazing upon the flow of my waters. Thou knowest its existence is not in the element, but only in the glassy surface on which it seems to be imprinted; and that though the element change more rapidly even than thy perception can note the passage of time, the glassy surface always remaining, the image also remains. The water that gave it back to thee a moment since has passed on—before thou canst take consciousness of the thought even, the water which now gives it back to thee will have passed;—that which shall give back the image a moment hence is yet of the stream above thee. Both

to that which is coming and that which is gone the image is not—is as it never had been and never should be. Only for that on which at a single and inappreciable point of time its impression is made, has it its existence. Thou mayest learn from this, oh Man, that in life the present alone is subject to thy control—the present only is that with which thou canst work, and to the use of which thou shouldst give heed. The future will surely come—torment not thyself in speculation upon its aspect or its charge; the past is beyond thy control—waste not thy spirit in vain regrets or vainer self-applaudings over its disappointments or its successes. Give thy thought to the task of the present—to the opportunities it affords thee and the duties it requires from thee; for it is with these that thou must prepare to meet the future.

Despise not, oh Man, these teachings; but even as thou hast listened to them with patience, in thy superiority of endowment and station, apply them to practice in thy conduct and life. I know that the streamlet is humble in place and duty—and humblest among the streamlets am I. Yet I know that the great river is noble in its utility and its majestic beauty; mighty among the servants of man, and high in his estimation. And the great river in its majestic flow, in its unfathomed depths, and the irresistible force of its mighty current, owes all that it is and all that it has to my sisters and me. Were it not fed and sustained by the streams from a thousand hills, its deep bed would in a single night lie bare of its waters, a mere unsightly channel, noisome with mud and ooze. Great ships would no more be wafted upon its bosom, the earth no more be fertilized by its nourishing stream. Small am I, lowly and insignificant; yet I have my part to do in the fulfilment of ends great even beyond my conception, and of high importance to thee, oh Man, and thy wonderful race. Little may be that part—trifling may be the evils that would ensue from failure of mine to do it; but all the merit I claim is fidelity in its performance; all the ambition I feel is to do well; all the desire I cherish is to go on steadily in that humble but clear path of duty. For I know that it is not so much in the achievement of great things, or filling a large place in the world of being and doing, that merit either of man or streamlet consists, but in laboring well and faithfully in the work that is given—in filling as best we may the place, whether lofty or low, whether narrow or wide, in which we have been allotted our portion among the things that are and that are to be—the things to be done and suffered.

Thus murmured the streamlet—not without wisdom or melody—as it went on its way, in the singleness of its purpose and hope, to mingle its clear waters with those of the majestic river.



The Young Gleaner.







No. 3.

Statice Limonium.

Thrift. Marsh Rosemary.

20

THE BALLAD OF CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK. 1659.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

In the following ballad, the author has endeavored to display the strong enthusiasm of the early Quaker, the short-sighted intolerance of the clergy and magistrates, and that sympathy with the oppressed, which the "common people," when not directly under the control of spiritual despotism, have ever evinced. He is blind to the extravagance of language and action which characterized some of the pioneers of Quakerism in New England, and which furnished persecution with its solitary but most inadequate excuse.

The ballad has its foundation upon a somewhat remarkable event in the history of Puritan intolerance. Two young persons, son and daughter of Lawrence Southwick, of Salem, who had been himself imprisoned, and deprived of all his property for having entertained two Quakers at his house, were fined ten pounds each for non-attendance at the church, which they were unable to pay. The case being represented to the General Court at Boston, that body, in obedience to the suggestions of its ghostly advisers and conscience-keepers, issued an order which may still be seen on the court records, bearing the signature of Edward Rawson, Secretary, by which the treasurer of the County was "fully empowered to sell the said persons to any of the English nation at *Virginia or Barbadoes*, to answer said fines." An attempt was made to carry this barbarous order into execution, but no shipmaster was found willing to convey them to the West Indies.—*Vide Sewall's History*, pp. 255-6. G. Bishop.

To the God of all sure mercies let my blessing rise to-day,
From the scoffer and the cruel he hath plucked the spoil away,—
Yea, He who cooled the furnace around the faithful three,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, hath set his handmaid free!

Last night I saw the sunset melt through my prison-bars,
Last night across my damp earth-floor fell the pale gleam of stars;
In the coldness and the darkness all through the long night time,
My grated casement whitened with Autumn's early rime.

Alone in that dark sorrow, hour after hour crept by;
Star after star looked palely in and sank adown the sky;
No sound amid night's stillness, save that which seemed to be
The dull and heavy beating of the pulses of the sea.

All night I sat unsleeping, for I knew that on the morrow
The ruler and the cruel priest would mock me in my sorrow,
Dragged to their place of market, and bargained for and sold,
Like a lamb before the shambles, like a heifer from the fold!

Oh, the weakness of the flesh was there—the shrinking and the shame;
And the low voice of the Tempter like whispers to me came:
"Why sit'st thou thus forlornly!" the wicked murmur said,
"Damp walls thy bower of beauty, cold earth thy maiden bed?"

"Where be the smiling faces, and voices soft and sweet,
Seen in thy father's dwelling, heard in the pleasant street?
Where be the youthful glances which all the Sabbath through
Turned tenderly and timidly unto thy father's pew?"

"Why sit'st thou here, Cassandra?—Bethink thee with what mirth
Thy happy schoolmates gather around the warm bright hearth;
How the crimson shadows tremble, on foreheads white and fair,
On brows of merry girlhood, half hid in golden hair.

"Not for thee the hearth-fire brightens, not for thee kind words are spoken,
Not for thee the nuts of Wenham woods by laughing boys are broken,
No first-fruits of the orchard within thy lap are laid,
For thee no flowers of Autumn the youthful hunters braid.

"Oh! weak, deluded maiden!—by crazy fancies led,
With wild and raving railers an evil path to tread;
To leave a wholesome worship, and teaching pure and sound;
And mate with maniac women, loose-haired and sackcloth-bound.

"Mad scoffers of the priesthood, who mock at things divine,
Who rail against the pulpit, and holy bread and wine;
Sore from their cart-tail scourgings, and from the pillory lame,
Rejoicing in their wretchedness, and glorying in their shame.

"And what a fate awaits thee?—a sadly toiling slave,
Dragging the slowly lengthening chain of bondage to the grave!
Think of thy woman's nature, subdued in hopeless thrall,
The easy prey of any, the scoff and scorn of all!"

Oh!—ever as the Tempter spoke, and feeble Nature's fears
Wrung drop by drop the scalding flow of unavailing tears,
I wrestled down the evil thoughts, and strove in silent prayer
To feel, oh Helper of the weak!—that Thou indeed wert there!

I thought of Paul and Silas, within Philippi's cell,
And how from Peter's sleeping limbs the prison-shackles fell,
Till I seemed to hear the trailing of an angel's robes of white,
And to feel a blessed presence invisible to sight.

Bless the Lord for all his mercies!—for the peace and love I felt,
Like dew of Hermon's holy hill, upon my spirit melt;
When "Get behind me, Satan!" was the language of my heart,
And I felt the Evil Tempter with all his doubts depart.

Slow broke the grey cold morning; again the sunshine fell
Flecked with the shade of bar and grate within my lonely cell;
The hoar-frost melted on the wall; and upward from the street
Came careless laugh and idle word, and tread of passing feet.

At length the heavy bolts fell back, my door was open cast,
And slowly at the Sheriff's side up the long street I passed.
I heard the murmur round me, and felt, but dared not see,
How from every door and window the people gazed on me.

And doubt and fear fell on me, shame burned upon my cheek,
Swam earth and sky around me, my trembling limbs grew weak,
"Oh Lord, support thy handmaid, and from her soul cast out
The fear of man which brings a snare, the weakness and the doubt."

Then the dreary shadows scattered like a cloud in morning breeze,
And a low deep voice within me seemed whispering words like these:
"Though thy earth be as the iron, and thy heavens a brazen wall,
Trust still His loving kindness whose power is over all."

We paused at length, where at my feet the sun-lit waters broke
On glaring reach of shining beach, and shingly wall of rock;
The merchant ships lay idly there, in hard clear lines on high,
Tracing with rope and slender spar their net-work on the sky.

And there were ancient citizens cloak-wrapped and grave and cold,
And grim and stout sea-captains with faces bronzed and old,
And on his horse, with Rawson, his cruel clerk, at hand,
Sat dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the land.

And poisoning with his evil words the ruler's ready ear,
The priest leaned o'er his saddle, with laugh and scoff and jeer;

It stirred my soul, and from my lips the seal of silence broke,
As if through woman's weakness a warning spirit spoke.

I cried, "The Lord rebuke thee, thou smiter of the meek,
Thou robber of the righteous, thou trampler of the weak!
Go light the dark, cold hearth-stones—go turn the prison-lock
Of the poor hearts thou hast hunted, thou wolf amid the flock!"

Dark lowered the brows of Endicott, and with a deeper red
O'er Rawson's wine-empurpled cheek the flush of anger spread.
"Good people," quoth the white-lipped priest, "heed not her words so wild,
Her Master speaks within her—the Devil owns his child!"

But grey heads shook, and young brows knit, the while the Sheriff read
That law the wicked rulers against the poor have made,
Who to their house of Rimmon an idol priesthood bring
No bended knee of worship, nor gainful offering.

Then to the stout sea-captains the Sheriff turning said:
"Which of ye, worthy gentlemen, will take this Quaker maid?
In the isle of far Barbadoes, or on Virginia's shore,
Ye may hold her at a higher price than Indian girl or Moor."

Grim and silent stood the captains; and when again he cried,
"Speak out, my worthy gentlemen!"—nor voice nor sign replied;
But I felt a hard hand press my own, and kind words met my ear:
"God bless thee, and preserve thee, my gentle girl and dear!"

A weight seemed lifted from my heart,—a pitying friend was nigh,
I felt it in his hard, rough hand, and saw it in his eye;
And when again the Sheriff spoke, that voice, so kind to me,
Grew loud back in stormy answer like the roaring of the sea:

"Pile my ship with bars of silver—pack with coins of Spanish gold,
From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the roomage of her hold,
By the living God who made me!—I would sooner in your bay
Sink ship and crew and cargo, than bear this child away!"

"Well answered, worthy captain, shame on their cruel laws!"
Ran through the crowd in murmurs loud the people's just applause.
"Like the herdsman of Tekoa, in Israel of old,
Shall we see the poor and righteous again for silver sold?"

I looked on haughty Endicott, with weapon half-way drawn,
Swept round the throng his lion-glare of bitter hate and scorn,
Fiercely he drew his bridle-rein, and turned in silence back,
And sneering priest and baffled clerk rode murmuring in his track.

Hard after them the Sheriff looked, in bitterness of soul;
Thrice smote his staff upon the ground, and crushed his parchment-roll;
"Good friends," he said, "since both have fled, the ruler and the priest,
Judge ye if from their farther work I be not well released."

Loud was the cheer which full and clear swept round the silent bay;
As with kind words and kinder looks he bade me go my way;
For he who turns the courses of the streamlet of the glen
And the river of great waters had turned the hearts of men.

Oh, at that hour the very earth seemed changed beneath my eye,
A holier wonder round me rose the blue walls of the sky,
A lovelier light on rock and hill, and stream and woodland lay,
And softer lapsed on sunnier sands the waters of the bay.

Thanksgiving to the Lord of life!—to Him all praises be,
 Who from the hands of evil men hath set his handmaid free;
 All praise to Him before whose power the mighty are afraid,
 Who takes the crafty in the snare which for the poor is laid!

Sing, oh, my soul, rejoicingly, on evening's twilight calm
 Uplift the loud thanksgiving—pour forth the grateful psalm;
 Let all dear hearts with me rejoice as did the saints of old,
 When of the Lord's good angel the rescued Peter told.

And weep and howl, ye evil priests and mighty men of wrong,
 The Lord shall smite their pride and break the jaw-teeth of the strong.
 Wo to the wicked rulers in His avenging hour!
 Wo to the wolves who seek the flock to raven and devour!

But let the humble ones arise,—the poor in heart be glad,
 And let the mourning ones again with robes of praise be clad,
 For He who cooled the furnace, and smoothed the stormy wave,
 And tamed the Chaldean lions, is mighty still to save!

SAMUEL BOYSE.

THE history of Boyse is a peculiar one. He was a man of great talents, but, unfortunately, he was governed by his passions. We extract the following history of his life from the *Edinburgh Journal*:

Boyse was the son of an eminent dissenting minister in Dublin, where he seems to have been born in the year 1698. His father, probably intending him for his own profession, sent him at eighteen to prosecute his studies at the university of Glasgow, where, however, he had not been for two whole seasons, when, unsettled in life, without immediate means of his own, his professional education even unfinished, he married. With his wife, who was the daughter of a tradesman named Atchison, he was soon obliged by want to go to Dublin, and throw himself upon his father. As if to make the burden as great as possible, he took his wife's sister along with him. The old man, who seems to have been a person of simple and amiable character, treated his three dependents with kindness, trusting that his son would soon exert his abilities to some purpose. But Samuel, instead of applying himself to any course of productive industry, spent his time in trifling pursuits and in expensive frivolities, so that in a short time he exhausted the resources of his father, who, running into debt, was forced to sell a small patrimonial estate in Yorkshire to relieve himself from embarrassment, but nevertheless died in such penurious circumstances, that he was buried at the expense of his congregation.

Boyse had meanwhile become a poet. The death of his father

leaving himself and wife destitute, he returned to Scotland, possibly in some hopes of assistance from her relations. How a poor Irishman of poetical tendencies should have thought of settling in Edinburgh—at that time not a literary mart—we cannot divine; but he appears to have betaken himself to the Scottish capital about the year 1730, and to have there published his first volume of poems in the ensuing year. His talents had secured some respectful attention and pecuniary encouragement from Susanna Countess of Eglintounne, noted for her beauty and patronage of literary men; and to this lady Boyse dedicated his volume. On the death of the Viscountess Stormont, who was also a lady of taste, Boyse wrote an elegy, entitled “The Tears of the Muses,” which so pleasingly affected her surviving husband, that he ordered his agent, an Edinburgh *writer*, to present the author with a certain sum of money. It has been stated that some difficulty was experienced in getting the money conveyed to the poet. He lived so obscurely, and associated with such mean people, that no respectable person was found who could tell where he lived. An advertisement in the newspapers was the means resorted to for the purpose of bringing him to receive Lord Stormont’s bounty. He afterwards obtained the patronage of the Duchess of Gordon, who exerted herself to obtain for him a permanent means of subsistence. This lady had actually succeeded in getting him the promise of a place in the custom-house; Boyse being with her at her country house, a few miles from Edinburgh, she gave him a letter which he was to take with this view to one of the Commissioners of Customs. The day was rainy, the poet was indolent. He did not go at the proper time with his letter, and the commissioner, disappointed, gave the office to another. In time he exhausted the benevolence and patience of all these patrons, and, falling deeply in debt, found it necessary to leave Edinburgh, and try his fortune in London.

He carried with him recommendatory letters from the Duchess of Gordon to the first English poet of the age, and to the Lord Chancellor King. When he called at the house of the former at Twickenham, Mr. Pope was not at home: he never called again, and thus lost all the benefit which might have been expected from the friendship of that illustrious person. He used to speak of the favorable reception he met with from the chancellor, and of once or twice dining with him; but his friends never could believe the tale, for Boyse had no power of conversing on equal terms with gentlemen, and “was of such an abject disposition, that he never could look any man in the face whose appearance was better than his own.” Lord Stormont had given him a letter to his brother, the Solicitor-General (afterwards Earl of Mansfield), but of the fate of that letter no notice has been

taken by his biographers. The personal aspect of Boyse was not prepossessing; no one could have guessed from his conversation that he possessed superior intellect. What was worst of all, he had no esteem for himself. He felt no right in his own nature to the least respect from his fellow creatures, much less any title to be considered as superior to most. He was content with the meanest friendships, and was willing to send the fruits of his talents into the world through the humblest channels. This want of spirit made him submit to distresses which he easily might have avoided or remedied. It reconciled him to supply a temporary want by a mendicant letter, when a little well-regulated exertion might have made him independent of all such wretched expedients. He was also voluptuous, without the least taste for elegance. "Can it be believed that often when he had received half a guinea, in consequence of a supplicating letter, he would go into a tavern, order a supper to be prepared, drink of the richest wines, and spend all the money that had just been given in charity, without having any one to participate the regale with him, and while his wife and child were starving at home? This is an instance of base selfishness for which no name is as yet invented, and except by another poet [Savage], with some variation of circumstances, was perhaps never practised by the most sensual epicure."* This was the man who could occasionally write in the following strain:—

"Hence distant far, ye sons of earth profane,
The loose, ambitious, covetous, or vain;
Ye worms of power! ye minioned slaves of state,
The wanton vulgar, and the sordid great!
But come, ye purer souls, from dross refined,
The blameless heart and uncorrupted mind!
Let your chaste hands the holy altars raise,
Fresh incense bring, and light the glowing blaze
Your grateful voices aid the muse to sing
The spotless justice of the Almighty king!" &c.

It appears that many eminent dissenters assisted. Boyse with small sums of money, out of respect for the memory of his father; but at length he exhausted the patience of these friends, who saw that it was in vain to aid one who could not aid himself, and who never was permanently the better for their generosity. About this time (1740), according to the writer just quoted, "Boyse had not a shirt, a coat, or any kind of apparel to put on; the sheets on which he lay were carried to the pawnbroker's, and he was obliged to be confined to bed, with no other covering than a blanket. He had little support but what he got by writing letters to his friends in the most abject style. He was, perhaps, ashamed to let this instance of distress be known, which might be the occasion of *his remaining six weeks in that*

* Cibber's *Lives of the Poets*, v. 168.

situation. During this time he had some employment in writing verses for the magazines; and whoever had seen him in his study must have thought the object singular enough. *He sat up in bed, with the blanket wrapt about him, through which he had cut a hole large enough to admit his arm, and placing the paper upon his knee, scribbled in the best manner he could the verses he was obliged to make: whatever he got by these, or any of his begging letters, was but just sufficient for the preservation of life.* And perhaps he would have remained much longer in that distressful state, had not a compassionate gentleman, upon hearing this circumstance related, ordered his clothes out of pawn, and enabled him to appear again abroad.

"This six weeks' penance," continues our authority, "one would imagine sufficient to deter him for the future from suffering himself to be exposed to such distresses; but by a long habit of want it grew familiar to him, and as he had less delicacy than other men, he was perhaps less afflicted with his exterior meanness. For the future, whenever his distresses so pressed as to induce him to dispose of his shirt, he fell upon an artificial method of supplying one. He cut some white paper in slips, which he tied round his wrists, and in the same manner supplied his neck. In this plight he frequently appeared abroad."

He fell upon many strange schemes of raising trifling sums. He sometimes ordered his wife to inform people that he was just expiring, and by this artifice work upon their compassion; and many of his friends were frequently surprised to meet the man in the street to-day, to whom they had yesterday sent relief, as to a person on the verge of death. At other times he would propose subscriptions for poems, of which only the beginning and conclusion were written; and by this expedient would relieve some present necessity. But as he seldom was able to put any of his poems to the press, his veracity in this particular suffered a diminution; and, indeed, in almost every other particular he might justly be suspected, for if he could but gratify an immediate appetite, he cared not at what expense, whether of the reputation or purse of another.

Boyse was also a contributor of poetry to the Gentleman's Magazine, and thus became acquainted with Samuel Johnson, then also a struggling man of letters, but one who never lost sight of rectitude. Johnson informed Mr. Nichols that he once raised a sum of money to redeem Boyse's clothes, which had been pawned, and which in two days after were pawned again. Mr. Nichols relates, from the same respectable authority, that Boyse translated *well* from the French; but if any one employed him, by the time one sheet of the work was done, for which a sum could be obtained, he pawned the original. If the employer

redeemed it, a second sheet would be completed, and the book again be pawned; and this perpetually. He wrote various poems, of considerable merit, including the one which we have quoted, and which was his best; but they came before the world through the hands of booksellers from whom nothing good was expected, and thus fell unobserved from the press. In 1742, he was brought to a sponging-house in Grocer's Alley, in the Poultry, from which he wrote a strange letter of entreaty to Mr. Cave, the publisher of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. It began in rhymed Latin verse, describing himself as "without bread, without money, and famishing of hunger," yet in a strain of humor which makes us for the moment regret a resolution to admit as little as possible besides English into these pages. "I am every moment," he adds, in prose, "threatened to be turned out here, because I have not got money to pay for my bed two nights past, which is usually paid beforehand; and I am loath to go into the Compter, till I see if my affairs can possibly be made up. I hope, therefore, you will have the humanity to send me half a guinea for support, till I finish my papers in your hands. I humbly entreat your answer, *having not tasted anything since Tuesday evening I came here*; and my coat will be taken off my back for the charge of the bed; so that I must go into prison naked, which is too shocking for me to think of." Johnson used to write to Cave for little sums, adding to the signature of his name *Impransus* [Undined]; but his distresses were nothing to those of Boyse.

About the year 1745, the wife of this wretched man died. He was then living at Reading, engaged in the compilation of a large work of modern history, for which he was paid a salary of *half a guinea-a-week*. He had an affectation of appearing very fond of a little lapdog, which he always carried about with him in his arms, imagining that it gave him the air of a man of taste. Being too poor to afford black clothes for himself, he bought half a yard of black ribbon, which he tied round this little creature's neck, by way of mourning for the loss of its mistress. This apparently was not in mockery of the deceased, but from a mere spurt of that light and inconsiderate nature which was the cause of all his woes. The work upon which he was engaged at Reading included a history of the Rebellion of 1745-6, which we have read, and consider as well executed for the time.

After his return from Reading, some improvement was remarked in his conduct. Early impressions of piety returned to him, and he formed a resolution to live a better life. But this moral improvement seems to have been the mere result of a decay of the powers of life which was now taking place, probably in consequence of literary toil and deficient aliment. He

now married again, his second spouse being a decent widow, who served him as a faithful nurse during the remainder of his days. He survived the second marriage only nine months, dying in an obscure lodging near Shoe Lane, in May, 1749. Mr. Francis Stewart, son of a bookseller in Edinburgh, and an amanuensis of Dr. Johnson, has given us the last melancholy chapter of his biography. "After his death," says this person, "I endeavored all I could to get him decently buried, by soliciting those dissenters who were friends of him and his father, to no purpose; for only Dr. Grosvenor, in Hoxton-Square, a dissenting teacher, offered to join towards it. He had quite tired out those friends in his lifetime: and the general answer I received was, 'That such a contribution was of no service to him, for it was a matter of no importance how or where he was buried.' As I found nothing could be done, our last resource was *an application to the parish*; nor was it without some difficulty, occasioned by the malice of his landlady, that we at last got him interred on the Saturday after he died. Three more of Dr. Johnson's amanuenses, and myself, attended the corps to the grave. Such was the miserable end of poor Sam, who was obliged to be buried in the same charitable manner as his first wife; a burial of which he had often mentioned his abhorrence." Another friend of Boyse says, "The remains of this son of the Muses were, with very little ceremony, hurried away by the parish officers, and thrown amongst common beggars; though with this distinction, that the service of the Church was performed over his corpse. Never was an exit more shocking, nor a life spent with less grace, than those of Mr. Boyse, and never were such distinguished abilities given to less purpose. His genius was not confined to poetry only: he had a taste for painting and music, and was well acquainted with heraldry. His poetical pieces, if collected, would make six moderate volumes. Many of them are scattered in the Gentleman's Magazine, marked with the letter Y. and Alcæus. Two volumes were published in London; but as they never had any great sale, it would be difficult to find them." It may be added, that a selection of the writings of this miserable man is usually included in the collected editions of the English Poets.

The character of Samuel Boyse appears to us eminently illustrative of some propositions hazarded in a late article on mental ability. We clearly see in him thinking powers superior to those of most men, brilliant imagination, and elegant powers of expression. He can also simulate or affect the finest feelings on moral subjects. But he has not in himself any active moral feelings. He has no desire to provide for self and those dependent on him: he clings first to relations, and then as readily to

strangers, for the means of supporting his necessities. No humiliation shocks him so far as to make him wish to avoid such for the future. He has not the least sense of the decencies of the social world. Besides, he is selfish, and will gratify himself with luxuries while his wife and child are in want of the simplest necessities. What are we to say of such a mind? Are we to consider it as a great or high mind, with certain failings? This, in our opinion, is not the philosophical course. We rather regard it as an extremely ill constituted mind, some faculties being in large endowment, and others nearly altogether wanting. We may pity it as something monstrous, but cannot give it the least admiration.

HEALING AT SUNSET.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

"At even, when the sun did set, they brought unto Him all that were diseased."—*ST. MARK* i. 32.

JUDEA's summer day went down,—
When lo! from vale and plain,—
Around the Heavenly Healer throng'd,
A sick and sorrowing train.

The pallid brow,—the hectic cheek;
The cripple bent with care,—
And he, whose soul dark demons lash'd
To foaming rage, was there.

He raised his hand,—the lame man leap'd,—
The blind forgot his wo,—
And with a startling rapture gaz'd
On Nature's glorious show.

Up from the bed of misery rose,
The paralytic pale,—
And the loath'd leper dar'd once more
His fellow-man to hail.

Mark,—on the arm of pitying love,
The lunatic reclin'd—
While unaccustom'd words of praise,
Relieved his struggling mind.

The mother, to her idiot boy,
The name of Jesus taught,—
Who thus, with sudden touch had fir'd,
The chaos of his thought.

For all that sad, imploring train,
 He heal'd ere evening fell,—
 And speechless joy that night was born,
 In many a lowly cell.

Ere evening fell!—Oh! ye who find
 The chills of age descend,—
 And with the lustre of your locks,
 The almond-blossoms blend,

Yet hath not o'er an erring life,
 With deep repentance griev'd—
 But left the safety of the soul
 Unstudied,—unachiev'd,

Before the hopeless shades of night,
 Distil their baleful dew,—
 Haste!—heed the Heavenly Healer's call,
 Whose mercy waits for you.

CLOSE THOUGHT.

BY REV. E. THOMSON.

THOUGHT is the foundation of all intellectual excellence. What is it that constitutes darkness in the individual or the age? The absence of thought—solid thought. What is it that has handed down innumerable errors from generation to generation? The want of thought. What was it that entombed the world's mind for ages? The world's fearful experiment to dispense with thought.

What was it that burst the chains of religious bondage, and gave to Europe moral freedom? What was it that has spread before our vision so many natural truths—that has opened so wide the path of discovery—has crowded it with so many anxious inquiries, and is preparing the way for the general education of the human race? *Thought.*

And yet it may be doubted whether men, even in the most enlightened portions of the world, do not act more from authority than from reason. Man's natural indolence induces him to adopt the opinions of others, rather than form opinions for himself. He would rather read or write, look or hear, talk or laugh, than think. Perhaps no one has ever acquired a habit of reasoning without having tried a variety of expedients to dispense with it; while thousands forego the pleasure of original thought, because they will not pay the price. Like sheep, they follow a leader,

and have no other reason for being gregarious, than "*ipse dixit*—*ita est.*"

May I not hope, therefore, gentle reader, that an hour of your time may not be unprofitably spent in pondering a few remarks on *close thought*?

As the theme is a term, and not a proposition, it will be necessary to prescribe some limits, in order to avoid discursive remarks. I propose, therefore, to inquire, *first*, what close thought implies; and, *second*, what are some of the subterfuges of those who avoid it.

It implies *unity* of thought. I do not suppose that a man should have but one thought, or one favorite thought, or one particular series of thoughts. There is a man of one idea. He seems fitted to revolve but one thought. In silence and in uproar; in sunshine and in shade; whether he sings or prays, laughs or cries, reads or writes, flies or triumphs; at morn, at noon, at dewy eve, and "even in visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man," his favorite conception occupies all his faculties. He hears it in running brooks, reads it in beauteous vales, sees it in everything. He treats men, books, and things, as did Lord Peter in the "Tale of a Tub," his father's will, who, determined to find the word "shoulderknots," picked it out letter by letter, and at last substituted *c* for *k* in the orthography. His mind, like the touch of the fabled Midas, which turned everything into gold, transmutes all the thoughts with which it meets into one golden idea. Such a mind may have variety, but that variety must consist of the various phases which the favorite thought assumes in pursuing its endless revolutions.

By unity of thought I mean that a man should have but one thought at a time. I would not be understood that in examining one thought we may not examine others, collaterally. In tracing one thought we shall meet with many; for no one is isolated. As in sailing down a stream we find ourselves in a swelling channel, constantly enlarging by the accession of tributaries, so, in pursuing a thought, we shall find it enlarging and multiplying its relations. Only let us take care to sail down the main channel instead of trying to sail up each tributary.

It has often been remarked that *original discovery—original thought—is generally accidental*: it may be so apparently but not really. Two facts may satisfy us of this. Ignorant men are not discoverers. New truths are revealed only to patient observers and bold and persevering inquirers. Who discovered the circulation of the blood? Not the ignorant, thoughtless butcher, but the scientific, reflecting anatomist. Who discovered the asteroids? They who, by years of reflection and observation, were led to suspect their existence. Who revealed the laws

of the heavens? He who, for a life-time, had laid his head in intense and untiring thought about them. The least exertion may be sufficient to make a fortunate discovery, when a mind is filled with the rich results of long reflection; whereas the same reflection on the part of an unfurnished mind may be utterly unproductive—as the weight of a grain may turn a scale-beam against a ton, after nearly twenty hundred weight have been put into the opposite dish.

It frequently happens that discoveries are made simultaneously in different parts of the world, but rarely is a discovery made in advance of the age. Roger Bacon is the only remarkable example of a mind outstripping the race by ages, and the Pope excommunicated him and imprisoned him ten years for supposed dealings with the devil. The human mind, during the dark ages, scarce ever shot a spark into the regions of science; but when the intellectual night receded, the beams of a thousand stars mingled their light for the illumination of Europe, and each nation had her constellation. Simultaneous discoveries are the legitimate offspring of the times. The discoveries do not illustrate the age, but the age develops the discoveries. They are the necessary results of the accumulations of generations of excitement, and ages of progressive thought.

It may be objected that the happiest productions in the department of *taste*, at least, are often the *sudden effusions of moments of inspiration*. Granting that an extraordinary genius may take happy flights in unprepared moments, is that any reason why ordinary minds should wait for poetic breathing? In judging of the labor expended upon any given production, an unpractised composer may be deceived. That which smells most of the lamp is not really the most elaborate. A celebrated critic pronounced the finest writing to be such as a reader would imagine exceedingly easy to equal, and yet such, that whoever should attempt to imitate, would perspire over his task. It is the half-finished production which leaves the mark of labor.

A distinguished clergyman of my acquaintance, whenever he preached a long, and learned, and involved sermon, generally apologized by saying that he had not time to prepare a short simple one. A celebrated barrister of one of our Eastern cities is said to employ a style which is the personification of simplicity, and yet he is perhaps more studious and laborious in his preparations for the bar than all his competitors. A little tract sometimes costs more labor than a volume. The perfected composition, like the finished edifice, is the result of double toil, labor in erecting, and labor in removing the scaffolding, and scraping away the traces of the tools. It is said of Pericles, "who lightened, thundered, and astonished Greece," that he never spoke

extempore, nor even ventured to deliver an opinion without ample preparation. Virgil occupied ten years in writing six books of the *Æneid*. Not a single page of fine writing was ever produced without much intellectual effort: a solitary sentence may express the result of years of thought. The harvest may be gathered in a day; but ploughing, and planting, and growth, require time. If inspiration may be relied on, why does it not operate upon the indolent as well as the active, the fool as well as the wise man? He who, too idle to think, sits and sighs, and invokes the Muses, will drink the *Lethæan* sooner than the Pierian spring.

The privileges of the University will not supply the want of thought; but strong, continuous thought, will atone for the want of them. I hope that this remark will neither be misunderstood nor misrepresented. I trust I am as deeply impressed with the value of classical studies as any man ought to be; though I regard them not as education itself, but as its instruments. Their chief value results from the mental discipline which they afford. How sadly mistaken, then, is he who relies upon his literary privileges merely, for future greatness. He selects the best Universities, matriculates regularly, carelessly cons his lessons, but slurs over every difficult passage; relies much upon the aid of his superior classmates, and places his head upon the recitation bench in the vain hope that the intellects of others, operating upon his passive soul, will mould him into a genius, as the hammer of the blacksmith shapes the iron upon his anvil into a horse-shoe. Verily such an one has his reward—a sheep-skin. But can the drone *thus* purchase mental power with his father's gold? No. Nature spurns the insulting proposition, and says, "Thy money perish with thee." Better for such an one that he had never opened a page of Virgil or of Homer; that the temple of science had for ever closed its gates against him. At the termination of his collegiate course, the university clothes him with its honors; the world expects him to stand "a man;" the father fondly looks to him for a realization of the delusive dream he had indulged concerning his cherished idol. He enters upon the duties of active life, but lo! perhaps in the very first collision with the vigorous mind of the self-taught woodsman, he is demonstrated to be a learned fool. He deserves the sting of scorpions; but his mortification is keener than the lash of an exterminating angel. This is no fancy sketch. It has many prototypes in real life. Nor is it much to be wondered at; but it is strange, passing strange, that so many of the modern "*improvements*" in the plan of education, should be based upon a similar delusion. I refer to interpretations, interlinear translations, &c., &c., by which thought is superseded, and the very purpose for which the classics

ought to be valued is frustrated. When the ancient poet Æschylus drew a picture of a great man (a picture which, presented in the theatre, caused all the audience to turn to Aristides, as he whom it precisely suited), he painted a field deeply ploughed, and therefore richly productive.

Βαθεῖαν ἄλσκα διὰ φρενὸς καρπούμενος.

The following is a literal translation of this part of the description :

"Reaping in mind the produce of the deep furrow."

It is because the precious mental fruit springs from the deep furrow, that the classics are so valuable : they are the ploughshare. To render them easy, by injudicious aids, is to grind your ploughshare into dust, and scatter it over moral turf. The mere information they communicate is of little consequence.

There have been men who have risen to eminence without classical attainments ; but they acquired by other means that habit of thought which the classics are so peculiarly calculated to confer. As examples, take Franklin and Cobbett, the one an American philosopher, the other a British statesman : one was the glory of a former age, the other the glory of the present. What was the secret of their eminence ?

"I learned grammar," says Cobbett, "when I was a private soldier, on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of my berth, or that of my guard-bed, was my seat to study in ; my knapsack was my book-case, and a bit of board lying on my lap was my writing-table. In winter time it was rarely that I could get any evening light but that of the fire, and only my turn even at that. To buy a pen or a sheet of paper, I was compelled to forego some portion of food, though in a state of half starvation. I had no moment of time that I could call my own ; and I had to read and write amidst the talking, laughing, singing, whistling, and bawling of at least half a score of the most thoughtless of men, and that, too, in the hours of freedom from all control." Here was discipline. Here was the habit of self-control—of close, patient, vigorous thought.

There are some who have fallen into the sad mistake, that *reading is a substitute for thinking*. This has been the curse of thousands. The age is emphatically a reading one. We read in infancy, in childhood, in manhood and old age ; literally, we read ourselves from the cradle to the tomb. Scarce has an infant time to open its eyes upon the world, before it is tied to a stool to learn its book ; and a man is considered an *ignoramus*, unless he has read a line of pages large enough to reach from the earth to the moon. It often happens that a father congratulates himself upon the genius of his son, and the sure omens of his

future eminence, simply because *he is fond of reading*. He seems to think the mind a repository, and that the process of making a great man consists in filling it up with books, and then putting it into some important situation in life to give occasion to its operations; as though the soul were a tea-kettle, and you could fill it up, and set it over the fire, and produce the breathings of genius *ad libitum*. To such a father I would say, beware, lest thy son prove an intellectual epicure—a dreaming fool. Such a caution is more necessary at this period, because much of our reading matter is worthless. It must be admitted that literature is increased, but is it not also diluted? Authors are multiplied, but is genius advanced? Everything now is done by steam. Books are written and read in a hurry. There is evidently a degeneracy in the *producing* mind. Books seem to make up in size what they lack in sense; and, often, a grain of the solid gold of an old author is hammered into a flimsy octavo, to be called a “new book.” The eccentric John Randolph once remarked in Congress, that he wished there were but two books in the world, “the Bible and Will Shakspeare.” Although I demur, in part, to the selection of that erratic genius, I acknowledge the wisdom on which the suggestion is founded.

Books are needed to convey information, and to stimulate the mind. When used for these purposes, they are legitimately employed; but when they are used for amusement instead of instruction, or to *relieve* the mind instead of *assist* it in cogitation, their tendency is pernicious. Equally so, when they fill up the attention, and leave no time or motive for thought. The mind always flowing in the track of borrowed ideas, is weak—inactive—dependent. It has no tendency to observe, no curiosity to inquire, no capacity to produce. It is destitute of original conceptions, of lofty thought, of elevated purpose.

To excite the mind, and supply it with ideas, go rather to *nature* than to books. The heavens and the earth offer food to the soul. Would you have pure and original thoughts? Go to the only pure and original fountain of ideas—nature. There lie on all her pages, the beautiful and the sublime. Go send your soul to pillow herself upon the green earth, or enthroned herself upon the heavens; bid her sail upon the whirlwind, step into the terrific tempest; place her ear to the thunder, and open her eye upon the lightning's path. She shall meet with ideas of beauty and of grandeur, and hold fellowship with Him who maketh the earth his footstool, the heavens his throne, the thunder his voice, the clouds his chariot, and whose footsteps are on the wings of the wind. What is the secret of success in medicine, in law, in divinity, in oratory? Thought. Who is the distinguished doctor? lawyer? divine? He who is given to

patient observation and reflection. Show me the philosopher who was more fond of books than of nature. Was it Aristotle, who gave laws to Europe for more than thirteen centuries? Was it Bacon, who poured such a flood of light upon the fields of philosophy? Was it Newton, who unravelled the laws of the universe? Was it Locke, who applied the principles of the inductive philosophy to mind? Was it Bichat, who carried the same principles into the physiological sciences? No, no.

How did the ancient poet do? Homer had no books—and yet, for his image, the temple of fame opens her “holy of holies,” and sends up the sweetest incense that ever exhaled from her altars. His soul kept house in the universe. The scenery of his native land supplied him with ideas, and like the widow’s cruse of oil, was never exhausted or diminished by the using. The naked rocks of the Ægean fired his mind. His heart, like the Æolian harp, was responsive to the passing breeze. “Sublimity covered him all the day long, and dwelt beneath his shoulders.” He was blessed for the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath, and for the precious things brought forth by the sun, and for the precious things put forth by the moon, and for the chief things of the ancient mountains, and for the precious things of the lasting hills. The mind can scarcely fail to bring good tidings when its feet are upon the mountains. It is not, however, by an idle ramble that nature’s beauties can be perceived. These are hidden from every eye that hath not been taught to dwell upon them. It was a beautiful idea of the ancients, that the heavens and the earth are an allegorical representation, under the external form of which are couched ideas which the wise only can read. The soul formed to contemplation sees a thousand charms never revealed to the untutored mind. Before it, the wilderness breaks forth into singing, and the solitary place buds and blossoms as the rose. To such a mind the universe is like Anacreon’s lyre, which, whatever was the poet’s theme, or however he swept its chords, sounded out *love* only from its strings.

O let me listen to the ravished mind that has been musing on the fields! “Her lips drop as the honey-comb; honey and milk are under her tongue, and the smell of her garments is like the smell of Lebanon.”

Whence does the metaphysician draw his ideas? By turning his mind’s eye inward, surveying the faculties and their operations, tracing the thought through its stages—studying the laws of memory, imagination, judgment—making the soul the theme of its own observations. Thus were Locke, Reid, Brown, Stewart, Cousin, taught.

Who is the successful minister? The book-worm? Nay—

the diligent student of his own heart. It was from his own bosom, next to the Bible, that Massillon drew his eloquence, Whitefield his power, Wesley his charm. Here, in the mysterious workings of the bosom, as in a mirror, you may behold the secret springs of human action, the various phases of human character, the deformity, and hideousness, and devilishness of depraved humanity. Here you may examine the excuses of the sinner, and his refuges of lies; here, see his fears and forebodings, his hopes and doubts; here trace the silent, melting, mellowing energies of the Divine Spirit, and the hellish suggestions of the invisible foe. O there are wells of inspiration in each human bosom, whence angel souls might draw! Here is the true Castalian fountain. Drink, drink deep, and then trust your pen, or tongue, for vivid delineations of burning thought. Inspired by communion with his own heart, the minister cannot *but* be eloquent. He comes forth on vantage ground. He has obtained a perfect knowledge of the inmost workings of his hearers' hearts: "As face answereth to face in water, so the heart of man to man." The audience sit in mute astonishment. The stillness (like that of death) is interrupted only by the falling tear, or the half-suppressed sigh. No wonder. An unseen hand goes forth from the preacher into each bosom, and searches it; every one is conscious that, for the time, he is a prisoner chained by the heart. It is almost as though one rose from the grave.

What gave to Shakspeare his power? Surely he knew little of books. He read scarce anything but human nature. Hence he drew whatever of sublimity, of fire, of elegance, of sweetness, inspired his song—and hence he derived that indescribable charm, which is spread over all his pages. O that it had been sanctified!

But you inquire, if poets and orators have gone to nature for ideas, may we not go to them? Go rather to the *substance* than the *shadow*. Go to the pure *fountain*, not the polluted *stream*. Think not so meanly of your soul as to suppose it unworthy, or incompetent, to receive a thought fresh from its source. To you, the universe opens its rich and abundant fields of thought. If you would know their native fragrance and sweetness, you must gather them with your own hand. But if ideas could be derived from books, fresh and green as we receive them from nature, there would yet be a reason why we should rely upon our own efforts. The strength, and health, and happiness of the soul, is dependant upon the proper exercise of its faculties.

Rhetoric and logic have been supposed, by some, to be *substitutes* for thought. I quarrel not with these sciences. They have a beneficial influence on the mind, and are to be ranked high among elevated studies. But so far from being substitutes

for thought, thought is a substitute for them. They may be *serviceable*, but they are not *essential* to the poet or orator. They did not go before, to dig the channel in which the stream of genius should flow forth; they merely followed to observe its direction, and map the tributaries which swell the sweeping tide.

With all the logic and rhetoric of Aristotle, a man could never produce an original thought, any more than a surveyor, with his compass, could call into existence the mountain he surveys.

Think—if you would be eloquent; think, and the brain will send down its influence upon the heart, and the heart will pour up its heated, reddened current to the brain; and the brain will radiate afresh its exciting influence upon the heart—and then, the tongue cannot *avoid* eloquence. She *will* come down, and seat herself upon the lips.

Does the excited heart need direction as to the manner of its pulsations? As well teach the earth how to move in her orbit. You *cannot*, if you *would*, direct. As well attempt to give laws to the earthquake, or the volcano, or learn the exploding magazine *how* it shall expand. The excited heart scorns to think of rhetoric or logic. They *dare* not speak to her; but sit mute and enraptured spectators of her motions. They cease to be *teachers*, and become silent and humble, but enchanted *worshippers*. What was the eloquence of Demosthenes? The outbursting of an overflowing soul. What the eloquence of Logan? The plaints of a wounded heart. What the eloquence of Tecumseh? The eruptions of pent-up revenge and indignation. There is no rhetoric like that of the stimulated spirit. Who would lecture on the arrangement of arguments to the prisoner pleading for his life? Who would teach the inflexions of the voice, which are suitable for command, to the pilot, with his eye on the headland, the breakers, the midnight ocean storm, while his whole soul is roused to a struggle with the maddened elements? Would you preach on the tones appropriate for supplication to Dives putting his head out from the flames of perdition, to call on Abraham for a drop of water to cool his tongue?

Rhetoric and logic have their uses—they do not *precede*, they *follow* thought. They may be concerned to criticise, to subdue, and chasten. But even in this office, let them be watched with suspicion. If you have written a line with a throbbing bosom, beware, then—beware how you put the rude hand of cold criticism upon it. Nature is nature's best interpreter.

These sciences find their occasions of service in the outset of the mind; but they only attend it in its grovelling walks. They are earthly instruments, and fitted only for terrestrial valleys. Once wrap the soul in a chariot of flames, and like Elijah ascending the heavens, it will fling away its staff and mantle.

A PILGRIM OF NATURE.

You boast of the grandeur of cities in vain
 To one who loves valleys, wild mountain, and plain :
 Have you beauties to vie with the river and rill ?
 Have you fragrance, like morning's, on heath and on hill ?
 O, Pilgrim of Nature for ever I'll be ;
 Your city's too stifling and narrow for me.

Will you match me the lamps of some festival fine,
 With the gems on night's mantle, so pure and divine ?
 Will you minister music devotion to form
 Like the voice of the forest that sings to the storm ?
 O, a Pilgrim of Nature for ever I'll be ;
 Your city's too stifling and narrow for me.

Have you curtains like evening ? Can you find hair or eye ?
 Like the cloud of the thunder, or smile of the sky ?
 Have you clothes like the lilies ? Like the night-winds a kiss ?
 Or language like summer's pure anthem of bliss ?
 O, a Pilgrim of Nature for ever I'll be ;
 Your city's too stifling and narrow for me.

Keep your gold-moulded mansions, let Pomp have a seat,
 To give him all place I will gladly retreat ;
 From Vanity's banquet one guest you may spare,
 Brake, meadow, and wilderness, beckon me there ;
 And a Pilgrim of Nature for ever I'll be ;
 Your city's too stifling—too narrow for me.

J. A. O.

FIRST LOVE.

BY T. R. HOFLAND

Oh, give me the lowliest forest flower
 Which mine own hand, fresh from its virgin stem
 Hath plucked ; before the brightest, fairest gem
 That ever graced the garden or the bower,
 If it hath bloomed upon *another's* breast ;
 So with the heart of woman ;—I could see
 No charm in e'en an angel's witchery
 If by another she had been caressed.
 Oh ! give me to some simple village maid,
 The pure endearments of whose artless love,
 I first may waken, and alone may prove,
 Who ne'er hath been or hath herself betrayed,
 Give me with her remote from cities rude,
 To live and die in sylvan solitude.

THE following story is so true to life, that we venture to publish it, although it is a little out of our course. Its moral is good.—
Editor of the Literary Emporium.

FASHIONABLE LIFE, OR A TALE OF "GOOD SOCIETY."

LITTLE JANE JONES.

"I assure you, Mrs. Sanford, no one can rejoice more than I do in so truly republican an institution as the Lyceum. There is no exclusiveness about it. The poorest individual can go there and be instructed, and the fashionable and refined are not disgraced by the contact. It is expected that all will mix; and if I find myself placed by the fat wife of some mechanic, why, 'tis the Lyceum, and everybody expects it. For my part I glory in our free institutions. By the way, what a splendid lecture we had on Thursday evening—deep, talented thing."

"What was the subject, Mrs. Wendell? I was not present."

"Well, really I have forgotten; but I believe it was—philosophy, or history, or politics—after all, I think it was politics. The lecturer said that a free government was Christianity, or some such thing; and I believe it: for in what country is there so much religion as in ours? and we are of course the only free country. Liberty and equality! I am sure no people but Americans understand the words. How I wish that I could give all the world these blessings."

"It would be no worthless boon, I think, Mrs. Wendell; but are you quite sure that we are entirely free and wholly equal?"

"Why not, if ours is a republican government?—and everybody knows that it is."

"Well, we will waive that point, for I rather think it would be useless to discuss it. Did you hear the Rev. Mr. P.'s lecture on Sabbath eve?"

"What, that horrible thing, full of infidelity and indecency? I hope not! I have heard enough of it, without hearing it. Our minister says that he thinks he ought to be set to hammering stone for the State, instead of being allowed to spread his heresies."

"That hardly sounds like a free country and free discussion, Mrs. Wendell."

"Mrs. Sanford, do you too uphold him in his dreadful doctrines? I hope you do not intend to turn ventriloquist."

"Transcendentalist, you mean, Mrs. Wendell; but I have endorsed no doctrine of Mr. P.'s yet, I was only inquiring; and I

was thinking that if our country were really free, there might be a free expression of opinions, even if they were erroneous."

"Surely, Mrs. Sanford, you would not have the people corrupted by error! Our minister says that freedom to teach falsehood is not liberty, but licentiousness."

"But, Mrs. Wendell, who is to judge and decide what is truth—you or I, my party or yours? Has one man any more right to his opinion and the expression of it than another? If an opinion is hurtful let it be publicly expressed, that it may be publicly exposed and refuted. Secret foes are, of all enemies, the most dangerous. A fair field for all opinions, say I. Let them meet in open combat, and I have no fears for the truth."

"Well, I shall not contest the point with you, Mrs. Sanford; but I think you would shrink from the consequence of your sentiments if they were carried out."

It is hardly probable that Mrs. Wendell had any very definite idea of the consequences that she so much deprecated. She had learned, as any parrot could, the stereotyped rhodomontade of Americans about liberty and equality, and she was as liberal of it as a Fourth of July oration. The practical exemplification of her principles we shall see, as her practice is exhibited.

The next time she met her friend Mrs. Sanford, she was full of that beautiful charity which is the fruit of inordinate acquisitiveness, and can only be *grown*, as the southerners say, in our "hard favored" Yankee land. The origin of this delectable charity in Mrs. Wendell was on this wise:—In the progress of liberty and equality she had found it necessary, in order to her introduction into good society, to purchase a velvet cloak,—in ladies' parlance, "an elegant article," "a dear thing," "a perfect love,"—a velvet hat and feathers to match; price (as it should be), *nameless*; for we have no intention of awakening Mrs. Wendell's better half so effectually that it would take sundry curtain lectures to put him to sleep. This hat, feathers, cloak, *et cetera*, were all exceedingly *democratic*; so Mrs. W. assured her husband, for the Hon. Mr. —'s lady wore just such. Farther, Mrs. Wendell's carpets were of the same patterns as those of her meek and self-denying pastor, Rev. Mr. —, and the expense was only a trifle—about two hundred dollars. Mr. Wendell had also brought home a superb piano, price six hundred dollars, for their two daughters to discourse most eloquent music upon—albeit Miss Martha could never practise five minutes without yawning, and Miss Eliza played with an *execution* which effectually murdered all harmony. Now the sum of these expenses, with divers and sundry minor outlays which necessarily occur in every fashionable household, made Mr. Wendell discourse largely upon "hard times," "a ruinous admin-

istration," an "unsound currency," &c., &c. Of course Mrs. Wendell, as a dutiful helpmeet, immediately set about planning retrenchment. She had two "maids," "domestics," "servants," or "helps," just as the fancy, the locality, or democracy of my readers may make them choose to denominate those persons who sell their liberty and labor for so much a week or month. Mrs. Wendell concluded to spare one of her domestics as a means of retrenchment, and "take" an orphan child out of the Children's Friend Asylum. Biddy, the cook, was not to be spared. The housemaid might be supplied by a girl of twelve, provided Martha and Eliza could be induced to take charge of their own rooms. Mrs. Wendell heroically determined to take care of hers. Two dollars a week would thus be saved, and this she assured her husband would make quite a difference in his bills; and besides the industry of his wife and daughters must encourage him: and moreover, the charity of taking a child and bringing her up in a well-ordered family, would go far toward buying them a place in heaven. She always knew that she had an extraordinary talent for bringing up children; and she held that no one should bury their talents.

A few hours after this conclusion to "take" a child, Mrs. Wendell donned her splendid hat, feathers and cloak, and took her way to Mrs. Sanford's to talk of charity and economy.

"Now, Mrs. Sanford," said she, "I have something to tell you that will delight your kind heart. You know that I wish to make myself useful, and I have at last hit upon a plan. I am on my way to the Asylum to take a child. I think it will be very pleasant to me and the girls to have an interesting object to bestow our care upon, and bring her up like a Christian; and then she can take Eliza's and Martha's cast-off clothing: and then, ever since I heard Combe's Lectures, I have so wished to take a child and bring it up on scientific principles. Will it not be delightful, Mrs. Sanford?"

Mrs. Sanford said something of the responsibility of those who attempt the material and spiritual culture of immortal beings; but Mrs. Wendell had reflected upon that, had pondered it, and weighed it full two hours, and she was satisfied it would be a most praiseworthy charity.

"I shall go," said she, "as soon as I have selected a child, directly to Mr. Feeler and have its head examined, and then I shall know just what to do." Mrs. Sanford had the good sense not to give advice where advice would neither be appreciated nor accepted. If all the world were as wise much trouble would be saved.

Mrs. Wendell now took her way to the Asylum. Two kind-hearted maiden ladies, with philoprogenitiveness amply develop-

ed, presided over the band of little ones that a selfish and unselfish charity had gathered from lanes and alleys, and the squalid haunts of poverty. Little Jane Jones, as she was called, because she was so exceedingly slight and delicate that she looked as though she were a tiny rose bud, was a favorite with Miss Emily and Miss Ann, the care-takers. When I say that she was a favorite, I mean that they loved her with all the garnered affection of their hearts. Not that they loved others less, but that they loved her more. Disguise or shun the fact as we will, woman must love with all her soul, or she ceases to be woman. She may love an idea, or a cold-hearted selfish man, or one who gives the deep, passionate love of a warm heart in return; or she may love a child, or a lamb, or a lap-dog, or a cat, or a bird, or some gold fishes; any, or all of these she may love, but love she must. Jane was the daughter of an orphan whose father was a clergyman. She inherited nothing but good moral principles, and a mind rich in varied capacity. She early married a sailor and moved to the city. Whilst her husband remained on shore, they were all the world to each other, and she made few acquaintances. He was obliged to leave her just before the birth of little Jane, and the poor creature grieved herself to death, and left her infant to the "Children's Friend Asylum." The child inherited the mother's beauty of mind and person. Few ever looked on her without loving her. Great was the distress of the worthy maidens when Mrs. W. announced it as her intention to "take" Jane. She was one of the kindest patrons of the institution, for it was a *popular* charity. She was moreover a very pious lady, and Jane was past the age when the rules of the Asylum required that she should go forth and earn her bread. No thing was to be said, and no words could have told the misery into which the poor child and her friends were plunged. It was settled that she should go next day. That night Jane slept between her friends. She sobbed herself to sleep with each little hand clasped in those of the dear ladies. "O, Miss Ann," said she, "you will take care of my rabbits, and Miss Emily will see to my plants, and I may come home often, and may be Saturday nights they will let me come and read to you. O, I can't go away and leave you with all the poor little ones to care for. Why can't I stay and be assistant? I will do anything if you will only let me stay." The ladies reminded her that Mrs. Wendell was President of the Board of Directors. Resignation was alike a necessity and a duty. After an unquiet night the hour of parting came, and in due time Jane found herself in her new home.

Mrs. Wendell's kitchen was a dark basement, one of those comfortless places that you can never warm with any amount of fire,

and where light is unknown, save the dim twilight and the still more obscure light of one lamp, with very bad oil, for Mrs. Wendell prides herself on economy. Could her back door and her front door have been placed side by side, she would have died of the horrors, or a change would have been wrought with marvellous celerity in the lady or the premises. Some people say we should always look at and describe the beautiful, and never the ugly, if we would grow better and more beautiful. On this principle I must not glance at the back yard of an *economist*, where all manner of discordant rubbish is piled, that nothing may be lost, and that servants may have the benefit of all the vile smells and exhalations. But, then, what are servants? They do not belong to us, unless we live at the South; what interest therefore can we have in their health or comfort?

Mrs. Wendell would far sooner have thought of owing Christian service to the Hottentots, than to her servants. Little Jane was immediately conducted to the kitchen, and her various duties enumerated by Mrs. Wendell. She was to attend the door, lay the tables and clean them, wash the dishes, scour the knives, rub plate, trim lamps, supply all the house with water, carry coals, make fires, bring water from the pump, help wash, and in short, make herself *useful*. Mrs. Wendell also endeavored duly to impress on her mind the great favor she had done her in taking her out of the Asylum. The poor little creature was plunged in a kind of stupid reverie, or more properly speaking, amaze, by her sorrow in parting from her friends, and the prospect before her. Indeed, so great was her apparent stupidity, that Mrs. Wendell thought it was hardly expedient to pay Mr. Feeler to learn her cranial developments; and moreover she thought it scarcely necessary to "bring a child up on scientific principles" who would have to work for her living in somebody's kitchen. Finally, she concluded it was her religious duty not to give the child any ideas *above her place*. Three months' schooling in a year she must have, for that was "in the bond." But then the poor child never went to school three days in three months without a note to excuse her being late. Indeed, Miss Martha scrawled them by the score, for the sake of having something to do, and having them ready. Biddy, the cook, was an Irish girl about thirty years of age, though of this fact she was not aware, not being able to remember her birthday. She was always at work when not asleep, hardly sitting down at her meals. She went the round of the kitchen as the horse or ox in the treadmill. She was not originally a bad-tempered girl, but hard labor, with no comfort or convenience, no sympathy or companionship, had soured her pretty thoroughly, and she wore a "horse-shoe" ever in her forehead, and chased away the starving cat that sought a

home and a morsel in the dreary kitchen, with a vindictiveness that said, "I will be alone." But after all, there is a key that unlocks all hearts; and though the confessor only had hitherto held the key of Biddy's heart, it was destined ere long to be given to another. The only care Mrs. Wendell had ever taken for Biddy, was an earnest and premeditated attempt to convince her of the horrible sinfulness of confession and sin-pardoning by the priest. "Biddy," said she, "why do you tell that wicked man your sins and give him money to pardon them, when he is a mere man, and therefore cannot pardon, and also a very wicked man for pretending that he can?"

"Father O'Donahue is no wicked man, mistress, and you just show you know nothing at all of him, or the holy church. I never paid him for pardoning my sins. I give a bit to the church for its charities, and its expenses, when I can, and you do the likes o' that when you pay for your pew, and shut yourselves up from God's poor and His colored children, and think you are too good to sit beside your servants in the church."

"Well, it is very well if you really give your money for something besides a pretended pardon," said Mrs. Wendell.

"Father O'Donahue never pretends to pardon. He looks to Almighty God to pardon us; and if we are sincere in our confession, we know He will pardon us, through the priest's prayers and our own. And as to the confession, you'll never know the blessing it is to a poor lone crathur, till ye are all alone by yourself in some strange land, with never a heart-friend to lay your eyes on; and may be murmuring against Providence because o' your hard fortin'. When the likes o' that comes, it's a hard heart that doesn't turn to the priest. May be your religion is best for you, but ours is best for us, and Almighty God forgive me for wanting sometimes to curse them who would take it from us."

This was the first and last conversation that Mrs. Wendell had with Biddy; and though she often expatiated upon the ignorance and wickedness of the Catholics, she made no farther attempt, direct or indirect, to convert Biddy from the error of her ways.

When little Jane Jones was first taken to Mrs. Wendell's kitchen, Biddy's face was ominous of anything but peace, and the poor child shrunk away from her as if she had been some dreadful wild animal. And when she found herself in the little attic that Biddy occupied, her terror was increased. People who are disagreeable to each other ought always to have space. Contact makes repulsion doubly repulsive. Jane lay all night on the edge of the bedstead, and her grieved and troubled slumber disturbed the worn-out domestic not a little. But crushed, and wronged, and wretched, as the poor Irish laborer almost always

is, they have many of them a fund of cheerfulness and good humor, and Biddy had gleams of these. She possessed one quality too often lacking in the Irish. She was naturally neat, and though her abiding place, the kitchen, was a sad hole, she did all that could be done to make it sufferable. Her own little attic and all her clothes were kept so nice and sweet that it was a comfort to Jane to put it in order. Mrs. Wendell was an economist, and a thin apology for a bed, filled with chicken's feathers, was good enough for the servants; and truly it was much better, because more healthful than the down in which the invalid Mrs. Wendell and her languid daughters found themselves sunk at night, weary, because they were never tired.

Jane thought of her home and her kind friends with a full heart, but she prayed earnestly for resignation to a lot that she could not escape. She gave herself with unwearied exertion to the fulfilment of all her duties. And Biddy, who at first regarded her as a new burden added to her already overwhelming load, began to find some rest, and feel that she was a blessing. The second day after Jane came, when she went to put her room in order, she found that she had been anticipated by Jane, and she left the room muttering, "the tidiest little creature. She's a jewel, she is." Her Irish heart overflowed, and she sought the child to pour out her good feeling. "Ye're a nice child, ye are; and 'tis Biddy hopes you'll have a bed in heaven."

When Jane found that she could thus lighten the burden of one poor weary fellow-creature, her intense desire to return home, yielded, in a great measure, to the benevolent purpose of serving her fellow-sufferer. How sad to reflect on the state of such a household as that of Mr. Wendell. The worn, and often half-phrenzied father, on whose single arm all this expensive family hung, looking to him not only for support, but for the means to minister to morbid cravings and thoughtless extravagance. The father stood behind his counter, and daily and hourly sacrificed his honor and his conscience on the altar of gain. But let no man blame him till he has purified his own practice. "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

Jane was now twelve years of age. She had a thirst for knowledge that seemed impossible to slake. Her dear friends at the Asylum directed her in her reading, though her time was so occupied that she was obliged to resort to the oddest expedients in order to gratify her taste for study. But Biddy loved to hear her read, for she said, "if she could not always make out the meaning of the words, there was music in the darlint's voice."

Time passed, and the sweet child at last blushed into womanhood. There was a strange contrast between her rosy cheek

and rounded form, her free breath and elastic step, as she carried water or coals, and the pale and sallow face, the angular and attenuated figure, the panting breath, and languid, drawling step of the daughters of opulence and idleness, Martha and Eliza Wendell. Their thoughts were of fine dresses, of parties (not balls, for Mrs. Wendell was *pious*), the lecture-room, and the church, as places of display, and the all-absorbing theme to the vacant and idle, love and marriage. Not the true sentiment, or a true union, for of these they were not capable; but diseased sentimentality, and an establishment.

They had learned to keep Jane out of the room when they had company, but her rich, clear voice would sometimes intrude upon their ears, as she warbled the soul-stirring

"I am bound for the land of Canaan,"

when about her work. Faithfully did the conscientious girl serve in her prison-home till she was sixteen years of age. Then an incident occurred which determined her fate; and though in the progress of things Mrs. Wendell was somewhat mortified, yet she ultimately took great credit to herself. It happened that Mrs. Sanford had a son who had inherited his mother's wisdom and goodness. In his younger years he had learned the shoemaker's trade, but a desire for study coming to be indomitable, he had worked his way through college, and studied a profession, and was fast coming to be celebrated in a neighboring city. Mr. Wendell was one of the directors in the ——— Institute. His managing wife and daughters wished much to have Charles Sanford lecture before that body, because he was a profound scholar, and because——they had too many reasons to enumerate, but perhaps they would have blushed had the true reason been given. Mr. Sanford had recently moved into the city, and they had never seen Charles. He was invited, and gladly accepted the invitation, for he was a loving son, and longed to see his parents and their new home. Mrs. Wendell had been on a visit to the city of Sanford's adoption, and it so happened that both she and Sanford took passage in the stage-coach, that, notwithstanding the rail-road, picked up a sufficient number of passengers to continue on the route. A gentlemanly man, tall, elegant, with a faultless lavender vest, and a cloak of ample folds, took Mrs. Wendell's attention. Sanford intuitively read her character, and after an agreeable chat he mounted on the coach-box, and told the driver that if the lady asked who he was to tell her, "a shoemaker from B." At the first stopping-place he politely handed Mrs. W. out, and she graciously accepted his assistance, and made herself as agreeable as possible. But, as Sanford had foreseen, she contrived to ask the driver who the gentleman could be

and received the answer furnished by Charles. When, therefore, Sanford offered to put the lady in the coach, she drew herself up with great coldness and dignity, and signified her pleasure to help herself: and when he took an inside seat she allowed him to perceive that he was not only *de trop*, but a nuisance; and when he spoke of the pleasure of travelling in a coach because you get acquainted with your neighbors, Mrs. Wendell sharply answered that it was hardly good fortune to be obliged to take up with any company, and sit by people who smelt so strong of their trade that it made you really sick. Sanford answered that he had great respect for the mechanic arts, and always loved the smell of leather. Mrs. W. turned from him with ineffable contempt, and did not again vouchsafe him the slightest notice, till he rose in the City Hall to give a lecture on the dignity of labor. Great was Mrs. Wendell's consternation on beholding her friend the shoemaker; especially as they had planned a party for the next evening, and a note of invitation had been sent to Mrs. Sanford's for her son, that he might get it as soon as possible after his arrival. Mrs. W., however, succeeded in comforting herself with the hope that he would not recognize her in her party dress, and in a splendid French cap with flowers.

The evening of the party, colored waiters were hired; Jane was kept out of the rooms, Mr. Sanford gave no signs of recognizing Mrs. W., and all things went off swimmingly. Miss Eliza made a set at him, and told him a great deal of some new music that she had just learned. Charles was exceedingly fond of music, and somehow committed himself so that he felt obliged to call the next day on Miss Eliza. The young ladies were delighted beyond measure with the gentleman, but three very unfortunate circumstances were grouped together during this call. Mr. Sanford wished a glass of water. Biddy was unfit to be seen, and Jane was obliged to bring it. And Miss Eliza wanted a piece of music that was in her room, and Miss Martha was too lazy to bring it. Jane was sent for it, and with her soul full of music, she forgot herself, and came over the stairs singing it like some fair bird from the green groves of the spirit land. Miss Eliza took the music from Jane's hand in an agony of anger, and sung and played it with a fierce, harsh discord, that smote on Sanford's heart most terribly.

Sanford loved his mother, and in any and everything of importance he consulted her. He told her his adventure at Mrs. Wendell's, and of the fair girl who blessed his sight. "Mother," said he, "I believe she is just the girl to go to the west with me, for I can no longer be shut up in a city. The spiritual and material atmosphere is death; I want to work on the land."

"Charles," said Mrs. Sanford, "I fear hasty fancies. Many a

man has sacrificed his peace for life to such fancies, and has given his children a mother fit for nothing but to spoil them by her weakness and ignorance. Still I am inclined to think Jane Jones is worthy of my son. I will see the orphan and tell you my judgment." "That is just like you, mother," said Charles, as he cheerfully acquiesced in her decision. Few words will tell the result. Jane was placed at school for a year, through the influence of Mrs. Sanford. She is now eighteen, and has been a year married. They live in Ohio. Poor Biddy, well nigh worn out with long years of toil, lives with "her jewel, her darlint."

But a change has come over Mrs. Wendell. Her husband is a bankrupt, and unlike most bankrupts, he is really poor. His wife keeps a boarding-house, that last resort of broken gentlefolks. The daughters are sick, and peevish, and helpless, though obliged to try to work. They have never forgiven Jane her emancipation from her bondage; and Mrs. Wendell has never forgiven Sanford for enduring her incivility. It is an old saying that we never forgive those whom we injure. Still Mrs. Wendell is greatly pleased that she has proved to the world that she has an extraordinary talent for bringing up children. She thinks that there are few women in the world who could take a child from the alms-house and make a lady of her, and marry her to such an elegant man as Charles Sanford. Poor lady! let her comfort herself. She needs comfort; for she and Biddy have in a great measure changed places.

SONNET TO A LADY PRAYING.

WHEN on thine eyes of holy light I gaze,
And see them gently, with imploring grace,
Turn to that fount of still more holy light,
Thy lip full ripe with extasy of praise,
And all the expressive silence of thy face,
By tears of rapture made more purely bright,
My soul then longs from life to spread its wing,
And move, in beauty equal to thine own,
To realms of glory, the eternal throne
Of Him whose praise no lip less pure should sing.
O! since within thy hallowed bosom lie
All we should learn, the holy secret give;
Teach me to live, that I may never die;
Teach me to die, that I through death may live!

THE SONGS OF OUR FATHERS.

—
BY MRS. HEMANS.
—

———"Sing aloud
Old songs, the precious music of the heart."
WADSWORTH

Sing them upon the sunny hills,
When the days are long and bright,
And the blue gleam of shining rills
Is loveliest to the sight.
Sing them along the misty moor,
Where ancient hunters roved,
And swell them through the torrent's roar—
The songs our fathers loved!

The songs their souls rejoiced to hear,
When harps were in the hall,
And each proud note made lance and spear
Thrill on the banner's wall:
The songs that through our valleys green,
Sent on from age to age,
Like his own river's voice, have been
The peasant's heritage.

The reaper sings them when the vale
Is filled with plummy sheaves;
The woodman, by the starlight pale,
Cheer'd homeward through the leaves:
And unto them the glancing oars
A joyous measure keep,
Where the dark rocks that crest our shores
Dash back the foaming deep.

So let it be!—a light they shed
O'er each old fount and grove;
A memory of the gentle dead—
A spell of lingering love:
Murmuring the names of mighty men,
They bid our streams roll on,
And link high thoughts to every glen
Where valiant deeds were done.

Teach them your children round the hearth,
When evening fires burn clear,
And in the fields of harvest-mirth,
And on the hills of deer!
So shall each unforgotten word,
When far those loved ones roam,
Call back the hearts that once it stirr'd
To childhood's holy home.

The green woods of their native land
Shall whisper in the strain,
The voices of their household band
Shall sweetly speak again;

The heathery heights in vision rise,
Where like the stag they roved—
Sing to your sons those melodies,
The songs your fathers loved!

A PAINTER'S SKETCH.

BY W. H. CROME.

In search of brighter clime or sky
Still let the restless wanderer roam,
No fairer meets the painter's eye
Than mantles o'er our English home.
Green are our woods, and sweeter streams
Ne'er onward rolled in brighter beams.

More varied scenes what land can boast,
From castled crag to mountain vale?
Field, forest, sea-encircled coast,
The pencil charm: the pictured tale
Of sun and shade, of shifting skies,
No fairer clime than ours supplies.

Dear is the woodland cot, where trees,
Low bending o'er the rushy brook,
Fling their wild branches to the breeze,
Around the hereditary nook;
While chequered sunbeams trembling throw,
Above the thatch, a golden glow.

If to thine eye be dearer still
The riven crag or crumbling wall,
The leaping foam from mountain rill,
Or deepest glen or loftiest fall,
Or hoary castle, dim and grey,
That mournful mocks the eye of day;

Turn to the wilds in northern land,
Whose circling mountains shroud the sky—
From snowy wreath and icy band,
Mysterious grandeur frowns on high—
Ben Nevis hoarsely shouts aloud,
And Lomond answers from its cloud.

Fill from the farthest spring of Thames,
And pledge Old England's wide domain;
Fill to the high and honored names
Which Genius hallows—not in vain—
Since bounding hearts in worship burn,
Before each consecrated urn.

Without frugality none can be rich; and with it few would be poor.

LUTHER—HIS FAITH AND WORK.

A COLLECTION of Luther's writings, by a competent editor,—one who could do for this sturdy spiritual captain what Colonel Gurwood did for the Duke of Wellington, and Mr. Sparks did for Washington,—would be an unfailing treasure for this and future generations. Its value would be great as a record of a great era in the human mind—one of the most important pages of history: but probably it would be still more useful as a bright example of unwavering reliance upon the Divine word.

Professor Stowe, of Lane Seminary, has published an article on the subject, in which he says that for more than two months, at a time when thick dangers threatened the Protestant cause, Luther wrote to his friends at Augsburg nearly every day, and every letter breathes the spirit of deep devotion. These letters would make a volume of intense interest, illustrating the power of faith and a good conscience, more lively perhaps than anything else that ever proceeded from an uninspired pen.

In a letter to Brueck, chancellor to the elector of Saxony, dated August 5th, 1530, he says—"Some of our friends are anxious and desponding, as if God had forgotten us; but He cannot forget us, He must forget himself first. Otherwise, our cause were not his cause, nor our doctrine his word. But if we are certain without doubt that this is His cause and His word, then our prayer is certainly heard, and help for us is already resolved upon and prepared; and we shall be helped, and there can be no failure.

"I have lately seen two wonders:—First, I was looking out of my window at night, and saw the stars in the heaven, and God's great beautiful arch over my head, but I could not see any pillars on which the builder had fixed this arch; and yet the heavens fell not, and this arch stood firm. Still there were some who were seeking for the pillars, and were longing to touch them and feel them. And because they could not do this, they stood quivering and trembling, as if the heavens would certainly fall, and for no other reason than because they could not see and feel the pillars which held them up. If they could only grasp the pillars then the heavens would stand fast.

"Secondly, I saw great thick clouds sweeping over us, of such weight and burden that they might be compared to a mighty sea; but there was no floor for these clouds to rest upon, and no barrels to barrel them up; yet they did not fall upon us, but saluted us with a scowling visage and fled away. And when they had gone, then both the floor and the roof which had held

them up, shone down upon us, the beautiful rainbow. Yet that was so small, thin, weak a floor and roof, that it disappeared in the clouds, and seemed more like a shadow, like an image in a painted glass, than such a strong floor, so that one might well be in doubt whether such a floor could bear up so great a weight of water. Yet, in point of fact, the waters were borne up and we were protected; still some will be feeling to see what holds the waters up, and because they cannot find it, are in dread of an eternal flood.

"Such a work as God by his grace has given us to do, He will by His Spirit prosper and advance; and the way and time and place to help us will come right, and will be neither forgotten nor delayed."

In a letter to Melancthon, dated June 29, 1530, he writes: "I hate from the heart your great anxiety about which you write; it is not the great perils of the cause, it is your own great unbelief which distresses you. There was far greater peril in the time of John Huss, and at many other times, than in our times. And though the peril may be great, yet He whose the cause is (for it is not ours) is also great; He hath begun it, and He will carry it through. Why give yourself such constant trouble? If the cause be not a good one, why, then, let us give it up; but if it be a good one, why should we make God a liar in so many and great promises which he has given us that we may be quiet and content? *Cast thy care upon the Lord.*—(Ps. lv. 23; 1 Pet. v. 9.) "The Lord is nigh to all that *call upon him.*"—(Ps. xxxiv.) Think you that He speaks such words to the wind, that He casts such pearls before swine?

"I sometimes have fears, but not all the time. It is your philosophy and not theology that plagues you so. What can the devil do more than put us to death?"

"I pray you, for God's sake, take up arms against yourself, for you are your own worst enemy, and give the devil all the weapons he can use against you.

"Christ has died unto sin once for all, but to righteousness and truth he never dies, but lives and reigns! If this be true, why should we fear for the truth while he reigns. Yes, you reply, but by God's wrath is the truth cast down. Then let it be cast down by God's wrath, and not by our cowardice. He is our father, and He will be the father of our children.

"I pray for you constantly, and am troubled because your anxiety, greedy as a horseleech, sucks all your blood and makes my prayers powerless. So far as the cause is concerned, I have no anxiety (whether from stupidity or from the Spirit, my Lord Christ knoweth). God can raise the dead; he can maintain his cause although it fall; he can raise it up, he can make it pros-

per; if we are not fit for the work, he can do it by others. If we cannot have confidence in His promises, who in the world is there that can? But of this more another time, though I am but carrying water to the ocean. May Christ himself comfort, strengthen, and teach you by his Holy Spirit. Amen.

"If matters go ill with you, I shall scarcely any longer be able to refrain myself from hurrying to you, that I may see how terrible the devil's teeth look round about, as the scripture saith in Job xli."

In another letter to Melancthon of the 27th of June, he expresses himself as follows: "I am occupied with our cause day and night; I think it through, examine it, dismiss it, search throughout the whole scripture; and I become more and more convinced every day that it is the cause of truth: and this confidence, by God's help, no man can ever take from me, let things go as they will." "The father of lies hath sworn to be the death of me,—that I know well; he will give himself no rest till he have swallowed me up. Very well—let him swallow me—by God's will he will then get a stomach-ache and a purging such as he never had before." "If Christ be not with us, where in the whole world shall we look for him? If we are not the Church, or at least a part of the Church, where then is the Church? Is the Duke of Bavaria, the Pope, the Turk, and the like of them, the Church? If we have not the word of God, who is it then that has it? And if God be for us, who can be against us?"

In another letter to Melancthon of June 30th, he says: "If it be a lie, that God spared not his own son, etc., Rom. viii. 32, then the devil may be a man in my place; but if it be true, then what do we with our empty care, fear, trembling, and sorrow, as if He would not stand by us in those little matters when he has given his own Son to die for us, or as if the devil was stronger than God?"

"I pray you for Christ's sake, cast not to the winds the Divine promises and comforts, as when he says: 'Cast thy cares upon the Lord.' 'Wait on the Lord and be of good comfort.' Were we obliged to go on our knees to Rome or Jerusalem for such promises, we should value them; but now we have them so numerous and so near at hand, we regard them not. This is not good. I know that it comes from the weakness of our faith. Let us pray with the apostles, 'Lord, increase our faith.'"

TO MY BOY IN HEAVEN.

WRITTEN ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS DEATH.

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

I.

I GAZED upon thee! Was it rigid Death
 That sate enthroned upon thine icy brow?
 Ah no! methought I saw the living breath
 Of life expand thy heaving breast but now:
 He sleeps! Tread softly—wake him not! How bright
 These dreams of Heaven upon his spirit fall!
 They fold its slumbering 'neath their wings of light,
 And bear it up to Heaven's high festival—
 The festival of dreams—where spirits hold
 Their deep communings, when the Seraph sleep
 Spreads his encircling wings, and seeks to fold
 Earth to repose, and calm the hearts that weep.

II.

It was a fearful dream! Methought ye said
 That he, *my boy*, was of the earth no more!
 That all the sentinels of life had fled,
 And that pale Death their portals guarded o'er.
 Ye deemed that I should weep; but not a tear
 Burst from the frozen founts where they were pent,
 Though dark foreboding thought and bitter fear
 Rushed to my heart, and bade my soul lament!
 He is not dead!—he sleeps! He could not die,
 So loved, so beautiful! If Death should bear
 His spirit hence, e'en to his native sky,
 My voice would pierce the inner temples there!

III.

He is not dead! Ah! how my spirit mocks
 The vain delusion! Can I look on this,
 And doubt whose hand each charmed vein now locks?
 I dare not claim what Death hath sealed as his!
 And thus I gave thee, ARTHUR, to the tomb,
 And saw the brow oft pillowed next my heart
 Laid down amid the dust and darkling gloom,
 To be, alas! too soon of dust a part!
 I saw them heap the earth about thy form,
 And press the light turf o'er thy peaceful breast,
 Then leave thee to the cold and brooding worm,
 As some young dove in a deserted nest.

IV.

I gazed: it was the autumn's golden light
 That flung bright shadows o'er thy new-made home;
 While through the trees that waved in colors bright,
 I heard the low sweet winds thy dirges moan!
 And there was *One* looked with me on that scene,
 Who bade me know our bitter loss thy gain:

But ah ! his cheek was pale as thine, I ween,
And from his eyes the hot tears fell like rain.
That eve, while gazing on the midnight sky,
One bright new star looked out from its lone sphere ;
We knew no name to call the stranger by,
So gave it thine, and deemed that thou wert near.

V.

The Autumn passed. How desolate was earth !
How froze the lucid veins upon her brow !
While oft the spectre-winds now wandered forth
Like unseen spirits, treading sad and slow ;
Dark, hoary Winter came with piercing breath,
And gave to Earth a passionless embrace :
Ah me ! 't was as the lip of white-browed death
Had kissed with fondness some beloved face :
The dazzling snow-wreath garlanded thy tomb,
While each pale star, effulgent as the day,
Led forth its glittering beams amid the gloom,
And dimpled Earth, where this white splendor lay.

VI.

I left thee ; wooed to that rich southern clime
Where glows the orange and where blooms the rose ;
The land of passion, where the brow of Time
Dims not, but with renewed splendor glows ;
The joyous Spring on her triumphal car
Rode through the land in beauty and in light,
And on the young south wind flung wide and far
The odor of her flowers—her spirit's young delight !
I rested not, though all was bright and green,
For still I heard thy gentle voice's moan ;
My spirit leaped the darkling space between,
And knelt, all breathless, by thy twilight home !

VII.

One year hath flown—one little circling year,
A dim, faint shadow of the wing of Time ;
Nor hath mine eye forgot the secret tear,
Or heart to weave the sad and mournful rhyme :
I stand beside thee and I quickly trace
The loving hand that hath been busy here :
Who gave such beauty to thy dwelling-place,
And bade the fresh green grass wave lightly there ?
My heart is full, nor can I say farewell,
E'en to thy gentle shade, O spirit bright !
Without one prayer for him who wove the spell
Of loveliness, where all was rayless night.

VIII.

Not unremembered then thy narrow home,
Within the city of the voiceless dead ;
For hither oft a kindred form would roam,
And place fresh turf above thy fair young head.
I stand beside thee !—and again the dreams
Of olden time rise up before my view,
And lulling sounds, like to the voice of streams,
Float o'er my soul, soft as the morning dew !
Could prayers or tears of mine but win thee now
From thy high walk around the starry thrones,
So selfish this, my tears would cease to flow
My voice refuse to falter forth the tones.

THE EVIL EFFECTS OF TIGHT LACING.

BY H. WHITFIELD, ESQ., M.R.C.S.

ALLOW me to call the attention of your readers to the enormous evil resulting from the use of stays. These instruments of torture inflict on the fair sex a great degree of suffering, and tend, moreover, to deteriorate the human race. The chest is the seat of organs whose functions are necessary to life, viz., respiration and sanguification. For the due performance of these functions, it is essential that the chest be of full dimensions, and *free* in its motion.

By actual measurement, the waist of well-formed women, of the average height, varies in circumference from twenty-seven to twenty-nine inches; and there is scarcely any difference in its proportional size between male and female. But such is the power of fashion, that the waist is seldom permitted to expand to the dimensions of twenty-five inches; the majority are within twenty-four; thousands are compressed to twenty-two; and some even to less than twenty inches; and by the aid of wood, whalebone, and steel, the capacity of the chest is very often reduced to less than one-half. The penalties attending this infringement of the organic law are as follows:—shortness of breath;* palpitation and oppression of the heart; cough, and pain in the side; headache, with a feeling of weight at the vertex; neuralgia of the face, and eruptions; cedema of the ancles; dyspepsia, and chlorosis. The temperature of the body partakes of the extremes; there is generally a chillness of the whole surface; the viscera of the pelvis are liable to derangement; and in married women especially, prolapsus uteri occurs. The lateral curvature of the spine is a consequence, not uncommon, of this pernicious practice.

The frequency of this deviation in females has been attributed to their sedentary habits, but without sufficient grounds. It is well known that thousands of females in Switzerland, and even in our own country, who are occupied during the whole day in a sitting posture, but who wear no stays, remain free from this deformity. But this is not the worst effect of tight lacing; thousands of victims are annually doomed to the tyranny of this fashion, ere they have yet passed the first years of womanhood.

* An anecdote of a Scotch physiologist, some twenty years ago, had almost put an end to tight lacing, from its placing, in a very prominent point of view, two of its most dreaded ill effects. "Tight lacing," said he, quaintly, "stinks the breath, and reddens the nose."

What is the cause of so frightful a waste of life? Simply the opposition between the laws of nature and the laws of society; the former are disregarded, while the latter are submitted to without a murmur. It is mere empiricism to prescribe quinine or iron, wine or porter, to relieve a general debility, with shortness of breath, palpitation of heart, and faintness, when the lungs are denied their fair play. It is scarcely necessary to detail cases, in illustration of that which is so self-evident; but a short account of four may not be altogether useless.

C. R., æt. 23, consulted me in June, 1843. Had not been well for more than two years, and had been under medical treatment for fifteen months; her figure and countenance indicated her sufferings. The symptoms were shortness of breath, distress in the region of the heart, cough, indigestion, great debility, cold perspirations, with a chilliness of the whole frame, and disturbed sleep; in addition to which she had not spoken beyond a whisper for nine months. She was naturally a tall and well-made woman, and her waist should have been twenty-eight inches in circumference, but was reduced to twenty-three inches, though *not*, as she assured me, "*tight laced*." She was directed to enlarge her *stays* and *dress* as much as two inches, and after a fortnight one inch more, and to abolish the busk as quickly as possible. She recovered her voice in five weeks, and in three months she was restored to good health; no medicine was prescribed!

Mrs. B., æt. 30, naturally healthy and of good figure, has not been well for three years; is now much reduced in flesh and strength; has had a troublesome cough for many months; the appetite is small, and digestion weak; and she suffers much from palpitation of heart and pain in the side. Has been five weeks in the country without benefit. The chest was compressed to the extent of two-fifths of its natural capacity. The treatment was similar to the first case. She steadily progressed towards recovery from this period, and in a few months her health was restored.

A young lady, æt. 16, had a slight lateral curvature of the spine, accompanied with debility and general ill health; her *stays* were of the same dimensions as when they were first worn at seven years of age. She was directed to throw aside the *stays*, and to substitute flannel and other warm loose clothing; to take moderate exercise in the open air, and to divide the fatigues of the day by lying down for a couple of hours on a hard mattress. Her general health soon improved, and in five months the deformity was removed.

Mrs. B., æt. 44, has been suffering much for four months with prolapsus uteri; she was naturally of a stout, robust make, but

had attempted to model herself in accordance with the laws of society. She was directed to enlarge her stays and dress as much as three inches, and to remove the whale-bone, and to lie down for three hours during the day. Her improvement was immediate, and she was quite well in six weeks.

The simplicity of treatment is the chief point of interest in these cases.

The want of due expansion of the chest in young persons, at a period when every other portion of the body is increasing in dimensions, must be attended with serious consequences. The organs of women cannot be duly developed, if the organs within the chest are circumscribed within the proportions of infancy. As it is ordained that punishment shall not always immediately follow the transgression, but often after an interval of years, so many having hitherto escaped, and being ignorant of natural philosophy, will oppose these views, and comfort themselves with the idea that they shall pursue the same course with impunity. This idea is, however, erroneous, and has often led to fatal consequences. For Mr. G. Combe truly remarks, that "Nature may be said to allow us to run an account current with her, in which many small transgressions seem at the time to be followed by no penalty, when, in fact, they are all charged to the debit side of the account, and after the lapse of years are summed up and closed with a fearful balance against the transgressor." Lord Bacon observes, "that it is not safe to say, I find no offence of this, therefore I may use it; for the strength of nature in youth passeth over many excesses, which are owing a man till his age." The fondled animal on the hearth-rug can trace effects to their cause, so long as they are immediate, and in its wisdom avoids the heated embers. But more than this is expected from rational beings.

Medical Times

WAR.—"Now look aside," said Jerrold, "and contemplate God's image with a musket! What a fine looking thing is war! Yes, dress it as you may, dress it and feather it, daub it with gold, huzza it, and sing swaggering songs about it,—what is it, nine times out of ten, but murder in uniform? Cain taking the sergeant's shilling? Yet, O man of war! at this very moment, you are shrinking, withering like an aged giant. The finger of opinion has been busy at your plumes,—you are not the feathered things you were; and then this little tube, the goose-quill, has sent its silent shots into your huge anatomy; and the corroding ink, even while you look at it, and think it shines so brightly, is eating, with a tooth of iron, into your sword."

THE following sublime Ode to the SUPREME BEING, is translated from the Russian. It was written by one of their distinguished Poets, DERZHAVEN. This Ode is said to have been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on silk, and suspended in the Imperial Palace at Pekin. The Emperor of Japan had it translated into Japanese, embroidered in gold, and hung up in the Temple of Jeddo.

G O D.

O Thou eternal one! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy—all motions guide;
Unchanged through Time's all-devastating flight—
Thou only God! There is no God beside,
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with thyself alone,
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—
Being whom we call God—and know no more!

In its sublime research, Philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep—may count
The sands, or the sun's rays—but God! for Thee
There is no weight or measure; none can mount
Up to thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence—Lord, on thee,
Eternity had its foundation: all
Sprung forth from thee—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin—all, all of beauty, Thine,
Thy word created all, and doth create:
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be glorious! great!
Life-giving and life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured Universe surround;
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine around the silvery snow, the pageantry
Of Heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches, lighted by thy hand,
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own thy power, accomplish thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light?
A glorious company of golden streams?
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to these art as the moon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence to thee is lost:—

What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
 And what am I, then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
 Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
 In all the glory of sublimest thought,
 Is but an atom in the balance weighed.
 Against thy greatness—is a cypher brought
 Against infinity! What am I, then? Naught!

Naught! but the affluency of thy light divine,
 Pervading words, hath reached my bosom too;
 Yes! in my spirit doth the spirit shine,
 As shines the sun-beam in a drop of dew.
 Naught! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
 Eager towards thy presence: for in Thee
 I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
 Even to the throne of thy divinity.
 I am, Oh God! and surely thou must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art!
 Direct my understanding then to Thee;
 Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
 Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
 Still I am something, fashioned by thy hand!
 I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
 On the last verge of mortal being stand,
 Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
 Just on the boundaries of the land!

The chain of being is complete in me;
 In me is matter's last gradation lost,
 And the next step is spirit—Deity!
 I can command the lightning, and am dust!
 A monarch, and a slave; a worm, a God!
 Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously
 Constructed and conceived? unknown? This clod
 Lives surely through some higher energy,
 For from himself alone it could not be.

Creator! Yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
 Created me! Thou source of life and good!
 Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
 Thy light, thy love, in their bright plenitude
 Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
 Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
 The garments of eternal day, and wing
 Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
 Even to its source—to Thee—its author there.

O thought ineffable! O vision blest!
 Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
 Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
 And waft its image to the Deity.
 God! thus above my lonely thoughts can soar;
 Thus seek thy presence—Being wise and good;
 'Midst thy vast works, admire, obey, adore;
 And when the tongue is eloquent no more
 The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

MY FRIEND'S FAMILY.

BY REV. L. L. HAMLINE.

"EDWARD," said I to my much loved friend, who had been my class-mate, and only room-mate for many months, one day as we were about closing our scene of studious toil, "Edward, give me a sketch of some of the most important incidents of your past life; and, if desired, I will return the favor. We are now about to separate for distant sections of the country, and should the strong bond of friendship and Christian affection, which has so long and firmly cemented us together, continue unbroken, it will be pleasant, in after-time, for each to refer to any interesting events connected with the other." For a few seconds, during which time Edward's mind probably scanned the whole history of his past life, he sat silent and motionless, with his eyes fast fixed upon our faithful, though rusty stove, which we had already commenced removing from our apartment. Then raising his head, said he, "My own history is quite unimportant. The incidents of but one period of my life are worth relating, and you have so frequently heard me refer to them, that I am sure the subject must have become to you an old tale. I refer," continued he, "to the period of my conversion, and the remarkable conversion of my father, mother, and only sister—incidents, the result of which, I trust, will be the union of our domestic circle, unbroken, in the paradise of God."

"Such events," I replied, "may well assume a vast importance. They extend beyond the narrow bounds of visual objects; and, indeed, can only be measured by the countless revolving cycles of eternity. True, I have heard you refer to the conversion of yourself and parents, but have never heard you give the particulars; a relation of which would fully meet the object of my suggestion."

Edward, in compliance with my request, proceeded nearly as follows (for I design to give his own language as near as memory will enable me). "My father, you know, was a man of wealth, and high standing in his profession. My sister and myself were the only children; and on us, from infancy, was lavished everything to gratify us that immense wealth and boundless parental affection could supply. We were, indeed, the idols of our parents. Great expense was incurred to qualify us early in life to act well our parts in the highest circles of society. Our education, however, was entirely of a light character; calculated only for show. My father was a bitter opponent of all experimental

religion, and we were consequently taught, that to be the best dancer, painter, pianist, &c., should be the high bounds of our ambition. Through my sister, who was two years older than myself, I was introduced much earlier than I otherwise should have been to the gay and fashionable scenes of youthful vice. When a little more than sixteen years old, I was sent to school at H., some ten miles from home, my father having provided me with board in the family of Mr. M., an acquaintance of his, to whose charge he committed me, with the particular injunction that I must be kept from all religious meetings or influences. During my stay in this family, which was near four months, I was frequently got into difficulty by being charged, by the children of Mr. M., with their own mischievous acts, and was often severely reprimanded by him. On stating my situation, and wish for a new boarding-place, to a student by the name of Frederick A., with whom I had formed a pleasant acquaintance, he informed me that his parents, who resided in the village, had a spare room, and would take one or two boarders. I at once engaged the whole room to myself, together with board; of which I soon informed my parents, as also the reasons for leaving Mr. M.'s. Here commenced an entire new era in my life. In the family of Mr. A. all was entirely new and strange. The table was approached with invocation, and left with thanksgiving. Each day began and ended with prayer and praise. The entire family were living Christians, whose altar fires, like that of holy Israel, never waned. I was informed that the ringing of a small bell would give notice of the hours of family worship, and that I could attend or not as best pleased me. From respect to the order of the house, the summons of the little bell was always strictly attended to. Observation soon convinced me, that this family had some source of bliss to which I was a stranger. What was it? Was it their religion? Perhaps it was. Observing Paley's Evidences of Christianity, in the breakfast room, one morning, I carried it to my room, supposing I should ascertain from its perusal, what religion was. In this, however, I was disappointed, though its argument satisfied me of its truth. An increasing anxiety to know what religion was, induced me to get a Bible to gratify my curiosity. To this hour, I believe, I was as ignorant of what Christianity was, as the darkest heathen. Paley had convinced me of its truth as a system, but upon what it was based, or what its object and of what its importance, I was entirely ignorant. I had probably never read a verse in the Old or New Testament in my life. I commenced reading, and the commandment emphatically came home. I saw what religion was; that it was based upon the relations which man sustains to his Maker, and his entire uni-

verse; that all its commands and requirements, being based upon these relations, were just and right; and in consequence of obedience and disobedience, I saw, in some measure, its great importance. I believe, too, I had tolerably just conceptions of man's lost condition as a transgressor, and his remedy in the death and mediation of the Saviour. I do not mean to convey the idea that this amount of light burst upon my moral vision all at once. On the contrary, it was the result of investigating the subject for several weeks. Here, however, I made a complete stand. I saw that in order for me to be saved by the atonement, and become an heir of eternal bliss, an entire new course of life was requisite—that I must wholly abandon all that I had been accustomed to prize. This I could not consent to. I concluded, therefore, to think no more of the subject; and, indeed, made every exertion for three weeks to banish it from my mind. But my efforts were worse than useless. The more I labored to keep my thoughts from it, the more complete seemed its influence over them. Every passing day awakened and convinced me more fully of the importance and value of religion. At this time, a vacation of two weeks spent at home diminished greatly my religious anxiety. On being interrogated on the subject by my father, I told him that the folks where I boarded, *I believed*, were religious; but that I had a room to myself, and they said nothing to me about it (which by the way was false); for as I was highly pleased with my boarding place, I wished to give such an account of it as would induce him to allow me to continue there—to which he assented. On my return to school, the subject of my own salvation forced itself upon my mind more powerfully than before I left. So strong was its influence, that in three weeks I was entirely incapacitated for my studies, and made up my mind to return home and get my father to help me out of the trouble. Having packed my books and clothes, with the view of returning home the following day, as I was sitting in my lonely room, the two following questions forced themselves powerfully upon my mind: What is religion? and what is its price? To the first of which I almost inadvertently replied, religion is that, upon the rejection or attainment of which, is suspended man's eternal interests—interests high as heaven, deep as hell, and vast as eternity. It is an institution of a God of infinite goodness and wisdom; and must, therefore be conducive to man's highest interests in time, as well as in eternity. But what is the price? It is the renunciation of sin. It requires the giving up of myself, and all my earthly interests. But as religion makes provisions for our highest interests, even in time, it of course cannot require the renunciation or giving up of anything but what really conflicts with those interests. The price is certainly reasonable, and I

will have religion. A little reflection, however, convinced me that I must sacrifice much more than I had for the moment realized. I felt that I should have to incur the sneers of my sister, and the scoffs of my associates; but this was trifling in comparison to the displeasure and violent opposition of my father, who would doubtless entirely disinherit, and turn me from his door penniless, if he could not induce me to renounce my religion. On the other hand, I saw that to reject religion now was in all probability an eternal rejection—one that would involve, beyond hope, the ruin of the soul. I saw, too, that the wealth of my parents, two-thirds of which I expected to inherit, might soon be scattered by adverse winds; or should I be permitted to possess it, very possibly it would be to me a curse rather than a blessing. Added to this, who could assure me that I should live to mature years to receive, even should my father be pleased to bestow? Instead of living to see my parents, to receive from them the opposition I had supposed, the morrow's rising sun might behold me dead, and damned, or (as hope for the moment lighted up the dark scene) some strange influence, like that which had operated on me, might awaken my parents and sister, and all of them, instead of opposing, might possibly accompany me home to heaven. Again, I felt that I would pay the price; I would have religion. For the first time in my life I fell on my knees, and asked God to help me make the sacrifice—to dispel my darkness, and enable me that night so to repent of my sins, and believe on his Son, as to be saved. On rising, I felt strengthened to go forward. I immediately called Mr. A. to my room, and told him my feelings. After giving me suitable instruction, and telling me that it was my duty and privilege to experience saving grace and the evidence of it that hour, he proposed to have the whole family come to my room, and have a family prayer-meeting for me, to which I readily assented. The exercises commenced by singing a few verses, which was followed with successive prayer by all present. While in prayer, I believe I gave up myself, and all my interests, in solemn covenant to God. I asked the forgiveness of my sins, and acceptance through the atonement and mediation of Jesus Christ, which I doubt not was granted. The winds were hushed, and the tempest calmed. I felt a peace that had in it all the sweetness of heaven itself. I then, too, saw the depth of the pit from which I had been taken—from the total ignorance of having lived more than sixteen years without so much as reading one verse in the blessed Bible—from the strongest irreligious influence which could possibly be thrown around me—from my own temple of worldly ambition—from all this I had been rescued by the mercy of God, by means, it seemed to me, of special interpositions of

Providence; and was now placed as a lamb in the very bosom of my Saviour. My flowing tears, for hours, could only give expression to the gratitude of my soul. I still saw before me the same opposition that I had before contemplated: but, O, to meet it all, or a hundred-fold more, for my blessed Jesus, who had done so much for me, I thought would afford me the highest pleasure. The following morning I wrote to my parents, informing them of my conversion as simply and frankly as possible; also detailing, minutely, all the circumstances which had led to such a result. I expressed my fears, that the step which I had taken would not meet their approbation, and solicited a candid investigation of the whole subject before passing upon me a final sentence of condemnation. When my father received the letter, he was deeply indignant. The following day he came with his carriage and took me and all my baggage home with him. He expressed much surprise and sorrow, that I had been so foolish, and told me that I must give it up at once; if I did not, it would ruin all my prospects for life—that he could not think of assisting me in a course so directly opposed to his wishes. Soon after our return home, a ball was proposed (for the purpose of overcoming my religious feelings), and the following Tuesday evening appointed for it. I expressed my unwillingness to be present on such an occasion, and asked permission to spend the evening at class-meeting. In return I received, from both parents and sister, nothing but scoffs, sneers, and reproaches. When the evening, however, arrived, I utterly declined being present, and did, in fact, go to class-meeting. This exasperated my father to the highest pitch, and he positively declared that if I attended another religious meeting of any kind, he would disinherit me—that his roof should no longer be my shelter. Though my grief was inexpressible, I still felt determined to serve God whatever might be the sacrifice. The class-meetings of the village were held on Tuesday evenings; accordingly on the afternoon of the next Tuesday, my father came to me with a large whalebone horse-whip. ‘There,’ said he, ‘Ned, I think that will cure your religion, and keep you from class-meeting. Should you conclude to go to-night, as you did a week since, against my wishes, you may rely upon having it worn up on your naked back in the morning.’ I had here a most severe trial, not in reference to the whipping, but as to what extent I ought to obey my parents in matters of religion. Should I obey them, I must disobey God. But could I not give up all my meetings and religious privileges, in obedience to my parents, and still enjoy religion? After much prayer, I concluded my only way was to claim the enjoyment of all the helps which God had provided me. Should I stay from class that night, it would be considered a victory of

the whip, and I should be required at once to recommence my old course at the same peril. I came to the conclusion that it was not my duty to obey my parents, when their requirements conflicted with those of God; and so with a heavy heart I again went to class. On my way I determined that I would not receive the threatened whipping without saying something more in justification of my course than I had yet done. I determined, too, to say something to my father of his responsibilities as a parent. But what should I say, a boy seventeen years old, to one accustomed to sit in judgment, and listen to arguments from the finest talents? Of myself I could say nothing; but the promise of wisdom from on high led me to a grove just without the village, where the whole night was spent in prayer for a preparation for the event. Thank God, as day dawned, light and peace, like a flood, broke into my soul. I was strong as a giant. I knew not a word that I should say, though I felt a blessed assurance that God would give me words and wisdom; and I would as soon have made my defence before an assembled universe as any way. On my arrival at the house, I found my father up and walking his room. He had, in fact, fastened the doors and remained awake all night, so as to meet me at the door. 'Well,' said he, 'this is the fruit of your religion, is it? Where have you been all night, you disobedient rascal?' 'I have been up in the grove praying since class-meeting,' said I, very frankly. 'Praying, ha! a pretty story that! I'll see if it can't be cured after breakfast.' So saying he left me, and I did not see him again till at the breakfast table. Breakfast over, taking the whip, he bade me follow him, and led the way to the stable, where I was ordered to take off my coat and vest, preparatory to the whipping. 'Father,' said I, 'is it customary for you to condemn without giving a chance of defence? Of what have I been guilty that I deserve the severe punishment you propose to inflict?' 'Defence!' said he; 'what defence can you make for wilful disobedience? You deserve to be punished for trampling on my authority, and I will show you that authority shall be maintained.' 'I expected opposition,' continued I, 'when I embraced religion; but I embraced it in view of both worlds. I am prepared for any suffering that may be inflicted in this, but must save my soul in the other. Nothing can induce me to forsake it. Is it not possible that in the exercise of a father's authority, you have transcended the proper bounds of parental control? And have you, dear father, fulfilled all the duties growing out of your relation to me, as a son? Our duties grow out of our relations to our Maker and each other. It is my duty, as your offspring, to honor, and love you, to study your highest interests, and obey you in all things, when your

commands do not conflict with the requirements of a higher authority—with those of my Maker. On the other hand, it is your duty, as a parent, to study *my* highest interests. You have been the instrument of bringing me into being—of giving me an existence co-extensive with that of the Deity—eternal. That eternity of existence, after the passage of the few short years of this life, must be in wo or bliss; and is it not your duty, dear father, the author of that eternity of being, to aid me all in your power to escape the one and gain the other? O let me ask you (said I, clasping his hands to my bosom), has this been the course you have pursued with me; rather has not your whole life, and the administration of your government, tended to lead both myself and dear sister, directly to ruin—with wealth to sink us down to hell? O, father! father!" Here my feelings overcame me, and I burst into tears. I recovered myself as soon as possible, and raised my eyes to proceed, but observed that the whip had fallen from my father's hand, who stood before me motionless and white as a marble block. I picked up the whip, and placed it in his hand. 'No,' said he; 'I shall defer using the whip, but you must leave my house.' I told him that I preferred the performance of every duty as a faithful son, but must abide his decision; at the same time reminding him that nothing could relieve him of his high responsibilities as a parent. He dropped the whip, and left the stable, evidently in great agitation. I knelt down by the side of it, and thanked God for his goodness, and prayed that what I had said might result in the greatest good both to myself and father. In the course of the day but little was said by myself, mother, or sister. They supposed I had received the whipping which had been threatened; and as I was silent, they did not feel like broaching that or any other subject. During the whole forenoon, and also from our dinner table, my father was absent. Our residence was in the outskirts of the village, not more than fifty rods from the grove which I have already referred to, to which I again resorted after dinner for another season of prayer. Soon after entering it, to my surprise, I discovered my father some distance from me, walking back and forward, apparently in deep study. Seeing that I was not observed, I withdrew, and repaired to my chamber, where the afternoon was spent in prayer that God would be with my father in the grove; for I was certain that he was under the awakening influences of the Holy Spirit. At the usual supper hour he had not returned, and after waiting for him till dark, my mother, fearing some accident had befallen him (as such an absence had never before occurred), requested me to go and see if I could find him. I proceeded directly to the spot where I had seen him a few hours previous. When I first came in sight of

him, he was sitting with his head leaning against a tree ; but on observing me, he rose up and met me. I extended my hand to him, saying, ' I am glad to see you, father. Mother feared some evil had happened to you, and sent me to see if I could find you.' He made me no reply, but taking my hand in his, walked slowly towards the house. His heaving sighs bespoke the deep emotions of his soul. Perceiving that he had not yet settled the great question of life or death, I offered up my silent prayers that God would not leave him in this important hour, upon the decisions of which were suspended heaven and hell. We had not reached the outer edge of the grove, when my father, stopping short, clasped me to his bosom, and exclaimed in tears, ' O, Edward! Edward! forgive me ; O forgive me, my dear son ; O forgive me.' He never seemed so precious to me before. I clasped my arms around his neck, and pressed my lips to his cheek, as my only method of giving expression to my feelings, or of the forgiveness he sought. On arriving at the house, we met my mother in the dining-room. My father, bathed in tears, clasped her to his breast. ' Will you go with me ?' said he. ' I have determined to have religion, and accompany our dear Edward ; and will you go with us, daughter ?' (addressing himself to my sister, who was just entering the room.) ' Yes, I am sure you will both join me ; and here is dear Edward, who has forgiven me, he will pray for us.' So saying, he drew myself and sister as near into his arms as he could, with our mother ; and as though he had obtained the assent of all, immediately fell upon his knees. ' O, Edward,' said he, the big tears still flowing down his cheeks, ' O, Edward, do pray for a wicked father ; pray for us all : God has heard your prayers, and he will still hear them.' We all bowed with him, but the deep emotions of my soul forbade me utterance, and nearly overcame my physical strength. In fact I did not know when I commenced vocal prayer. I only know I found myself (how long after I cannot tell) in the arms of my father, our voices both mingling in mighty prayer for his salvation. Our prayers, through the mediation of our great High Priest, were heard on high, and salvation's tide soon rolled over his soul. He sprang upon his feet with shouts of praise for God's redeeming grace. My thoughts then became wholly absorbed in the case of my mother, the dear mother that bore me, on whose bosom I had been cherished, and who had constantly watched over me with all the affection of a mother's heart. My whole soul was drawn out in prayer for her immediate conversion. The chariot wheels, for a time, seemed stayed, but our supplications were incessant. My father, who had again knelt by her side, tried to encourage by conversing with her, or rather he prayed and talked together ; praying a part of a sentence, and

talking the balance. My mother and sister were both weeping in bitter accents; part of the time praying for themselves, having taken courage from the speedy deliverance of my father. Their prayers and groans, and the prayers, exhortations, and shouts, with which my father seemed over-burdened, together with my own prayers, all commingling together, produced what would generally be termed wild confusion. How long I continued in prayer for my mother I do not know, but catching the eye of my weeping sister, it occurred to me that I had entirely forgotten her—that I had not even prayed for her at all. Bitterly reproaching myself, and still upon my knees, I clasped her to my bosom, and bathed her with tears of sorrow that I had been so thoughtless. I besought God, with all my soul, for that dear, that only sister, that he would enable her to renounce the world and all its allurements, and cast her naked soul on Jesus for salvation. My parents also prayed with me; and while we wrestled, the symbol of the Divine presence was manifest. ‘Ellen,’ said I, ‘God has blessed you.’ ‘Yes,’ said she (as we bathed each other’s cheeks in tears), ‘I know I love the Saviour.’ On rising from our knees, we found, to our surprise, that the morning had dawned. The following Sabbath we all received the solemn seal of our consecration; and for months our bliss seemed complete. But the destroyer came, and they have been carried, one after another, to the silent and lonely habitation of the dead. Over those countenances, once so fresh and lovely, have gathered the cold damps of death, and the unfeeling worm now feeds upon those I so fondly loved. But two short years had passed ere they had all left me; but they left in joyous hope—they rest in peace. Consumption first poised its fatal dart at my lovely sister, and like the early rose, nipped by the untimely blast, she soon fell its withered victim. While the rose faded from her cheek, and her sparkling eye grew dim in death, joy and hope cheered her soul, and lighted up her passage through the dark and dreary waves of death’s cold flood. A few moments before she left us, printing upon my cheek the last pledge of a sister’s love, ‘Dear brother,’ said she, ‘a few months since, your influence snatched me from the giddy paths that lead to death, and is now about to introduce me to the home of the blessed. A few minutes, and I shall strike my golden harp, and swell my voice to the anthems of the blood-washed, with my Saviour in glory. A few years, and I trust I shall be permitted to greet you and our parents all home in triumph.’ With her head pillowed in my bosom, her happy spirit took its flight to fairer climes, and brighter scenes. In less than twelve months, my dear parents both followed her. I need not detail the incidents of their happy exit. They bore a similar testimony; and, like her, crossed the

raging flood in rapturous triumph. Thus I have been left like the lonely oak that bends to the sweeping tempest of the mountain's top. The unbidden tear of lonely grief sometimes escapes my eye, but the cheering prospect of meeting all my 'kindred dear,'

'When a few more griefs I've tasted,
When a few more springs are o'er,'

dispels my gloom, and makes my sorrows light.

My friend Edward is now on Zion's walls, a faithful and successful minister of the gospel. Not only his own kindred, but hundreds more of his spiritual children will doubtless greet him home to rest.

[Ladies' Repository, Cincinnati.]

CHRIST WASHING THE DISCIPLES' FEET.

ST. JOHN, viii. 1-15.

O BLESSED Jesus, when I see thee bending,
Girt as a servant, at thy servant's feet;
Love, lowliness, and might, in zeal all blending,
To wash their dust away, and make them meet,
To share thy feast—I know not I adore,
Whether thy humbleness or glory more.

Conscious thou art of that dread hour impending,
When thou must hang in anguish on the tree,
Yet as in the beginning, to the ending
Of thy sad life, thine own are dear to thee—
And thou wilt prove to them ere thou dost part
The untold love which fills thy faithful heart.

The day too is at hand, when far ascending
Thy human brow the crown of God shall wear.
Ten thousand saints and radiant ones attending,
To do thy will and bow in homage there;
But thou dost pledge to guard thy Church from ill,
Or bless with good, thyself a servant still.

Meek Jesus! to my soul thy spirit lending,
Teach me to live, like thee, in lowly love;
With humblest service all thy saints befriending,
Until I serve before thy throne above—
Yes, serving e'en my foes, for thou didst seek
The feet of Judas in thy service meek.

Daily my pilgrimage, as homeward wending
My weary way, and sadly stained with sin,
Daily do thou, thy precious grace expending,
Wash me all clean without, and clean within,
And make me fit to have a part with thee
And thine, at last in heaven's festivity.

O blessed name of *servant*! comprehending
Man's highest honor in the humblest name,
For thou, God's Christ, that office recommending,
The throne of mighty power didst truly claim;
He who would rise like thee, like thee must owe
His glory only to his stooping low. G. W. B.

MARRIAGE.

BY REV. H. WINSLOW.

THE matrimonial covenant is an ordinance from Heaven. Immediately after the creation of man, the Lord God said, "It is not good that man should be alone; I will make for him a help-mate." This domestic constitution is a distinguishing characteristic of Christianity, and is essential to the elevation and happiness of our race.

Every young man should, therefore, if possible, contemplate being married. It is a Christian duty, as well as a privilege, to have a companion to share with you the responsibilities, interests and enjoyments of life. If a man is in circumstances to be married, he is usually less useful to society, and perhaps always less happy, for remaining in the single state. That he "may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing," he must have a wife.

When a man lives single beyond the proper time for being married, there is a prevalent suspicion among the other sex that he is addicted to vice. I do not know but this judgment is a little severe—for there are some bachelors of unquestionable virtue. But that there is a foundation for a general suspicion of this sort, will hardly be questioned; and the vicious tendency of celibacy in communities, is very generally known and acknowledged.

The time for marrying, after the period indicated by nature has arrived, must of course vary somewhat with circumstances. As a general rule, early marriages are desirable; but then they should be under one or two conditions—either that of property inherited, or already acquired, adequate to the usual expense, or that of simplicity and frugality in the style of living, sufficient to reduce the expense within the present earnings. The latter is always the best. It is the happiest and most virtuous state of

society, in which the husband and wife set out early together, make their property together, and with perfect sympathy of soul graduate all their expenses, plans, calculations and desires, with reference to their present means and to their future common interests.

Nothing delights me more than to enter a neat little tenement of the young couple, who, within perhaps two or three years, without any resources but their own knowledge and industry, have joined heart and hand, engaged to share together the responsibilities, duties, interests, trials and pleasures of life. The industrious wife is cheerfully employing her own hands in domestic duties, putting her house in order, or mending her husband's clothes, or preparing the dinner, while perhaps the little darling sits prattling upon the floor or lies sleeping in the cradle—and everything seems preparing to welcome the happiest of husbands and the best of fathers, when he shall come from his toil to enjoy the sweets of his little paradise. This is the true domestic pleasure, the "only bliss that survived the fall." Health, contentment, love, abundance and bright prospects, are all there.

But it has become a prevailing sentiment, that a man must acquire his fortune before he marries; that the wife must have no sympathy nor share with him in the pursuit of it, in which most of the pleasure truly consists; and that young married people must set out with as large and expensive an establishment, as is becoming those who have been wedded for twenty years.

This is very unhappy. It fills the community with bachelors, who are waiting to make their fortunes, endangering virtue, and promoting vice; it mistakes the true economy and design of the domestic institution; and it promotes idleness and inefficiency among females, who are expecting to be taken up by a fortune, and passively sustained without any care or concern on their part—and thus many a modern wife becomes, as a gentleman once remarked, not a "help-mate," but a "*help-eat*."

There is another unpleasant evil attending this, especially as it bears pretty severely on the fair sex. When bachelors have made their fortunes, and become some forty or fifty years old, they do not usually take wives of their own age, but they then abandon those with whom they have hitherto associated—requite all the pleasures which their society has afforded them with utter neglect; they then select for their companions the young and blooming, and thus leave to their fate a numerous class of worthy maidens.

Great disparity in matrimony is an evil in many particulars: and what is more unnatural than to see a young miss wedded to

a man old enough to be her father? He ought to have sense enough to know, that unless she is an eccentric character, she never married him for love; and she ought also to know that in consenting to marry him, she in all probability consented to make herself a wretched slave—to put herself in the power of a man who had already expended his first and warmest love upon others: and who by his superior age, his matured habits of pleasing himself and of having his own way, and the self-importance which property gives, was well qualified to act the part of the tyrant rather than that of the husband.

If a young man has property, he may of course marry at a suitable age, and adopt the style of living which is justified by his means. But if he be destitute of property, he has three alternatives, and he can take his choice between them. Selecting a prudent, industrious person for his wife, he may marry young, and live in a style of simplicity adapted to his income; or he can wait till he has acquired a property, so as to be able to support a family in the more modern and fashionable style; or he can marry at any rate, launch fearlessly out into all the expenses of a fashionable establishment, and run his chance of bringing his wife and children to want. The first is the best, the second is the next, and the third is bad enough.

LINES, BY MR. BECKFORD.

Like the low murmur of the secret stream,
Which through dark alders winds its shaded way,
My suppliant voice is heard: Ah! do not deem
That on vain toys I throw mine hours away.

In the recesses of the forest vale,
On the wild mountain, on the verdant sod,
Where the fresh breezes of the morn prevail,
I wander lonely, communing with God.

When the faint sickness of a wounded heart
Creeps in, cold shuddering through my sinking frame,
I turn to Thee—that holy peace impart
Which soothes the invokers of thy holy name.

O! all-pervading Spirit! sacred beam!
Parent of light and life! eternal Power!
Grant me through obvious clouds one transient gleam
Of thy bright essence in my dying hour.

THE INQUIRY.

TELL me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more;
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered, "No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs.
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, roaring in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer, "No."

And thou, serenest moon,
Thou, with such holy face,
Dost look upon the world
Asleep to night's embrace;
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe;
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded, "No."

Tell me, my sacred soul,
O, tell me, hope and faith,
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Wav'd their bright wings, and whispered "Yes, in heaven!"

TRAVELS IN ABYSSINIA AND KORDOFAN.

No. I.

THE following stirring history of this unhappy people we take from the Westminster Review.

In 1837, Ignatius Pallme, a Bohemian by birth, undertook a journey to Kordofan, one of the most southern provinces of Egypt, on a commission of exploration from a mercantile establishment at Cairo, with a view to commercial objects. Pallme appears to have been eminently fitted for the undertaking. He had resided sufficiently long in Egypt to become familiar with the Arabic and colloquial dialect of the people; and former excursions towards the interior had made him well acquainted with native habits.

Kordofan was originally peopled by nomadic tribes from the Nubian mountains, one of which, called Mount Kordofan, gave its name to the plains below it and most of the surrounding country. These were subjugated in 1779 by the King of Sennaar (a country bordering upon Shoa), who in turn was conquered by the Sultan of Darfour; and Meleks governed the country in the name of the Sultan of Darfour from 1784 to 1821. During this epoch the country was prosperous.

"Commerce extended in all directions; caravans brought the produce from Abyssinia, the interior of Africa, and from Egypt, into the two towns of Lobeid and Bara, whence the greater part was again transported into other countries. Abundance might be said to reign everywhere, and there was no want of any necessities, whilst all were wealthy, and even the women of the less opulent inhabitants wore golden rings in their noses and ears, and many even golden bracelets and silver anklets round their feet. No other metal but gold or silver was to be seen in the decoration of the women, and many female slaves even wore gold about their persons. Agriculture and cattle-breeding flourished, and there were few inhabitants in the country who did not, to a certain extent, devote themselves to commerce. The whole population, in fact, lived free from care, and was wealthy; singing and dancing resounded from place to place; in short, this was the golden age of Kordofan."

An iron age was approaching. In 1821, Mahomet Ali undertook the conquest of Kordofan. A brigade of 4500 infantry and cavalry, attended with 800 Bedouins, and eight pieces of artillery, were sent on the expedition. The men of Kordofan defended the freedom of their country with desperate valor; and a severe battle was fought near Lobeid, the capital; but unpro-

vided with fire-arms, all resistance was ultimately vain. The town was plundered and nearly wholly sacked, and the whole country surrendered, with the exception of a distant mountain tribe.

Kordofan was now annexed to Egypt, and a son-in-law of Mahomet Ali, who headed his troops, was made governor of the province. This man speedily acquired, under the title of the defturdar, the infamous reputation of a Nero. It is difficult to believe that a monster could exist in human shape capable of the acts of cruelty reported of him by former African travellers, and now confirmed; but we are told that many persons are still living whose testimony could be adduced as eye-witnesses of his deeds of horror, and themselves sufferers by his cruelty. Pallme says:

"I may, perhaps, be permitted to illustrate a few traits in the character of this ruthless tyrant by narrating some of his feats; it will then become evident that this flourishing country could but sink in a very short time, as the natural consequence of his oppressive tyranny; and that a considerable period must elapse before it will be able to recover itself but slightly.

"A soldier who had stolen a sheep from a peasant was caught in the very act. He not only refused to return the stolen goods, but even maltreated the peasant. Confiding in the equity of his cause, the latter thought he should more probably have justice done him by the governor than by any one else, and entered a complaint against the soldier. The defturdar listened very patiently to the story; but, when the peasant had finished, the tyrant accosted him in an angry voice, with the words: 'And with these trifles you trouble me?' Then turning to his attendants he ordered the peasant to be brought before the kadi; they understood immediately that he meant by the kadi, a cannon, carried the poor wretch immediately off, and bound him to the mouth of the gun, which was instantly fired.

"His very servants, consisting not only of slaves, but of free Arabs and Turks, although they might be regarded as his executioners, stood in great awe of him, for he punished the slightest offence of which they might be guilty with every imaginable species of cruelty. Thus it happened that one of these servants was tempted to dip his finger into a dish to taste it. The defturdar, unfortunately, observed the act. He demanded of the unhappy man, in an ironical tone, whether the dish was sweet or sour? The servant was naturally mute with fear. The defturdar now ordered him to be nailed by the tongue to the door, and his face to be smeared with honey, in order, as he expressed himself, to stimulate his gustatory faculties. In this position the unfortunate man had to pass two full hours. It took a long

time before he recovered, and a variety of remedies were required to heal his tongue.

"A seyss or grobm, whose office is, according to custom in Egypt, to run before the rider, was incapable of keeping up with the desturdar from absolute fatigue, in a long and quick trot. The tyrant struck him with his whip to quicken his pace. The unfortunate man, who was, however, quite exhausted, as may be supposed, did not become more active after this remedy had been applied. For this crime the unnatural barbarian had his feet bound to the tail of a horse, and ordered the animal to be driven through the streets of Lobeid by two other seyss. The unhappy groom would, no doubt, have met his death in this manner, were not the streets paved merely with fine sand; thus he received many wounds, but none of which proved mortal. The horse, unaccustomed to such usage, turned suddenly round, and struck at the unfortunate seyss, who, in desperation, seized the animal with all his remaining strength by the head; and, to save himself, bit its upper lip. No attention was at first paid to this slight wound, but in a short time the head of the horse began to swell, and it eventually died. The seyss, who was covered with wounds however, survived the torture.

"A man gave his neighbor, in a quarrel, a box on the ears; the latter brought a complaint against him before the desturdar. 'With which hand didst thou strike thy neighbor?' asked the tyrant. 'With the right,' answered the peasant. 'Well,' replied the desturdar, 'that thou mayest not forget it, I shall have the flesh removed from the palm of that hand.' This order was immediately executed. 'Now return to thy work,' said the desturdar to the sufferer, who, writhing with pain, replied: 'In this state I cannot work.'—'What!' exclaimed the tyrant, in a rage; 'thou darest to contradict me! cut his tongue out, it is rather too long?' and this operation was also immediately performed, without consideration of the tortures to which he had been previously subjected.

"The desturdar one day observed, that some one had taken a pinch of snuff out of his box during his absence; his suspicion lighted upon his valet; he therefore, on a subsequent occasion, confined a fly in his box, and leaving it in his divan, went into another room, and ordered his servant to fetch something from the chamber in which he had put down the box. The servant fell into the snare, was really tempted to take a pinch, and the fly escaped without being observed. In a short time the desturdar returned to the room, found that the fly had escaped from its confinement, and immediately asked the servant, 'Who had opened the box?'—'I, sir,' he confidently replied; 'I took a pinch.' This liberty he paid with his life: the ruffian had him flogged to death.

"A negro bought milk of a woman for five paras, drank it, but forgot the payment; the woman complained to the defturdar, who happened to be in the neighborhood. 'Well,' said he, 'I will immediately investigate the affair,' and ordered the offending negro to be instantly brought before him. When he appeared, he asked him if he had bought milk of that woman, and not paid for it? The negro, in fear, denied it. The barbarian immediately ordered the abdomen of the negro to be cut open, to see whether his stomach contained the milk. It was, indeed, found; whereupon he quietly said to the woman, 'Thou art right, take these five paras, and now go thy ways.'

"In his garden the defturdar had a den, in which he kept a lion: the animal became gradually so tame that he ran about at liberty in the grounds, and followed his master like a dog. Of this tame lion the tyrant made use to frighten the people who came before him, a species of wanton sport in which he took the greatest pleasure. If it so happened that no stranger came to visit him during the hour in which he engaged himself in his garden, he ordered his attendants to bring any person they might meet on the high roads to him. The invitation was sufficient in itself to frighten any one to death; but when an unfortunate man in the greatest trepidation entered the garden, and in absolute fear of his life creeping along the earth, approached the defturdar, he set the lion at him, and the poor fellow, of course, fell senseless to the ground at the sight of the wild beast. This was now his greatest delight; for, although the animal did no harm, it was sufficient to frighten the most courageous man to be brought into close contact with a rampant lion.

"Before this lion was quite domesticated, and whilst it was yet kept in confinement, one of the gardener's assistants was guilty of some error, of which the superintendent complained to the defturdar. In no case dilatory in passing judgment, he ordered the accused, without going into details, or listening even to the full explanation of the case, to be cast into the lion's den. This order was immediately complied with; the beast, however, treated the poor condemned wretch like a second Daniel; it not only did him no harm, but, to the astonishment of all beholders, licked his hands. The gardener's assistant was not the animal's attendant, but had occasionally thrown some of his bread into the den in passing. The noble animal had not forgotten this kindness, and spared his benefactor's life. The defturdar, on hearing this, was by no means pleased; but bloodthirsty as ever, and without feeling the slightest appreciation for this act of generosity, ordered the lion to be kept fasting during the whole of the day, and the delinquent to remain in confinement, thinking, in the anger of ungratified rage, to force the beast to become the

executioner of its benefactor. But even hunger could not overcome the magnanimity of the royal animal, and the poor gardener remained the whole day unhurt in the den with the lion.* In the evening he was liberated, but the unfortunate man did not long escape the vengeance of the tyrant, who, meeting him one day in the garden, where he had brushed up a heap of leaves, accosted him with, 'Dog, thou art so bad that a lion will not eat thee, but now thou hast made thine own grave.' Hereupon he commanded him to carry the dry leaves to an oven, and then to creep in himself. When this order was executed the tyrant had the leaves lighted, and the poor wretch expired under the most horrid tortures.

"A fellah (peasant) owed the government forty maamle,† the sheikh of his village had his last ox seized, the fellah declaring himself incapable of paying. The beast was slaughtered and divided into forty parts: the butcher received the head and skin for his trouble, and the remaining forty parts were sold at one maamle each, to the inhabitants of the village promiscuously. The meat, as may be supposed, was quickly sold at this low price. The poor peasant now appeared with a complaint before the desturdar, assuring him that the ox was worth more than forty maamle. The desturdar proceeded with all speed to the village, to investigate the matter on the spot. Having convinced himself of the truth, he ordered the sheikh, the butcher, and all those persons who had bought a portion of the confiscated ox, to be called together, and reproached the sheikh, in presence of all, for his unlawful conduct. The butcher now received the order to slaughter the sheikh, and to divide his body into forty parts. Every former purchaser was obliged to buy a part at a price of one maamle, and to carry the flesh home with him. The money was handed over to the fellah as an indemnification for the ox which had been taken from him.

"At the feast of the Baëram‡ all the servants and seyss, eighteen in number, went before the desturdar to offer their congratulations, according to custom, and begged at the same time for a pair of new shoes. 'You shall have them,' said he. He now had the farrier called, and commanded him to make eighteen pairs of horse-shoes to fit the feet of his servants; these were ready on the next day, whereupon he ordered two shoes to be nailed to the soles of the feet of each of the eighteen servants without mercy. Nine of them died in a short time of mortifica-

* This noble animal will probably be found stuffed in the Royal Museum at Munich, for Mehemmed Ali presented it to the Conseiller d'Etat Schubert, who was at Cairo in the year 1836.

† A coin which is no longer current, but was equal to two piastres ten para, about twelve and a half kreuzer current—eightpence of English money.—Ta.

‡ A solemn feast kept by the Moslem; the great Baëram commences on the 10th of Dhu Ihajja; the little Baëram is held at the close of the fast Ramadhan.—Ta.

tion; he then had the survivors unshod, and consigned them to the care of a medical man."

It must be said for Mahomet Ali that these atrocities were not perpetrated with his authority or connivance, and that at last he deposed this ruthless tyrant, and had him put to death; but Egypt remains a heavy and fatal incubus upon the prosperity of Kordofan. The government is now more lenient; but in a province so distant and inaccessible as Kordofan, there must always be a wide field for the abuse of local authority, and the system pursued continues to be one which tends not to enrich the country, but to drain it of its resources. The people are reduced to abject poverty by duties and imposts of every description; and the old proverb, "Where a Turk sets his foot, no grass will grow," is here fully exemplified. The province is now governed by the Bey, or colonel, of the first regiment of the line; and all inferior government stations are obtained by purchase, the highest bidder among the candidates obtaining the vacant post. The consequence, of course, is, that every officer avails himself of his position to extort as much as possible, in order to reimburse himself for this original outlay, so that when a contribution is ordered to be levied from Cairo, double the amount is usually exacted. Mahomet Ali knows this, and has tried to enforce a more just administration, but without success. A commission of inquiry sent into the province in 1838, checked the abuse for a time, but for a time only, the system remaining unchanged; partly, perhaps, because Mahomet Ali feels the necessity of a cautious policy with the governors of these distant provinces. He knows that a revolt in Sennaar and Kordofan, now that the natives have become accustomed to the use of fire-arms, could only be subdued with an enormous sacrifice of troops: the governors are, therefore, for all merely local objects, practically independent; and finding themselves rarely interfered with, they substitute arbitrary will for the laws and institutions of Mahomet Ali, and exercise a more despotic power over life and property than the viceroy himself.

Abuses of local administration, however, sink into shade when seen by the lurid light of the horrid slave hunts for which Mahomet Ali is alone responsible. Pallme, who is in some sort an apologist for the viceroy when any fair excuse presents itself, pleads for Mahomet Ali that a true account of the inhuman deeds committed in his name on these occasions never reaches him, all the parties employed being too deeply criminated to make a faithful report: but common humanity and a slave hunt are inconvertible terms, and by no effort of the imagination could the ruler of Egypt deceive himself as to the true character of these expeditions.

Pallme describes a slave hunt organized in the years 1838 and 1839, when the province of Kordofan was ordered to contribute 5,000 slaves. The slaves were to be procured from the mountains of Nubia, inhabited by independent tribes. The inhabitants of the first hill attacked surrendered; those of the second had fled, leaving nothing behind them but their huts, which were instantly fired and burnt to the ground.

"And now the march was continued to the third hill. The inhabitants of this village had formed the firm resolution of defending their freedom to the uttermost; and, determined to suffer death rather than the horror of Turkish captivity, had prepared for a most obstinate resistance. The hill was charged, but the troops were several times repulsed; the attacks, however, were renewed, and the village was ultimately taken by storm. The scene which now presented itself to view was frightful in the extreme. Of five hundred souls who had been the peaceful inhabitants of the village, one hundred and eighty-eight only were found living. Every hut was filled with the bodies of the aged and the young indiscriminately, for those who had not fallen by the sword in battle, had put themselves to death to elude the dreadful fate of captivity. The prisoners were led away; and the place was given up to the soldiery for plunder, but the dead were left disinterred. A fearful scene for the few who were fortunate enough to escape the carnage by flight! Nothing but the dead bodies of their friends and the ashes of their homes met their eyes on their return!

AFAR IN THE DESERT

BY PRINGLE.

AFAR in the desert I love to ride
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
 When the sorrows of Life the soul o'ercast,
 And sick of the *Present* I cling to the *Past*,
 When the eye is suffused with regretful tears
 From the shadows of things that had long since fled,
 Flit o'er the brain like ghosts of the dead—
 Bright visions of glory—that vanished too soon;
 Day-dreams—that departed e'er manhood's noon;
 Attachments—by fate or by falsehood reft;
 Companions of early days—lost or left;
 And my native land, whose magical name
 Thrills to the heart like electric flame,

The home of my childhood, the haunts of my prime,
 All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
 When the feelings were young and the world was new,
 Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view;
 All—all now forsaken—forgotten—forgone!
 And I—a lone exile—remembered by none;
 My high aims abandoned—my good acts undone—
 Aweary of all that is under the sun.
 With a sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
 I fly to the desert afar from man.

Afar in the desert I love to ride
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
 When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
 With the scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife;
 The proud man's frown and the base man's fears—
 The scorner's laugh and the sufferer's tears;
 And malice and meanness—and falseness and folly,
 Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
 When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
 And my soul is sick with the bondsman's sigh—
 Oh! then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
 Afar in the desert alone to ride!
 There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
 And to bound away with the eagle's speed;
 With the death-fraught fire-lock in my hand—
 The only law of a desert land!

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
 Away, away, in the wilderness vast,
 Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
 And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan
 Hath scarcely crossed with his roving clan:
 A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
 Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear,
 Which the sucker and lizard inhabit alone—
 With the twilight bat from the yawny stone
 Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub take root:
 Save poisonous thorns which pierce the foot:
 And the bitter melon for food and drink
 Is the pilgrim's fare by the Salt Lake brink.

A region of drouth where no river glides,
 Nor rippling brook with its grassy sides—
 Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
 Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount
 Appears, to refresh the aching eye;
 But the barren earth and the burning sky,
 And the black horizon, round and round,
 Spread—void of living light or sound.

And here, while the night winds around me sigh,
 And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
 As I sit afar by the desert stone,
 Like Elijah by Horeb's cave alone,
 A still small voice comes through the wild,
 Like a father consoling his fretful child,
 Which banishes bitterness, wrath and fear,
 Saying—"MAN IS DISTANT, BUT GOD IS NEAR."



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THE VIKING PRESS



No. 6.
Juniperus Sabina
Savin.

NU

TRAVELS IN ABYSSINIA AND KORDOFAN.

No. II.

"IN order to recruit the troops, a camp was now formed, and a detachment sent out in search of forage. An encampment of this description, which is always erected on the plains, consists of an irregular quadrangle, surrounded by a hedge of thorns or bushes, or sometimes even by a stone fence, in which the regular infantry, the guns and the baggage are enclosed, whilst the cavalry and spear-bearers encamp without the enclosure. Of setting outposts, or of other judicious military movements, they have no idea, but confine themselves merely to preparations for defence in case of a surprise, as the negroes frequently venture by night on an attack, which might prove very destructive to the troops, considering their carelessness. Generally speaking, a camp is soon broken up, and this was the case on the present occasion; for no sooner had the soldiers recovered somewhat from their fatigues, and furnished a scanty supply of provisions, than the tents were struck, and the march commanded for the next hill destined for attack. The cavalry was sent about two miles in advance, to surround the hill. On its arrival, however, in the vicinity of the village, it was suddenly surprised by the inhabitants, who had received intelligence of the movements of the troops, and was attacked with vigor. The negroes in a very large body, and only armed with spears and shields, broke with impetuosity from their covert, and with a fearful war-cry, augmented by the shouts of the women accompanying them (resembling the *Lu, lu, lu!* of the Arab women), threw themselves headlong upon the enemy. Surprised by this sudden movement, yet too discreet to sustain the attack of the negroes, the cavalry turned and took to flight. One of the Bedouin chiefs, who was mounted on a restive horse, and could not keep up with his troop, was surrounded; he seized his gun to discharge it at the first man who might attack him, but it refused fire, and before he could make use of his pistols and sabre, or put himself in any other way on the defence, he was torn off his horse and instantly slain. None of his corps made the slightest attempt to save their officer, for each man was intent on his own escape. The flight must not be ascribed to cowardice on the part of the Bedouins; for they generally fight well, provided their interest is not at stake. By fraud, or promises, destined never to be fulfilled, these nomadic people are enticed away from their native plains, and employed in these frightful slave-hunts. With the exception of very trifling pay, they can expect nothing

beyond what they may be able to gain themselves by robbery and plunder; if by any chance, and without fault on their part, they happen to lose a horse—which is their personal property—even on actual service, they cannot reckon upon any indemnification from the government; for, should they not have the means of purchasing a fresh animal, they are indeed mounted by the government, but the price of the horse is deducted from their pay, which is on the very lowest scale, and thus they have to serve for several years gratuitously. Their sheikh, or commanding officer, told me this himself, and assured me that his Bedouins (erroneously termed Mogghrebeen) would act very unwisely in risking their horses on an attack whence nothing was to be gained; for the negroes, in encountering cavalry, are well aware of the advantage of injuring the horse rather than the rider, as the latter falls a certain victim to them when the animal is slain. After the cavalry had again formed in the rear of the infantry, the officer in command ordered a charge by the foot for the following day. If the attack had succeeded, the carnage would indeed have been terrific, for the troops were all eager to revenge the death of the Bedouin sheikh. But it was differently recorded in the book of fate. With the first dawn of morning, the infantry were put in marching order for the ensuing storm, and the cavalry placed in reserve. The advance was now made, on the word of command, with the utmost caution, a few cannon balls having been first sent into the village without effect. All remained perfectly quiet, until the advance-guard of the storming party had reached the foot of the hill and prepared for action, when the negroes suddenly broke forth, endeavoring to surround the enemy. The position of the Egyptians became now very critical, for bent upon the capture of this hill, they had overlooked two other villages flanking the one attacked, which were densely populated by negroes, who joined the besieged, and threw themselves with the whole strength of their united forces upon the troops. Not one man would have escaped, for, enclosed in a narrow valley, and surrounded by hills, the infantry could scarcely move, and no assistance could be expected from the cavalry. The whole brigade, in fact, would have been lost, as the negroes gathered, like a black cloud, upon the hills, and poured down by hundreds upon the enemy; no troops could withstand their attack, for they rushed into battle with unparalleled frenzy, regardless of shot or bayonet, and used their spears with great dexterity. The commander of the Egyptian forces, however, betimes recognized the danger threatening his troops, and ordered a retreat; when the whole body fled in wild confusion, from the vale of death. The cavalry was not behindhand in this movement, and thus the brigade never halted until it was fairly out

of the dominions of the foe. Of a renewal of the attack there was now no idea; for nothing in the world can induce these heroes to repeat an advance where they have once been beaten. They know further, that the negroes become almost invincible with success; while the musket and bayonet afford but slight advantage over the weapons of the blacks; for the wild inhabitants of the hills rush blindly to the charge, heedless of every wound. I myself had opportunities of convincing myself of the intrepidity of these men.

"After the troops had again collected, order was once more restored, and the march was continued; in the course of a few days, several hills were taken, and the prisoners duly forwarded to Lobeid. The expedition now moved in a southern direction from the Nuba mountains, towards a country inhabited by a different race of men. The tribe now attacked differs from the natives of Nuba, both in language and manners; they are easily recognized by the number of brass earrings, which they do not pass through the appendix of the ear, but wear in the upper part of the cartilage, by which means the whole ear is distorted, so that the superior portion covers the meatus. Almost all the men wear the tooth of some animal, one inch and a half to two inches in length, above their chin; it is passed through a hole in the under lip, when they are very young, and acquires a firm adhesion with the integument. In their habits they differ but little from the other negro tribes; but it is rather remarkable that they do not, like the negroes, Turks, or Arabs, convey food to their mouths with their fingers, but make use of a shell, or piece of wood, shaped like a spoon, for this purpose. The dwelling-place of this tribe was very advantageously situated on the summit of a hill, and very difficult of access; the commanding officer, therefore, on hearing that it was not supplied with water, to avoid a loss, decided upon surrounding the hill, and forcing the negroes by thirst to surrender. The siege lasted eight days, and the poor creatures, who felt themselves too weak for a *sortie*, had not a drop of water left on the fourth day, as was subsequently heard. The cattle were slain in the early part of the blockade, to diminish the consumption of water; on the sixth day, several children and old people had perished of thirst; and on the seventh day the mortality became so frightful that they determined to surrender. Several of them advised a sally, but exhausted as they were, they saw the futility of this movement; and when, on the eighth day, hundreds had fallen in the most fearful torments of unsatisfied thirst, and many of the negroes, in the horrors of despair, had put an end to their miseries by ripping open their abdomina with their double-edged knives, the small body of survivors delivered itself up to the enemy. Of more

than two thousand souls, one thousand and forty-nine were only found living; the rest had all perished by thirst or had committed suicide. On entering the village, the huts were seen filled with the dead, and the few unfortunate survivors were so exhausted by fatigue and overpowered by thirst, that they could scarcely stand upon their feet; yet with blows with the butt-end of the musket, or with the whip, these poor wretches were driven from the huts, dragged into the camp, with every description of cruelty, and thence despatched for Lobeid, on which march more than one hundred and fifty souls perished from ill usage.

"On the fourth day of the march of this transport, after the caravan had halted, and whilst the prisoners were forming detachments to take up their quarters for the night, it so happened that an aged woman, worn out with the fatigues of the long march, or overcome by the mental sufferings she had endured, was incapable of reaching the spot assigned to her with sufficient alacrity, and a barbarous Turk dealt her a blow with the butt-end of his musket, which laid her nearly lifeless on the sand. Her son, who witnessed this gratuitous act of cruelty, no longer master of his feelings, rushed with fury towards the soldier, struck him a blow with the sheba round his neck, and felled him to the ground. This was the signal for attack; all the slaves, who bore a sheba, threw themselves upon the troops, and knocked them down before they could take to their arms or fix their bayonets; thus fifty-six negroes took to flight during the confusion in the camp, and aided by the darkness of the night, succeeded in effecting their escape."

More than once Mahomet Ali has pledged himself to put an end to slave-hunting expeditions in all the countries dependent upon Egypt; but the pledge does not appear to have been redeemed. Slave-hunts were resumed in 1840 and 1841, and whether the British government has yet finally succeeded, by threats or remonstrances, or the negotiations consequent upon our Syrian campaign, in stopping slave-hunts for the future, is a point upon which the public may naturally be skeptical. Assuming Mahomet Ali to be in earnest, we have little doubt that the local governors would still continue to carry on slave-hunts for their own private benefit. Pallme, however, shows satisfactorily that the policy of these expeditions is as mistaken as it is criminal; and that if friendly relations were established with the Nubian tribes, their vast gum forests alone would enable the viceroy to realize a much larger revenue than he has ever obtained by these marauding and hazardous excursions.

Whatever may be the defects of the African character, the treatment the blacks have received at the hands of more civilized races has certainly not been calculated to raise them from the

state of brute or savage; yet there is abundant evidence that in many of the qualities which ennoble humanity, the native African is by no means deficient, and their rude notions of justice are certainly entitled to respect; indeed, in many cases, as in the following amusing instance, it is by no means safe to countenance, even in appearance, an infraction of fair and honorable dealing. Pallme was travelling on the borders of the Shilluk's country, along the White Nile, when an incident happened which would have cost him and his servant their lives but for his knowledge of the true character of the people.

"I pitched my tent on the shore of the White Nile, and sent my servant out in search of the wood requisite for our consumption during the night; for it is necessary in these regions, when encamped in the open air on the banks of the river, to keep up fire all night long, partly on account of the crocodiles, which swarm in these localities, and are very dangerous, partly on account of the hippopotami; for, although the latter never do any injury, yet they are by no means an agreeable acquaintance. Lions, moreover, and other beasts of prey, might pay a very disagreeable visit in the dark, and they are only to be kept at a respectful distance by maintaining a fire throughout the night. Just as my servant was about to sally forth in quest of fuel, a boat, laden with wood, and rowed by a negro, crossed the river, and landed near my tent. My servant immediately walked up to the negro, and demanded a quantity of wood, as he could find none in the neighborhood. The good-tempered black instantly gave him the half of his store; but, as soon as I had turned my back, my avaricious servant asked for more, which the negro flatly refused; the former, hereupon, became abusive, and his opponent by no means remained mute, until from words they fell to blows, and, finally, began to fight in real earnest. The negro, who was the better man of the two, gave my servant a sound beating, and did not cease until he roared out most lustily for mercy. I observed the scuffle from the distance; but, unacquainted with what had transpired, and merely seeing that my servant was getting the worst of the affray, I took my double-barrelled gun, presented it at the negro, and commanded him to desist. He instantly sprang on his feet, seized his spear, and threw it at me, before I was even aware of his intention; the missile, fortunately, only grazed my wide pa-pooshes. He was now disarmed, and I again presented at him. The negro remained perfectly cool, and merely said, 'Shoot on! I die; and what of that!'

"I now saw that nothing was to be effected by intimidation, laid my gun aside, and, walking up to him, inquired into all the circumstances of the case, which he faithfully related. Con-

vinced of the injustice of my servant, I endeavored to pacify the negro, and assured him that I would punish the former. All my persuasion was, however, in vain; he foamed with rage, and replied, 'we should both suffer for this act.' Seeing that he was too weak to offer battle to us both, he ran away in an instant, loudly uttering his war-cry of 'Lu, lu, lu!'^{*} This was an ill-omen for us, and put us both in no slight degree of fear. Flight was out of the question, we had no chance of thus escaping. I therefore set my wits to work to devise a remedy, to avert at least the first outbreak of our enemy's rage. I bound my servant hand and foot with a cord, and taking up the branch of a tree which lay near me, pretended to beat him most unmercifully; he played his part remarkably well, and screamed as if he were being impaled, whenever I made the slightest movement with my hand; for we already descried a crowd of natives at the distance, running towards us, their lances glittering in the evening sun, and the shouts of the women, who followed in the wake of the men, boded us no good; but the nearer they approached the better we played our parts; and my servant continued his screams until he was fairly out of breath. Those of our enemies, who were nearest, called out to me to desist; and when I obeyed, my servant rolled himself about in the sand like a madman. The negro who had been the cause of the whole scene now walked up to me, took my hand, and said, 'Have no fear, you shall not be hurt, because you have acknowledged the injury your servant has done me, and have punished him for it.' An old man now untied the cord which bound the hands and feet of the culprit, and approached me, to be informed of the whole affair. They proved to be Bakkara.† I invited the old man and the negro, of whom I have before spoken, into my tent, where I entertained them with coffee, and gave them my pipe to smoke. Harmony was immediately restored, and every one conciliated. They asked me whence I came, and where I was travelling to, and then the conversation turned on other topics. When the night closed in they all gradually retired, with the exception of five men, who remained with me all night as a guard, emptied several pots of merissa together, and kept up the fire, thus consuming the whole of the wood which had been the *belli teterrima causa*. When they took their leave of me in the morning they presented me with a young gazelle, as provision for my further journey."

We regret that our space does not admit of further extracts; but it would be difficult to exhaust the interest of "Travels in Kordofan." We conclude by a cordial recommendation of the work

^{*} *Lu, lu, lu!* This cry has a triple signification. It expresses joy, grief, and danger, and serves also as an encouragement in battle. The intonation of these sounds determines the difference of their import. It may be readily recognized when it has been frequently heard, but cannot be described.

† Bakkara are a race of Arabs who occupy themselves with breeding cattle.

THE STILLING OF THE WATERS.

BY JOSEPH L. CHESTER.

'Twas midnight on the waters, and there rode
A slender bark upon the swelling flood:
The moon and stars had vanished from the sky,
And tempest-nourished winds were hurrying by,
Bestowing in their wild and wayward wrath,
Sad, fearful desolation in their path.
The waves were tossed in mountains to the sky,
And danger banished sleep from every eye;
The thunder roared tempestuously loud,
And lightnings broke from out the surcharged cloud.
It was a time to fear, as tossed to heaven
The slender sails by furious winds were riven.
It was a time to fear, and those who stood
Upon the vessel, when they saw the flood
Come on in angry majesty, were bowed
In agony. The seamen wept aloud,
And lifted up their voices, tuned to grief,
To Him that was their Master and their Chief.
He heard not, for he lay in gentle sleep,
And heeded not the terrors of the deep;
He rested sweetly, and there dwelt a smile
Upon his holy lips that might beguile
The cares and sorrows of the world away;
He had been wearied by a toilsome day,
The rich dark locks were curled upon his brow,
The flush upon his cheek was deep'ning now—
He stirred, and whispered some delightful word—
'Twas like the music of a fairy bird—
And then a smile came on, as if a gleam
Of heaven might mingle with his midnight dream.
Might not the Saviour dream, and smile to see,
Although in vision, what his end would be?
They came and woke him. As he ope'd his eyes,
There beamed a radiance, as if from the skies:
"Save, Lord, we perish!" was their fearful cry,
While glancing upwards to the angry sky,
It was enough: the Saviour gently rose,
And kindly bid his followers calm their woes.
"Peace, peace, be still!" The rolling waves were stayed,
The storms were over, and the winds allayed.

Peace, troubled soul! The Saviour bids thee rest,
And calm the tumult raging in thy breast;
Into thy heart let his sweet smile descend,
For he will be thy brother and thy friend!

GOD IN HISTORY.

THE ruins of kingdoms! The relics of mighty empires that were! The overthrow or decay of the master-works of man is, of all objects that enter the mind, the most afflicting. The high-wrought perfection of beauty and art seems born but to perish; and *decay* is seen and felt to be an inherent law of their being. But such is the nature of man, that even while gazing upon the relics of unknown nations, which have survived all history, he forgets his own perishable nation in the spectacle of enduring greatness.

We know of no spectacle so well calculated to teach human humiliation, and convince us of the utter fragility of the proudest monuments of art, as the relics which remind us of vast populations that have passed from the earth, and the empires that have crumbled into ruins. We read upon the ruins of the *past* the fate of the *present*. We feel as if the cities of men were built on foundations beneath which the earthquake slept, and that we abide in the midst of the same doom which has already swallowed so much of the records of mortal magnificence. Under such emotions, we look on all human power as foundationless, and view the proudest nations of the present as covered only with the mass of their desolation.

The Assyrian empire was once alike the terror and wonder of the world, and Babylon was perhaps never surpassed in power and gorgeous magnificence. But where is there even a relic of Babylon now, save on the faithful pages of Holy Writ? The very place of its existence is a matter of uncertainty and dispute. Alas! that the measure of time should be doomed to oblivion; and that those who first divided the year into months, and invented the zodiac itself, should take so sparingly of immortality as to be, in the lapse of a few centuries, confounded with natural phenomena of mountain and valley.

Who can certainly show us the site of the tower that was "reared against heaven?" Who were the builders of the pyramids that have excited so much the astonishment of modern nations?

Where is Rome, the irresistible monarch of the east, the terror of the world? Where are the proud edifices of her glory, the fame of which has reached even to our time in classic vividness? Alas, she, too, has faded away in sins and vices. Time has swept his unsparing scythe over her glories, and shorn this prince of its towering diadems.

"Her lonely columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials which the wizard Time
Hath raised, to count his ages by."

Throughout the range of our western wilds, down in Mexico, Yucatan, Bolivia, &c., travellers have been able to discover the most indisputable evidences of extinct races of men highly skilled in learning and the arts, of whom we have no earthly record, save the remains of their wonderful works which time has spared for our contemplation. On the very spot where forests rise in unbroken grandeur, and seem to have been explored only by their natural inhabitants, generation after generation has stood, has lived, has warred, grown old and passed away; and not only their names, but their nation, their language has perished, and utter oblivion has closed over their once populous abodes. Who shall unravel to us the magnificent ruins of Mexico, Yucatan, and Bolivia, over which hangs the sublimest mystery, and which seem to have been *antiquities in the day of Pharaoh*? Who were the builders of those gorgeous temples, obelisks, and palaces, now the ruins of a powerful and highly cultivated people, whose national existence was probably before that of Thebes or Rome, Carthage or Athens? Alas! there is none to tell the tale; all is conjecture, and our best information concerning them is derived only from uncertain analogy.

How forcibly do these wonderful revolutions, which overturn the master-works of man, and utterly dissolve his boasted knowledge, remind us that *God is in them all*! Wherever the eye is turned, to whatever quarter of the world the attention is directed, there lie the remains of more powerful, more advanced, and more highly skilled nations than ourselves, the almost obliterated records of the mighty past. How seemingly well-founded was the delusion, and indeed how current even now, that the discovery of Columbus first opened the way for a cultivated people in the "new world." And yet how great reason is there for the conclusion, that while the country of Ferdinand and Isabella was yet a stranger to the cultivated arts, America teemed with power and grandeur; with cities and temples, pyramids and mounds, in comparison with which the buildings of Spain bear not the slightest resemblance, and before which the relics of the old world are shorn of their grandeur!

All these great relics of still greater nations, should they not teach us a lesson of humiliation, confirming, as they do, the truth that *God is in history* which man cannot penetrate? If the historian tells us truly that a hundred thousand men, relieved every three months, were thirty years in erecting a single Egyptian pyramid, what conclusion may we not reasonably form of the antiquities of our own continent, which is almost by way of derision, one would suppose, styled the "*new world*?"

UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

"I have seen an end of all perfection."—BIBLE.

I've looked upon the sky serene, with its unsullied hue,
I've looked on this etherial vault, and loved its heavenly blue;
But soon, ah! soon, o'er this bright scene, a gath'ring gloom is spread,
And my sad heart, but now so gay, is filled with solemn dread.

I've seen the sun, proud king of day, careering in his might,
Smiling upon all nature fair, and beaming with delight;
But soon his gilded chariot wheels sink slowly down the west,
And a bright train of fleeting clouds attend him to his rest.

I've gazed upon the lofty oak—I loved its majesty—
The ivy twined about his trunk, in graceful modesty;
But sere and withered are its leaves, its branches have decayed—
The mighty monarch of the wood low in the dust is laid.

I've gazed upon the mountain bird, I've watched its airy flight—
I've heard the rushing of its wing, I've seen its eye of light—
The fowler shot! alas! 'tis dead—a cold and lifeless thing;
And is it thus ye fell, proud bird, bird of the lofty wing?

I've seen the gallant warrior press amidst the battle's rage,
Thirsting for glory and renown—a name on history's page!—
He charges on—the vict'ry's his, the clarion swells the lay—
Alas! alas! he falls! he falls! as die the notes away.

And O! I've seen earth's fairest flower, the loveliest of the dell,
With a mind of spotless white, pure as the lily's bell;
I've seen this bright one pass away, as fading hues of even,
To her home of light beyond the skies, her resting-place in heaven.

And is it thus ye fade, Old Earth; thus, thus, thy glories fly?
The fairest thing upon thy face created thus to die?
Turn, weary one; let not thy thought to this poor world be given;
Nor let it ever be forgot—thy better home 's in heaven.

Boz well remarks that a cheerful woman may be of great assistance to her husband in business, by wearing a cheerful smile continually upon her countenance. A man's perplexities and gloominess are increased a hundred fold, when his "better half" moves about with a continual scowl upon her brow. A pleasant, cheerful wife, is a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied wife, in the hour of trouble, is like one of those fiends who delight to torture lost spirits.

WESTERN PRAIRIES.

NOT the least remarkable features in the Great Western Valley are the Prairies, which are found in every direction over the face of its vast territory. They are of two kinds, the swelling or rolling, and the level or flat. The former consists of undulating fields, broken into swells or reaches of various lengths and breadths, extending sometimes to an altitude of sixty or seventy feet. Between these swells are sloughs, or "sloos," which are generally marshy, and in many instances contain small lakes or pools, and some, which are dry, exhibit the appearance of funnels, and answer a similar purpose in carrying off water into the caverns beneath, the existence of which is indicated by the soil above. The flat prairies are plains of rich alluvion, grown with long lank grass, and occasionally presenting a lake, and often studded here and there with groves of the wild crab-apple, and clusters of forest trees, that look like emerald isles in a sea of waving green.

The Prairies are of various extent, from one mile to hundreds of miles. The largest are in the far-off West, the home of the buffalo and the red hunter. Wherever they are partly cultivated, as most of them are, in the "States," and where the annual fires are discontinued, they soon grow up with timber. The soil is, with very few exceptions, entirely alluvial, and yields immense crops of Indian corn and other coarse grain. When they exist in the neighborhood of settlements, they afford excellent pasturage for horses and cattle, and fine ranges for swine, and are traversed by herds of deer, the number of which increases near the plantations, when not in too close proximity, as their greatest enemies, the black and prairie wolves, decrease as cultivation advances. Wild turkeys, ducks, prairie fowls or grouse, and quails and rabbits, also abound on the prairies, and afford great amusement to sportsmen. Numerous other animals, as the gopher, the opossum, the racoon, etc., etc., are found in them, or on their borders.

The wayfarer over these wide savannahs will sometimes be startled by a sound as of hounds on the hunt, and anon a noble "buck of ten tines" will leap past him, followed by a pack of hungry wolves, yelping as they run in hot pursuit; but he will look in vain for the sportsmen of the field: he can but fancy that invisible hunters, "horsed on the viewless couriers of the air," are tracking their game, and urging the wild chase. Some theorists believe the Prairies to have been very anciently the beds of lakes or of the sea. This opinion finds arguments in the alluvious character of their soil, and in the marine shells, which

are invariably found embedded in the limestone of the adjacent bluffs.

When the grass is thoroughly ripe, in the autumn, towards the close of November, most of the prairies are burned. The fires sometimes originate by accident, but more often from the design of the hunters, to facilitate them in the destruction of game. The dry grass, which then is often as high as the head of a man on horseback, burns with a fierce and terrible rapidity, and extends the flames for miles in a few minutes, impressing the beholder with the idea of a general conflagration. If the wind chances to be high, tufts of the burning material dart like flaming meteors through the air; and, far as the eye can reach, a pall of black smoke stretches to the horizon and overhangs the scene, while all below is lighted up, and blazing with furious intensity; and ever and anon, flaming wisps of grass flash up, revolving and circling in the glowing atmosphere, and lending to the imagination a semblance of convict-spirits tossing in a lake of fire. The birds, startled and bewildered, scream wildly, and tumble and roll about above the flames; the affrighted deer leaps from his covert and courses madly away, and the terrified wolf, forgetful of the chase, runs howling, in an adverse direction.

When an experienced hunter finds himself upon a prairie, to which fire has been applied, he immediately kindles a fire near him (as did the old trapper in Cooper's novel of "The Prairie,") and the wind bears the flames onward, burning a path before him, which he follows to a place of safety, and thus escapes a horrid fate, that but for his sagacity would have been inevitable. A prairie on fire can sometimes be seen at a distance of fifty miles. The fire continues until the grass is all consumed, and not unfrequently it is carried by the wind into the adjacent forest, which it blasts and devastates, until checked by a water-course. Early in the spring, the prairies renew their verdant clothing, and long before their next autumnal burning, all vestiges of the preceding conflagrations are gone, unless perhaps some worm-eaten and sapless tree, in one of the island-like clusters, may show by its blackened trunk and leafless branches that the flames have been there.

In no possible condition can the prairies be seen, without exciting feelings of a peculiar and most lively interest. They are gloriously beautiful or awfully terrible, according to the times and seasons in which they are beheld. When viewed in the broad glare of day, they seem like large lakes, gently undulating in the breeze, and their variegated flowers flash in the sun like phosphorescent sparkles on the surface of the water. Seen by moonlight, they appear calm and placid as the lagunes of Venice,

and the beholder almost wonders why they do not reflect back the starry glories of the sky above them. In storms, the clouds that hang over them seem to "come more near the earth than is their wont" in other places, and the lightning sweeps closely to their surface, as if to mow them with a fiery scythe; while, as the blast blows through them, the tall grass bends and surges before it, and gives forth a shrill whistling sound, as if every fibre were a harp-string of Æolus. In the spring they put forth their rich verdure, embossed with the early wild-flowers of many hues, spreading a gorgeous carpeting, which no Turkish fabric can equal. At this season, in the early dawn, while the mists hang upon their borders, curling in folds like curtains, through which the morning sheds a softened light, "half revealed half concealed" by the vapory shadows that float fitfully over the scene, they appear now light, now shaded, and present a panorama ever varying, brightening and darkening, until the mists roll up, and the uncurtained sun reveals himself in the full brightness of his rising. In the summer, the long grass stoops and swells with every breath of the breeze, like the waves of the heaving ocean, and the bright blossoms seem to dance and laugh in the sunshine, as they toss their gaudy heads to the rustling music of the passing wind. The prairies are however most beautiful when the first tints of autumn are upon them; when their lovely flowers, in ten thousand varieties, are decked in their gorgeous foliage; when the gold and purple blossoms are contrasted with the emerald-green surface and silver linings of their rich leaves, and all the hues of the iris, in every modification, show themselves on all sides, to dazzle, bewilder and amaze. Bleak, desolate, and lonely as a Siberian waste, the prairie exhibits itself in winter, pathless and trackless; one vast expanse of snow, seemingly spread out to infinity, like the winding-sheet of a world.

The traveller to the Rocky Mountains may rise with the early morning, from the centre of one of the great prairies, and pursue his solitary journey until the setting of the sun, and yet not reach its confines, which recede into the dim, distant horizon, that seems its only boundary. He will hear, however, the busy hum of the bee, and mark the myriads of parti-colored butterflies and other insects, that flit around him; he will behold tens of thousands of buffaloes grazing in the distance, and the savage but now peaceful Indian intent upon the hunt; and he will see troops of wild horses speeding over the plain, shaking the earth with their unshod hoofs, tossing their free manes like streamers in the wind, and snorting fiercely with distended nostrils; the fleet deer will now and then dart by him; the wolf will rouse from his lair, and look askance and growl at him; and the little

prairie-dog will run to the top of its tiny mound and bark at him before it retreats to its den within it. No human being may be the companion of the traveller in the immense solitude, yet will he feel that he is not alone; the wide expanse is populous with myriads of creatures; and, in the emphatic language of the red man, "The GREAT SPIRIT is upon the Prairie!"

WOMAN'S HEART.

ALAS! That man should ever win
So sweet a shrine to shame and sin,
As woman's heart.

I.

SAY, what is woman's heart?—a thing
Where all the deepest feelings spring;
A harp, whose tender chords reply
Unto the touch in harmony;
A world whose fairy scenes are fraught
With all the colored dreams of thought;
A bark, that skill will blindly move
Upon the treacherous seas of love.

II.

What is its love?—a ceaseless stream,
A changeless star, an endless dream;
A smiling flower, that will not die;
'A beauty—and a mystery!'—
Its storms as light as April showers;
Its joys as bright as April flowers;
Its hopes as sweet as summer air,
And dark as winter its despair!

III.

What are its hopes?—rainbows, that throw
A radiant light where'er they go,
Smiling when heaven is overcast,
Yet melting into storms at last;
Bright cheats, that come with syren words,
Beguiling it, like summer birds;
That stay, while nature round them blooms,
But flee away when winter comes.

IV.

What is its hate?—a passing frown,
A single weed 'midst blossoms sown,
That cannot flourish there for long;
A harsh note in an angel's song;
A summer cloud, that all the while
Is lighted by a sunbeam's smile;
A passion, that scarce hath a part,
Amidst the gems of woman's heart.

v.

What then is woman's heart ?—a thing
Where all the deeper feelings spring ;
A harp, whose tender chords reply
Upon the touch, in harmony ;
A world, whose fairy scenes are fraught
With all the colored dreams of thought ;
A bark, that still would blindly move
Upon the treacherous seas of love.

THE LILY OF THE MOUNTAIN.

A SUPERFICIAL observer of the inequalities of life, might suppose there is a greater variety of human happiness than corresponds with facts. The parade of power, the pride of birth, and the magnificence of wealth, seem to indicate an enjoyment far greater than can subsist with the plain attire, the frugal repast, and the humble seclusion of the cottage. This would be a correct inference, if the mind could be rendered happy by the parade of external circumstances. But a contented mind is the only source of happiness, and consequently, "if one flutters in brocade," and moves amid the refinements of society, and another is clad in homely attire and occupies the sequestered valley, or the recesses of the forest, it is not certain that this variety of external circumstances furnishes an equal variety of happiness. If God has given to one the luxuries and the honors of life, he has given to another a meek and quiet spirit. Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath prepared for them that love him? So I thought, when in the bosom of one of those western wilds (with which our infant country yet abounds), I was prompted by humanity, as well as by duty, to visit the lonely dwelling of a poor afflicted widow. The path that leads to this cottage is over a mountain and through a forest which has never echoed to the axe of the husbandman. As I climbed the toilsome way, I asked myself, what unhappy beings, rent from the bosom of society, have chosen to bury their bosoms in this noiseless retreat. I had not imagined that I should find so lovely a being as I have named, "The Lily of the Mountain." As I advanced, a little opening presented the cottage, sending up its solitary wreaths of smoke. There is a charm when one first emerges from the bosom of the wilderness, and catches the smoke of a dwelling, and hears the barking of the jealous watch-dog, which cannot be described, and which cannot be realized only by experience. I had now

reached the cottage, and stooped to gain admission through the humble door. The building consisted of a pile of logs unceremoniously rolled together in the form of a dwelling, and supporting with more than the strength of Gothic architecture the half thatched roof.

On a mat near the fire lay a son, the support of declining age, with a foot half amputated by an unfortunate blow from the axe. The wound had been dressed by an empiric of the neighboring settlement; and the patient, left to the care of his widowed mother, was perusing a much worn tract. Near by, upon the only couch, lay the interesting form which constitutes the subject of my narrative. The victim of consumption, she resembled, indeed, the beautiful, but fading lily. Confined from the sun and air, her complexion had assumed a delicate whiteness, and the slow wasting fever had tinged her cheeks with a most beautiful color. Her disease had reached that stage in its progress which gives a transparency to the skin, and throws around the female form the loveliness of an angel, awakening those mingled emotions which I shall not attempt to describe, and which excite the earnest prayer that death, having rendered his victim so pensively beautiful, may relinquish his purpose. With indescribable feelings I drew near the couch of this interesting sufferer. Her expressive eyes spoke of happier days, and her raven tresses, that lay dishevelled on her pillow, seemed to whisper, that had this flower, thus

“ ——— born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air,”

been transplanted to the parterre, it might have surpassed in beauty and fragrance its sister flowers. But I was anxious to learn the approaching destiny of the spirit that animated this form of loveliness. Do you feel that God is just in bringing upon you such great afflictions? “I am not afflicted, and if I were, God is just.” But you are unhappy to lie in this wretched condition? “I am not unhappy; it is better to be as I am now than as I was once, for then I thought too much of the world.” If then you are happy, and reconciled to your condition, you must have found something more than the happiness of this world. “I have that which the world cannot give.” Have you no hope of recovery? “I have no wish to recover.” Have you no fear of death? “I am not afraid to die. God is so good that I am safe with him.” Yes, God is good, but we are wicked. “O yes (clasping her emaciated hands), I have been so wicked that I do not suffer half so much as I deserve, but Christ is merciful.” Have you no fears that you may be deceived? “No fears now; perfect love casteth out fear.” Are you not sometimes in darkness, when you are in great pain? “I

do not think of pain; I am happy, and shall soon go home." There was an affecting artlessness in all she said which I cannot describe, and a promptness which beautifully illustrated the inspired truth, that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. I found myself in the presence of one who had learned much in the school of Christ, and who seemed just spreading her wings for the mansions of rest. Consolation, instruction, sympathy, she needed none, for she had already passed within the veil. I remained silently admiring the pure influence of Christianity, while religion herself seemed to stand bending over her child in all the loveliness with which inspiration has arrayed her. This child of affliction, for such, without her permission, I must call her, had for two years indulged the Christian hope. No ambassador of Christ had been there to lead her within the enclosure of the Church; no pious visitant had entered the humble dwelling, to impart the bliss of Christian fellowship. But ministering angels had descended, and she had learned of the Father. Resigned to the lot of humanity, and supported by that faith which is the "substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen," she had bid adieu to the world, and was waiting to be called to the abodes of the blessed. The widowed mother, too, could plead the promise made to the widow and the fatherless. Having commended to the great Shepherd this little group of afflicted, secluded beings, and bade them adieu for ever, as I silently retraced my steps to the more busy scenes of life, I indulged the train of reflections suggested by the scene I had witnessed. The impression which it stamped so indelibly upon my mind I need not describe. There is still a freshness in the scene (for I am relating facts) which can be lost only with the power of recollection. The reader, when he is assured that the page he peruses contains no fiction, will make his own reflections, and he will be impressed with the truth that true happiness is found in the humbler as well as in the more elevated walks of life. The gay and beautiful, whose attention is devoted to the walks of pleasure, while they pity this afflicted sister of the wilderness, will feel the importance of seeking that religion which supported her in the hour of affliction, and which constituted the loveliness of her character. The pious fair, too, who in their sphere of benevolence resemble angels of mercy, will not in their "walks of usefulness" forget the cottage of the poor. The cottage scene will afford to the benevolent mind a happiness far superior to a visit in the halls of a palace. I love to recur, in my lonely meditations, to the "lodge in the wilderness," and I would rather visit the solitary grave of this departed saint (for she now sleeps beneath the shade of the adjacent forest), and read her rudely sculptured

name, than gaze upon the "storied urn and animated bust"
of the proudest hero.

TO THE REFORMERS OF ENGLAND.*

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

God bless ye, brothers!—in the fight
Ye're waging now, ye cannot fail,
For better is your sense of right
Than kingcraft's triple mail.

Than tyrant's law or bigot's ban
More mighty is your simplest word;
The free heart of an honest man
Than crosier or the sword.

Go—let your bloated Church rehearse
The lesson it has learned so well;
It moves not with its prayer or curse
The gates of Heaven or hell.

Let the State scaffold rise again—
Did Freedom die when Russell died?
Forget ye how the blood of Vane
From earth's green bosom cried?

The great hearts of your olden time
Are beating with you, full and strong;
All holy memories and sublime
And glorious round ye throng.

The bluff, bold men of Runnymede
Are with ye still in times like these;
The shades of England's mighty dead,
Your cloud of witnesses!

The truths ye urge are borne abroad
By every wind and every tide;
The voice of Nature and of God
Speaks out upon your side.

* The present struggle in Great Britain between the People and the Aristocracy—between liberal, republican principles and class legislation—has not attracted that notice in this country which the important interests staked upon its issue would seem to claim at the hands of American democracy. The formation of the National Complete Suffrage Association—pledged to universal suffrage and annual parliaments—at the head of which stands JOSEPH STOWES, the eminent "Quaker Chartist of Birmingham," has had the effect of uniting the middle and working classes throughout the United Kingdom, and inducing the liberal electors to make common cause with the disfranchised class. Among those who are directly or indirectly connected with this movement are Lord Brougham, Daniel O'Connell, Dr. Bowring, M.P., Sherman Crawford, M.P., Col. Thompson, Feargas O'Connor, and T. S. Duncombe, M.P.

J. G. W.

The weapons which your hands have found
Are those which Heaven itself has wrought,
Light, Truth, and Love;—your battle-ground
The free, broad field of Thought.

No partial, selfish purpose breaks
The simple beauty of your plan,
Nor lie from throne or altar shakes
Your steady faith in man.

The languid pulse of England start
And bounds beneath your words of power;
The beating of her million hearts
Is with you at this hour.

And Thou, who with undoubting eye,
Through present cloud and gathering storm
Canst see the span of Freedom's sky
And sunshine soft and warm,—

Oh, pure Reformer!—not in vain
Thy generous trust in human kind;
The good which bloodshed could not gain,
Thy peaceful zeal shall find.

Press on!—the triumph shall be won
Of common rights and equal laws,
The glorious dream of Harrington,
And Sidney's Good Old Cause.

Blessing the Cotter and the Crown,
Sweetening worn Labor's bitter cup;
And plucking not the highest down,
Lifting the lowest up,

Press on!—and we who may not share
The toil or glory of your fight,
May ask, at least, in earnest prayer,
God's blessing on the Right!

THE GLORIOUS FULNESS OF CHRIST.

BY REV. C. BRADLEY.

If the Lord Jesus Christ was not glorious in himself—strip him of the light he dwells in, silence the praises of heaven, remove far away the ten thousand adoring spirits who worship at his footstool, veil him once again in the body of humiliation, yet this one fact, that all blessedness which sinners ever knew

has sprung from him, lays the believer at his feet in adoration and wonder. We esteem him rich who, after supplying his own wants, has still wherewith to relieve the wants of others; we call him great who has preserved a nation; but here are riches that have blessed unnumbered millions for ever, and a power that has saved a world. It is this which causes the Church below to glory in nothing save the Redeemer's cross; it is this which the Church above takes as the subject of its loudest praise. It was the prospect of this glory that enabled Christ himself to "endure the cross, and despise the shame;" it is the enjoyment of this which now fills and satisfies the soul. And when the Son of Man, at the last great day, shall "sit on the throne of his glory," what is it that will make him so glorious there?—the hosts of mighty angels around him? an assembled world at his feet? the melting away before his presence of the earth he suffered on, and of the sun which beheld his reproach? No; the salvation of the lost. "He shall appear to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe."

THE MOTHERLESS.

You're weary, precious ones! your eyes
Are wandering far and wide;
Think ye of her, who knew so well
Your tender thoughts to guide;
Who could to wisdom's sacred lore
Your fixed attention claim?—
Ah! never from your hearts erase
That blessed mother's name!

'Tis time to say your evening hymn,
My youngest infant dove!
Come press thy velvet cheek to mine,
And learn the lay of love;
My sheltering arms can clasp you all,
My poor deserted throng!
Cling, as you used to cling to her
Who sings the angel's song.

Begin, sweet birds! the accustomed strain;
Come, warble loud and clear;
Alas! alas! you're weeping all,
You're sobbing in my ear!
Good night—go say the prayer she taught
Beside your little bed;
The lips that used to bless you there
Are silent with the dead!

A father's hand your course may guide,
Amid the thorns of life ;
His care protect those shrinking plants
That dread the storm of strife :
But who upon your infant hearts
Shall like the mother write ?
Who touch the strings that rule the soul ?—
Dear, smitten flock !—Good night !

NIGHT.

BY H. C. HENRY.

LET the Gheber kneel, in the deep idolatry of his heart, and pour out his prayers to the sun ; ay, let him term it his God—his life—his all—while kindles his eye with rapture, as it drinks in its glorious beams ; but for myself, I must confess, that night, calm, silent night, with its radiant sabbaoth glowing burningly above me, has a charm, a silent, yet holy eloquence, which we find not, we feel not, in the bustle and glare of the day. I love the golden sunlight ; it thrills my very soul with joy, and I have gazed upon the splendors it creates, hour after hour, forgetful of myself, almost lost in admiration. I have seen this king, this God of day, when he came forth from the portals of the east, flinging abroad his golden rays, first on the over-arching sky, then on the earth ; and the hill-tops caught his glance, and smiled, and almost seemed to glow with life, as well as beauty ; and soon the glad rays came down upon the valley, and the streamlets ran, and leaped, and sparkled, as if rejoicing in his gorgeous beams ; and the mists began to rise from the margin of river, brook, and sheeted lake, and climb up to mantle the brow of hill and mount, or float away, in purple glory, to the unseen gates of paradise ; and as I watched them steadily, intently, until the curtain of distance hid them from my view, I have felt something within me, as it were, struggling like them to flee away from the shadows and storms of earth, to a brighter and happier home. I have seen the beauties of a summer's sunset, and have felt that they were ravishing. My eye would never weary of drinking in the glories which such a scene presents. To see clouds, deep, massy, gorgeous, piled upon each other in beautiful magnificence, seeming the "pillared props of heaven," the thousand colors of the sunbeam painted upon their fleecy folds ; to see them rolling away, slowly and heavily, as if the shoulder of some unseen giant were applied to the whole mass, and, as

they roll, continually changing their appearance—now white as the plume of the plover, just wetted in the salt sea foam, now dark and threatening, as if pregnant with wrath to man, and again glowing in all the colors of the radiant bow, limned on the retreating cloud—and thus to see them pass, till all have gone except, perchance, a lingerer here and there, that seems loth to go from the cheering smile of the sun, while yet a single ray is left to gild and beautify earth, ocean, or sky—to gaze upon such a scene, I say, is, indeed, delightful; and will and must draw forth the admiration, if not the adoration, of every intelligent existence. Here is an exhaustless field for admiration—something that will never tire—always beautiful, always new.

"Parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new color, till it graps away,
The last still loveliest."

But I digress. After all my admiration of the thousand scenes of beauty that day presents, still can I turn with the sincerity of early love, and in the fulness of my heart exclaim, with one of our own sweet poets,

"Most beautiful, ecstatic, holy night!
How I do love thee!"

A veil seems drawn over the cares and sorrows of earth for a brief period, and, as the last dim light of day is fading from our view, and the shadows of night are deepening around us, we are reminded that even thus is passing the brief day of life—thus, soon will the shadows of the tomb shut from our vision the blessed light of the rejoicing sun.

Whispers, as of unseen spirits, are ever floating around us, at this calm and holy hour—and is it not soothing to think, that, perchance, the spirits of departed friends—those dear ones to whom our hearts so fondly clung—are hovering around us, like guardian angels, to shield us from danger, to whisper to us of their radiant home, and raise our aspirations to the God of all! We seem enveloped by an atmosphere of holiness—the very air is redolent with music, falling upon the spirit like a spell, and we seem, as it were, raised nearer heaven, and more lost to earth, than we can feel in the hurry and bustle of the day. We look up to the illimitable sky—studded with innumerable stars—and we feel our spirits yearning, ay, panting within us, to hold communion with those worlds of light. In every gentle spirit lives a tone that echoes back the sweet and simple language of the poet:

"If those bright orbs that gem the night
Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,
Where kindred spirits reunite,
Whom fate hath torn asunder here—
How sweet it were at once to die,
And leave this dreary world afar,
Meet soul and soul, and cleave the sky,
And soar away from star to star."

Let not us, who enjoy the clear light of revelation, judge those with too much severity, who, in olden time, bowed down in worship to the stars of heaven. Theirs was an idolatry that degraded not. And did not the quiet heaven, with its myriad eyes, look down, approvingly, on worship and on worshippers? O, heard they not a voice in every star, that spoke to them of Deity? Theirs was a worship that chastened, and purified, and exalted the soul; and, though they erred, who shall say that they erred fatally? Not we, who kneel on velvet cushions in the magnificent temples which our pride, and not our love to God, has piled; uttering the prayer which our hearts feel not, pouring forth burning words with our lips, while our spirits are lifeless within us. Their temple was the earth, curtained by sky and cloud; their altars were the flinty rock, cushioned alone by moss; their songs were echoed by mountain and hill, and the voice of many waters gave the solemn response. They worshipped in spirit and in truth, ignorantly, it is true, but not the less fervently. And who, I had almost asked, who can refrain from worshipping this burning record of the Universal Mind, this

‘Beautiful language of the unseen God!’

Can a being, fashioned by an almighty hand, endowed with deathless energies, go forth alone at the still, calm, holy hour of midnight, and gaze on the mysterious beauty, the silent magnificence, of the starry worlds, nor feel a thrill, a struggle within him, as if his soul had caught a glance of the high land of its birth, and was panting to go home to the bosom of its Father and its God. Who can feel, as his eye is lifted, and the star-light rests on the uncovered brow, that he is to sink, in a little while, into a sleep that shall never know of waking? Surely, something must whisper to the soul of an immortality—an immortality the very consciousness of which lifts the proud spirit above its clog of clay, and places man upon a glorious height—an elevation which is, in truth, but a little lower than the angels.

Those blessed stars, those radiant characters of light, have been beautifully termed, by a popular author, ‘the poetry of heaven.’ Yes, they are, indeed, poetry, written by the finger of Jehovah upon the eternal sky, and he who cons it well may learn full many a high and holy lesson. He will feel the rust that hath gathered around his spirit from the chilling mists of earth, wearing away, and his soul resuming more and more of its original brightness, and thus preparing to join, ere long, the chorus of ‘those eternal harmonies above,’ those never-fading stars, which are

‘For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine’

LUTHER'S PREACHING.

 BY R. MONTGOMERY.

"So felt the young Reformer, when he rose
 Within thy square, high-fated Wittemberg!
 Where the grey walls of St. Augustine's fane
 Crumble in low decrepitude and dust,
 And from his pulpit, piled with simple planks,
 Blew that loud trumpet of salvation's truth
 Whose echoes yet the heart of empires wake
 To fine pulsations, free as Luther loved!
 Eye, cheek, and brow, with eloquence array'd
 As though the spirit would incarnate be,
 Or mind intense would burn its dazzling way
 Through shading matter—like a second Paul,
 Flaming with truth, the fearless herald pour'd
 Himself in language o'er the listening hearts
 Around him!—like a mental torrent ran
 The rich discourse, and on that flood of mind
 Nearer and nearer to the Lamb's white throne
 The soul was wafted: Christ for man,
 And man for Christ, and God for all he proved,
 And hid *himself* behind the cross he raised."

 THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

 BY REV. JAMES EASTBURN.

WHEN toiling on this troubled sea
 Of pain, and tears, and agony,
 Though wildly roar the waves around,
 With restless and repeated sound,
 'Tis sweet, to think that on our eyes
 A lovelier clime shall yet arise;—
 That we shall wake from sorrow's dream,
 Beside a pure and living stream.

Yet we must suffer here below,
 Unnumbered pangs of grief and wo;
 Nor must the trembling heart repine,
 But all unto its God resign;
 In weakness and in pain made known,
 His powerful mercy shall be shown,
 Until the fight of faith be o'er,
 And earth shall vex the soul no more.

FEMALE CHARACTER AND EDUCATION.

No. I.

BY SAMUEL GALLOWAY, A.M.

THERE is no nobler characteristic of our age, and none which more strikingly proclaims the superiority of modern over ancient civilisation, than elevated female character. The brightest eras of antiquity are unadorned by that redeeming radiance which female excellence ever imparts. In the records of the past, the picture of *man's* achievements is sketched in all the rich and varied coloring of fancy and of fact; whilst the portrait of *woman's* deeds is so drawn as to hide from view those nobler features which are her appropriate ornament, and mark her high original. We contemplate the grandeur of *man's* enterprise in those magnificent monuments of skill and giant energy which have stood, like the rock-bound coast, unmoved by the waves which have buried all else in oblivion. We bow before the loftiness of his intellect, as we are warmed and invigorated by the power of those thoughts which yet remain as a central fire in the literature of the world, and as we feel the tones of that commanding eloquence which has thrilled the passion and intellect of successive ages. Amid all the memorials which recall *man's* glory, in the brightest periods of antiquity, there exists scarcely one which illustrates the dignity, purity, and moral power of the female. Her proudest eulogy, as given by Thucydides, is, "That the best of women is she of whom the least can be said, either of good or harm." Her most cherished qualities were such as were personified by Venus, the adored patron of all licentiousness, and yet the chosen deity of the refined and classic Greek. Alas! that depravity which changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like unto corruptible man, dragged woman—heaven's brightest emblem—from her high pre-eminence, and crushed, with a tyranny dark as the mantle of midnight, those nobler attributes which link her to angelic intelligences. But thanks to the genius of Christianity, the same power which "spoiled principalities, and made a show of them openly," displayed, as one of the loftiest trophies of its conquests, woman, rescued from the degradation of centuries. She rose a participant in the risen glories of her Lord, with the *spirit* of that redemption in her heart, and its *tones* upon her tongue, and walked abroad invested with that moral grandeur which burst upon the

world, when the "Sun of righteousness arose with healing in his wings." It might be interesting to compare the past and present condition of the female, and exhibit the happy reformation which has been effected in her character and prospects by the spirit and power of Christianity; but our object, on the present occasion, is to vindicate her neglected interests by some remarks on the importance and character of female education.

The first consideration which we would present upon the importance of her education is, that to the female is confided the direction and development of the infant mind. There can be no higher nor more solemn office than to preside over the operations of immortal powers. Words, thoughts, and actions, exhibited before the opening heart and intellect, are stamped with the seal of immortality.

"A pebble on the streamlet scant,
Has turned the course of many a river;
A dew-drop on the baby plant
Has warped the giant oak for ever.

Upon the mother devolves the responsibility of giving those impressions which shall warm every vein, beat in every pulse, and remain imperishable as the elements of the soul. She watches the first beatings of the young heart, and "enshrines her own image so deeply in its sanctuary," that its striking features shall survive the dissolution of the body. She occupies a station which no other teacher can possess. She stands at the fountain head, observes the bubblings of the little rivulet, and can mark the channel in which its waters may peacefully flow: other teachers have to stem the angry and chafed torrent, as it rolls impetuously on. Her authority is supreme, and her words fall as the voice of an oracle: the sway of others is disputed, and their motives questioned. She takes the canvass fresh from nature's hand, and writes upon its surface the sentiments and passions of her own bosom; others take it so overspread with the pencillings of other artists, that it cannot receive an original impression. How few acknowledge a mother's power! When the "oak tree is felled, the whole forest echoes with it," but a thousand acorns are planted, silently, by some unnoticed breeze. The philosopher enriches the world by his labor, and his fame is heralded by every tongue: the mother lays the foundations, and rears the pillars of her country's greatness, and her deeds are unnoticed and unknown. The history of the world abounds with examples of her commanding influence. Cornelia, as a lone star, stands out, amid the darkness and degeneracy of Roman matrons, illustrating a mother's power. The expression, "These are my jewels," displays her interest in the destiny of her sons. As the mother of the Gracchi, she shines upon the

page of history; and if the question be asked, why these men towered above their contemporaries in their virtuous achievements, the answer may be found in the expression, *Cornelia was their mother*.

But a more brilliant illustration meets us in the character of the "father of his country." Those high intellectual and moral qualities, which imparted splendor and renown to his deeds, were not the sudden or fitful flashes of impulse or passion—that patriotism which blazed brightest amid the perils of the darkest hour—that devotion which deepened as dangers thickened, and those commanding virtues, which temptations only fortified, were the product of those principles which were mingled with the lessons of his childhood. As we gaze upon the brilliant specimen of merit and distinction, we learn the secret of his greatness in the simple but expressive inscription, "Mary, the mother of Washington," which marks the tomb-stone of the American matron. Such were the noble endowments which characterized this female, and such her acknowledged influence in moulding the character of her son, that it was remarked by a British officer, that it was not strange that America produced *great men*, since she could boast of such mothers. If such be the high vocation of woman, of what unspeakable importance is her education! Is any magnificent work of architecture to be erected, which shall outvie, in taste, splendor, and durability, the noblest specimens of its kind—which may be looked upon as a splendid embodiment of the taste and refinement of its founders, to whom but to the educated and skilful artisan is such a work committed?

And shall there be less importance attached to the skill and education of an architect, whose high and holy office is to sketch the plan, lay the foundations, and rear the columns of a mighty intellectual and spiritual edifice, whose outer walls may crumble into dust, but whose inner and nobler frame shall remain imperishable as the throne of God? If we would have patriots, whose love of country will become a passion, pure as the breath of heaven, and interwoven with the elements of the soul—statesmen who shall tower, as the sons of Anak, in intellectual and moral stature—and Christians, who shall be mighty in the impulses of a benevolence which, as a bright zone, will belt the globe, we must educate *her* who will mingle with the music of the cradle the spirit-stirring sentiments of liberty and love, whisper in the ear those high and holy principles which will expand with the forming heart and intellect, and open up to the windows of the soul that brighter light which ever wakes up "longings after immortality."

Another consideration in favor of the importance of female

education is, *the influence which educated females may exert in creating and sustaining a purified public sentiment.* We are constituted with susceptibilities to woman's influence, strong as are our tendencies to some form of religion; and it is as necessary, for the moral dignity of man, and the consecration of society, that this influence should be ennobled by education, as is a pure system of theology for the excellence and lofty aspirations of the soul. The fact that mankind will sink into the basest idolatry and most grovelling superstition, where the light of revelation is unknown and unfelt, is not more strikingly depicted on the page of history, than the kindred fact, that licentiousness and every species of moral abomination will riot with unrebuked violence where error and ignorance mark female character. I need not tell my audience that this influence, as it may be ennobled or debased, is omnipotent for weal or wo. It has a power which overmatches all authority—a terror which arms cannot inspire, and a persuasiveness more immediate and touching than the thrilling eloquence of the world's best orators. This was the influence which brought the haughty and imperious Cæsar, at whose voice armies quaked, a willing captive to the power of Cleopatra. It was *this* which caused Mark Antony to forget his conquests, and to prefer a woman's smiles to the dreams of glory and homage of thousands. And who, that has read the tale of the days of chivalry, has not recognized a revolution, produced by the same power which pervaded the manners, customs, and institutions of Europe! Yes, so resistless was woman's sway at that period, that, had she been educated in heart and intellect, she might have originated and consummated a reformation which would have girdled the globe with results as extensive and brilliant as followed the deeds of Martin Luther. This is the influence which may and must, by education, become the strongest palladium of the morals and institutions of our country. Even now, comparatively undeveloped as are her proper and peculiar energies, her controlling power and moral superiority are distinctly recognized in the standard of character which public sentiment has established for the sexes. Vice in a female is like a "stain on an angel's robe." When she falls from virtue, she falls, like Lucifer, never to rise again. The abandoned man, who wantonly snaps the tenderest ties, may walk abroad unhurt and unrebuked, tossing his guilty head in contempt and derision; whilst the poor agonized victim of his wickedness is even torn from the hiding-place which she sought to weep over the desolation of her hopes, that she may be crucified afresh by the ridicule of the world. We ask not that this standard of character may be lowered, but we ask (and if we mistake not, the signs of the times indicate the speedy approach of the happy day) that

the moral power which the female possesses may be so nerved, by high intellectual and moral culture, that around all her associations shall be thrown a sanctity and energy which will, as the lightning's glance, rive his inmost soul, who, reeking with the impunity of unrepented crime, would seek her society.

But there is another view in which this influence, as it mingles with and controls the tide of public sentiment, may perhaps be more strikingly exhibited. Contemplate that young man. Yesterday he was in the haunts of dissipation, scoffed at the claims of Christianity, pointed the finger of derision at those who pleaded virtue's cause, and gloried in the shame of his ungodliness. To-day he visits the female circle. How changed his appearance—how graceful and decorous his actions—how he padlocks his lips as the profane sentiment rises to his tongue—how he casts his eyes around as if danger lurked in his path—how he trembles as the tone that tells of yesterday falls upon his ears! Ah! he feels the overawing influence of female purity and intelligence. There is no heart so sunk and stupified, none so debased, that the felt presence of a nobler heart will not influence—none that can withstand the stern rebuke of a pure-minded lady—a rebuke which, as the voice of an earthquake, sends a thrill of terror into the darkest bosom. Educate the female, and this chastening energy will become universal as the flow of the atmosphere; and, like a flame of holy fire, it will settle upon the manners and morals of the world. Now it is hidden as a light under a bushel—then it will become as a city set upon a hill; now it merely falls upon the tongue—then it will speak from the pen, and on the wings of the press be borne to the eye of every individual; now it is uttered in the feeble notes of the uneducated—then, clothed with argument, eloquence, and appeal, like the omnipresent energy of nature, it will

*"Live through all life—extend through all extent—
Spread undivided—operate unspent."*

Let educated ladies but combine and concentrate this influence, which is their peculiar native endowment, and let the exalted sentiments of a high intellectual and spiritual education, as inscribed upon a bright banner, ever float before their minds, warm their hearts, and inspire their actions, and they will do more for the glory of their country, than "lofty battlements, moated gates, or cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;" and, like the vestal virgins of antiquity, they will keep alive the sacred fire of patriotism and religion—not merely upon one altar, or in one temple, but in the hearts of all people, and wherever the power of knowledge, harmonizing with purity of affection, extends.

The importance of female education is better understood as it comes in contact with our most interesting associations.

Home is the palace of the soul; and who does not wish to see *that* not only hallowed by affection, but illumined with those lights which constitute the glory of the moral universe? Is she not lovelier, whose heart is mellowed with the modesty of true science—whose eye kindles with the mingled fire of elevated thought and pure feeling, and whose countenance is invested with those radiant lines of thought, which, like stars on the broad canopy of heaven, tell of a bright spirit within? Is that not a happier paradise, where the educated wife, mother, or sister, may lead the mind to fountains, at which it may quaff pleasures adapted to its immortal capacities—where she may point to flowers and fruits that never grow old—open up the world's magnificence and variety to the astonished vision and aspiring intellect, and breathe over the brilliant scenery the rich fragrance of deep, devout feeling? The presence of such a female, to the cultivated mind, like the presence of God to the saint, will never become irksome—the more frequent the communion, the more varied will be the delight; and the admiring heart, as it contemplates the movements and manner of such an one, can well adopt the poet's language—

"With goddess-like demeanor, forth she went,
Not unattended, but on her as queen,
A pomp of winning graces waited still;
And from about her shot darts of desire
Into all eyes, to wish her still in sight."

How blessed a refuge does a home, watched by such ministering spirits, become, when desolation reigns without, and the pining heart sighs for enjoyment! The rill, the rivulet, the meadow, the lawn, the grove, the forest, and all the rich variety of nature's magnificence which surrounds the earthly paradise, may regale the mind, and captivate its tastes and sympathies. How tame such scenery, compared with the grand panorama, all adorned with the discoveries and utilities of science, the magnificence and splendor of art, the treasures and luxuries of literature, and, above all, the cheering anticipations and enjoyments of religion, which spread out before the delighted heart, as by the magic of enchantment, at the bidding of educated females! What son, educated amid all the thrilling associations of a home, enriched with all that can refine the sensibilities, expand the intellect, and ennoble the heart, will ever be found a prodigal in a far country, recreant to the hopes and anticipations of his bygone and better days, his mother's name forgotten, and her example unfelt? What husband, blest with the affection and communion of a wife who has linked him, in sympathy and noble purpose, with the loftiest achievements of intellect—introduced him to a companionship with master-spirits of all ages, will ever become so debased as to exchange the *birth-right* of such an inheritance

for the miserable *pottage* of this earth's low and degrading pursuits?

But the importance of female education appears more prominently, in its influence, in elevating, intellectually and morally, its possessor. Some may not understand the various and extensive power of educated mind, in its multiplied relations; but all, either by observation or experience, appreciate education as a rich source of enjoyment. There are intellectual joys to which the possessor clings as the Christian to the altar of his God, and after which the uneducated sigh as for the light of immortality. Contemplate that lady, whose mind has been illumined with the light, and enriched with the stores of varied knowledge. She has no sympathy with the vain and frivolous amusements which charm the untaught; for she has exchanged the gay wings of the butterfly for nobler pinions, by which she may soar to the skies. She is undisturbed by the jealousies, suspicions and calumnies which torture the vacant mind, and poison the springs of social and domestic life;—these come over her as harsh discord upon the ear attuned to harmony, and her spirit, like the peaceful dove, seeks a purer atmosphere. She has no talent for unriddling the dark insinuations which fall upon her ear, and no taste for interpreting the dreams and predictions of the busy prophetess. She quits the narrow sphere of prejudice and passion, and is borne aloft, by the impulses of a new and sublime life, to a loftier theatre, where a range opens up adequate to the aspirations of a nobler spirit. She watches the tide of emigration that rolls over the land—contemplates the rising grandeur of her country—meditates upon the enlarged plans of philanthropy and religion—unrolls the map of the world, and, as from an observatory, looks abroad upon the various moral conflicts which are agitating its interests—sees kingdoms rising and falling—scans the discoveries of science—surveys those moral enterprises which are spreading the brightness of a better day around the depravity and darkness of earth's multitudes, and in the spirit and practice of a kind instructress, interprets to her family and friends the varied signs of the times, and the mighty events which cluster around the movements of the age. Nor is she confined to the *present* in the sources of her gratification; for the same power which confers the privilege of a delightful participation in the movements of this age, lifts the curtains which shroud the *past* from view, and secures a rich inheritance in its choicest possessions. The scenes of other days rise at the bidding of her will, and memory throws them before her vision. She walks over the ground consecrated by the deeds of divinity, and the announcement of eternal life to fallen humanity—visits every spot hallowed by interesting associations; and as she

marks the traces of mighty events and ancient glory, the illustrious dead of centuries troop up before her, and alike rivet the steady gaze and warm emotion of her enraptured intellect and heart. Conducted by the same kind patroness, she visits the land of story and of song—stands amid the ruins of that architectural magnificence which has given immortality to the genius of antiquity—looks at the grove where Socrates breathed his lessons of philosophy—glances her eye over the scenery which once surrounded the masters of oratory and poetry, and moves over the plains where once assembled the wisdom of the world, and where was exhibited the daring and devotion of the first-born of freemen. In a word, memory spreads before her delighted view the grand panorama of sixty centuries, and enables her to thread its mighty events, and to commune with those who participated in its loftiest deeds. Who doubts the importance of preparing the mind for the luxury of such entertainment? But science unseals still richer fountains of pleasure. She walks abroad upon the earth, and nature, as by enchantment, throws open the gates of the vast temple of the universe, and admits her an interested spectator of its profound mysteries. To her eye are unfolded all the varied phenomena of matter. She knows how the air bears to her the tones of music, and the melodies of ten thousand voices, and how light diffuses joy over animate and inanimate creation. With Newton, she can admire its nature and results in the rainbow which bespangles the vault of heaven, and in the telescope, by which other worlds are brought to move before her eyes. With Franklin, she can bring the lightning from the thunder cloud, and play familiar with that fluid, which spreads its terrific agencies over the empire of matter. With the astronomer she can scale the heavens, scrutinize the vastness of other planets, examine their relations, their distances, their courses, their satellites, with all their influences upon this globe of ours, and all the glories of their being—in a word, it is her privilege and high prerogative to gaze with rapture and delight upon all that is grand, beautiful and picturesque in that temple in which she worships and adores. Nor is this all. The spirit of religion, ever the kind attendant and handmaid of true science, will lead her “through nature up to nature’s God.” As her mind expands with the splendors of the material universe, her heart will be taught to feel the holiest impress of that love which planted the stars in the firmament; and as she looks abroad,

“She calls the beauteous scenery all her own;
Hers are the mountains, and the valleys hers,
And the resplendent rivers hers to enjoy,
With a propriety which none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unassuming eye.
And, smiling, say, My Father made them all.”

FEMALE CHARACTER AND EDUCATION.

No. II.

BY SAMUEL GALLOWAY, A.M.

LET us briefly inquire what ought to be the *kind* and *character* of female education. We need not now discuss the question of the comparative intellect of the two sexes. A century or two ago it might have been doubted whether the female possessed a capacity for high intellectual and moral cultivation. Then she appeared but as a twinkling star above the horizon. Education, however, has since borne her up to mid-heaven, and she now shines with as rich a lustre as any of the kindred orbs which spangle the literary firmament. The bow that God set in the cloud is not a clearer token of his covenant with his people, than are the results of female intellect, that he stamped upon male and female the same moral and intellectual image. We are formed for different spheres of action by the same Providence which "bids the oak brave the fury of the tempest, and the Alpine flower lean its cheek on the bosom of eternal snows." This very variety, so far from being any evidence of inferiority, is one of the strongest proofs of his wisdom, who adapts intellect to the purposes of his varied empire—who qualifies a Newton to scan the mysteries of science, and a Hannah More to unfold the love and excellence of his moral government.

We have already glanced at the duties and responsibilities of the female, and we will, incidentally, discuss the most appropriate kind of education, by noticing one or two errors, as we conceive, in the past, if not in many of the present systems of study.

One of these is a disproportionate attention to what are termed the "fine arts and accomplishments." Do not accuse us of underrating these branches of study, or of being too cold-hearted to appreciate the charms with which they invest the educated female. Music, drawing, &c., added to the acquisitions of an intellect enriched by substantial literature and science, are as admirable as the dome, the portico, or the alcove, adorning the splendid edifice. The original and proper object of these studies ought to be to decorate solid and useful attainments—as rich drapery for the magnificent saloon—carved work for the gigantic column, or rich apparel for the majestic form; but in the perversion of this object, in the fashionable education, we frequently find the ornament without the mind—the drapery of the palace hung

around the kitchen—the fretted work upon the log, and apparel befitting queens overshadowing dwarfs. We cannot better describe this system of education, than by adopting, with one or two exceptions, the picture as drawn by an eminent lady—

"See Bulwer and Scott laid out on the lap—
Then dancing springs up and skips into a gap—
Next drawing, with all its varieties, comes,
Laid down in their place by the finger and thumb;
And then, for completing her fanciful robes,
Geography, music, and a look at the globes,
And so forth, and so forth, which, match as they will,
Are sown into shape, and set down in the bill.
Thus science, distorted, and torn into bits,
Art, tortured and frightened half out of her wits—
In portions and patches, some light and some shady,
Are stitched up together and make a fine lady."

Unpopular as the charge may be, it is, nevertheless, true, that there has been more effort, among those who have supervised and controlled the education of the female, to clothe her with light and gaudy wing, to float sportively through the undercurrent of thought, than to invest her with strong and steady pinions, with which she might boldly soar to the loftiest heights of intellectual attainment. Is it not the fact that educated ladies are more prone to exhibit their specimens of painting, or their proficiency and skill in music, than to unfold those beauties and curiosities which they have gathered in the empire of science, and to discuss those prominent subjects of philosophy whose wonders are the glory of the universe, and whose results and applications are mingled with the daily duties, employments, and enjoyments of life? Yes, so popular and absorbing is this phrensy for accomplishments, that the little miss who has scarcely reached *baker or crucifix*, flutters with restless desire to seize the paint-brush, or play the piano; and if she is even told that there are useful studies first to be attended to, it is more than probable that she will overcome the tender-hearted parent, by the prevailing argument, that "*them things* are not for ladies to study." I ask, in the language of an eminent authoress, is it right that "what relates to the body and the organs of the body—I mean those accomplishments which address themselves to the eye and the ear—should occupy almost the whole thoughts; while the intellectual part is robbed of its due proportion, and the spiritual part has almost no proportion at all?" It is this error in education which has given currency to the false sentiment that the mind of woman is incapable of grasping profound or lofty subjects of thought—that her intellectual structure is not framed upon that broad and magnificent scale which adjusts the proportions of the temple of true genius. It is the same error which led such a man as Dean Swift to blunder on the opinion "that, after all their attempts at learning, women, in general, would be surpassed by the attainments of a common school-boy." To be

an educated lady in the dean's day, was to be qualified to whirl gracefully through the mazes of the ball-room, to strut the admired, in form and fashion, of every circle—to shroud the simplicity of a generous nature in the tawdry tapestry of art, and to substitute the graces of person for the enduring embellishments of a cultivated intellect. An educated lady, at the present day, presents a more interesting spectacle of contemplation; and whenever the system of study shall be so improved as to give the cultivation of the *mind* more prominence than the cultivation of the *manners*, she will then ascend to the full exercise of that power which is to usher in a brighter day for human hope and energy. We would not be understood as even insinuating that the error and its consequences are to be charged upon the female. No; the blame must rest upon an erroneous public sentiment, which has controlled her education. Females have been taught that it was not their province to survey the empire of God—scale the heights of science—regale themselves in the fields of literature—or be equal participants in the privileges of nature's vast and magnificent temple. No; the mount of science, like Mount Sinai to the Israelites, has been guarded against their approach, "lest they should break through to gaze;" and the command has been, "Take heed to yourselves, that ye go not up to the mount, or touch the borders of it." They have been told, in great condescension, that they may pluck the flowers which begirt the borders of the fields of literature, and play the harp or thread the organ for the man-worshippers in nature's temple; and yet the *task-master* has asked them, "Where are your gems of science, and garlands of literature?" and coolly said, as the task-masters of Pharaoh, "Ye are idle, ye are idle." "Go, therefore, to work, for there shall no *straw* be given you; yet ye shall deliver the tale of the brick." Thanks to the redeeming spirit of the age, a better sentiment is now warming the hearts and inspiring the thoughts of mankind. The female is now being taught that her life is to be something higher than a school of pasteboard pageantry—"a court where fashion and folly are presiding deities." She now learns that a higher destiny awaits her, than merely to tickle the ear and please the eye of creation's lord—"to adjust the toilet—project dresses—study colors—assort ribbons—mingle flowers—choose feathers," and, at the sound of the psaltery, harp, and all kinds of music, like the subjects of Nebuchadnezzar, fall down and worship fashion's golden image.

She now studies, as if the immortal mind and the heart, out of which are the issues of life, were her chosen possessions—contemplates the nature and destiny of that immortal guest whose home is in her bosom—scrutinizes its powers—cherishes its lofty aspirations, and admires its achievements. She follows the range

of this intellect, as it traces the wonders of nature's wide domain—unrolls the map marked with the deeds of Providence and the doings of the illustrious dead—unlocks the portals of the future, and, as with a prophet's pencil, describes, in characters of living fire, those mighty themes which swell the song and enrapture the powers of angelic mind. Ay, more—enriched with these acquisitions, she goes to the social circle, and the kindled eye, attentive ear, and awakened intellect, greet her approach, and wait on her ministrations—visits the hut of poverty, and the bounding heart proclaims her errand, and the little wilderness, by the force of her kindness, begins to bloom. Yes, she may now be contemplated in the still loftier attitude of a missionary of literature and religion. Many of the educated daughters of Zion, animated with a zeal which difficulties cannot conquer, nor disappointments crush, have pledged their all for the world's redemption; and they may now be seen communing with the desolate child of superstition, on the dark borders of our continent—threading the rivers and scaling the mountains in Hindostan—treading with noiseless and timid steps the gloomy coasts of Africa, and riding on the surging billows to the lone isles of the sea. Thus may and does the educated lady of the nineteenth century live, at home and abroad, a visitant angel of her species; and when she dies, her memory will be identified with the moral grandeur of the age, and enshrined in the tears and pure recollections of the virtuous of all ages—a prouder mausoleum than that of marble.

I cannot dismiss this subject, without adverting to another and yet more fatal error in the literary studies and pursuits of the female. I allude to that *passionate and excessive devotion to fictitious writings*, which is the reigning idolatry of the sex. This is not a new, but it is an important topic. I speak not of the influence of these writings upon pure affections and chaste sensibilities—of the impure associations, erroneous sentiment, and splendid, but deceptive imagery, which, decked in the drapery of virtue, steal upon the soul, and possess its sacred citadel, whilst “conscience, as a bribed sentinel, cries, ‘All’s well.’” It would be strange indeed if the intellect, familiarised to scenes of depravity and vice, and disciplined to a constant communion with the dark damps and murky vapors of selfishness and sin, should acquire a refined relish for the mountain air and balmy influences of the heaven-inspired heart, and love to contemplate humanity robed in celestial splendors. It is not my purpose to describe *how* this species of literature mingles poison with the elements of thought and feeling, and sensualises the motives, hopes, and operations of the soul: my object is to speak of its influence in seducing the mind from the purest intellectual

fountains, gushing with rich and exhaustless delights, and leading it to the turbid streams, which, swollen by the sudden freshet, bear all the impurities of hill and dale in their currents. The highest merit ever claimed for popular fictions is that they supply relaxation and amusement for the exhausted intellectual energies. They were never intended to hold any higher station in the empire of literature, than the rose, the lily, or the daffodil, in the natural world. And the mind that relies on them for enduring entertainment, will be as poorly sustained as the body whose only nutriment consists of the productions of the flower-bed. They elicit no patient thought—summon none of the sterner faculties of the mind into exercise—supply no discipline for the high pursuits of literature and science—furnish no armor with which the intellect may gird itself for bold and effective action, and, above all, propose no lofty and enduring rewards for time and toil. What orator ever goes to the novel or romance for fire to kindle thought, elevate feeling, and quicken the mind for high exploit? Where, on its pages, can he find fact, argument, or philosophy, which “shall speak from his lips, and in his looks give law?” What writer ever repairs to these sources for stimulus to rouse slumbering energies—to wake the warm emotion of the heart—to nerve the mind for lofty daring, or for imagery and illustration, which shall give to word and thought “the radiant hue of fire?” What private reader gathers from these productions knowledge which enters into the very structure of the soul—enlarges its comprehensiveness—elevates the sense of duty—purifies and strengthens affection, and urges him or her onward in the high career of thought and action? And yet, unpractical and unintellectual as this literature is, it constitutes three-fourths of the reading of the young females of our land. Go to your public libraries, and you will see the works of Bulwer, Scott, Fielding, and Smollett, thumbed and marked, bedewed with many a tear, and adorned with many a flower; whilst the standard works on history, philosophy, biography, and even the English classics, are untouched, except by the curious eye, which suspects something to be there, or by the spider and the fly, as they noiselessly pursue the “even tenor of their way.” Yes, so wide-spreading and pernicious is this passion for fiction, that it vitiates the taste for pure and lofty conceptions, and blinds the eye to all that is splendid in substantial literature. You find the fond admirer of the novel preferring the crude sentimentalism of some love adventure, over which she may languish and pine, to the inspiring sentiments of a Cowper, which might woo her to the highest luxuries of intellectual life, or the lofty strains of a Milton, which might roll her soul to heaven. You find her familiar with the rise, progress, circumstances and catastrophe

of some imaginary achievement of chivalry or treason, or of love, and yet unacquainted with those events in the history of our race which have overturned empires—peopled continents—shaken down the strongholds of superstition and cruelty—established the triumphs of Christianity—consummated all that is grand in art and science—in a word, which have produced all that is splendid and sublime in matter or in mind. Yea, more, you find the fond reader trimming the midnight lamp, passionately threading the incidents and details in the fanciful life of some mock hero or heroine, and yet she never glances her eye over the biographies of Socrates, Cicero, Chatham, Burke, Luther, Calvin, Knox, Wesley, and Whitefield—of all those gigantic spirits who have, under God, wielded this world's destinies, and whose deeds are identified with all that is noble, spirit-stirring and enduring in the choice possessions of our age. Who would not be surprised to see an individual more interested in culling flowers on the banks of the Niagara, than in listening to the roar of its cataract, or in gathering pebbles on ocean's beach, whilst navies were rushing to the conflict? and yet who is surprised to see individuals standing in the midst of the wonders of the universe of God, more enraptured with the dreams of fancy, than with those facts which comprehend all that is thrilling in the deeds and destinies of man, and sublime in the operations of God? What parent or friend of education will not concur with me in the expression of the hope that there may be conducted in this seminary, under the auspices of God, and the direction of its worthy Principal, a system of education which shall render the mind patient, persevering, strong and lofty—which will create such a refined taste for what is intellectual and practical, as to render insipid the imaginings of distempered minds, and the caricatures of human frailty and folly—which will infuse a passionate love for whatever is rich and pure in thought, chaste in imagery, classical in style, original in conception, sound in principle, and holy in purpose and in hope, and which will elevate the aspirations of every pupil to a standard of attainment whose limits shall strike the lines which bound finite intelligence.

Young ladies, I have attempted to describe the importance and advantages of female education: it is for you to illustrate my remarks in your lives and deeds. The philosopher may explain the laws of motion upon paper, and the agencies of caloric, by the apparatus of the laboratory; mankind, however, will better understand the beauty and utility of the former, by observing the heavenly bodies as they roll in their orbits, and more impressively know the power of the latter, as they see the stately steamboat under its influences, ploughing the waves. So I may describe to you the theory and uses of education; but my most

illiterate, as well as my most learned reader, will better understand its importance, as it flashes from your eyes, drops from your tongue, glows in your countenance, and breathes in your actions. You will soon appear upon the busy theatre of human action, as "living epistles" of its efficacy and excellence, seen and read of all men. Do you lack motives to diligence and duty? Recollect that elevated female character, illuminated by the "Sun of righteousness," is the brightest star of promise for this world's purity, and that each of you is to be a beam of glory or a dim ray of that star. As the high priest of old bore upon his breastplate the names of the children of Israel, so do you bear in your example and character the name, dignity, and destiny, of the American female, for the present and coming ages. This ought to be a stimulus more spirit-stirring to the educated lady, than that magic watch-word of Trafalgar, "England expects every man to do his duty," was to Britain's sons. The expectations which cluster around you are lofty as the claims of that Christianity which has rescued you from the degradation of centuries, and impassioned as the pure gushing affections of that mother whose eye is now fastened upon you, and whose heart palpitates with feelings too deep for utterance, as her anticipations thread the line of your temporal and eternal destiny. That you may fulfil these high expectations, aim to be useful. The day has gone by, when arithmetic, in science, and reading the Testament, in literature, constitute the Mount Parnassus to which your sex might aspire, but higher than which it would be dangerous to climb. The day has gone by, when, if the question had been asked, "What is the chief end of woman?" the practical answer would have been, "Woman's chief end consisteth in cooking, washing, sewing, and spinning well." Now, *your* chief end, as *man's*, is to glorify God by the improvement and exercise of those immortal faculties with which you are endowed. The spirit of Christianity, like that Spirit which moved upon old chaos, and said, "let there be light, and there was light," has breathed anew upon this world's moral chaos; and, in its new and nobler creation, has planted you in her highest firmament among the "greater lights," to rule the moral day. Realize the responsibility which this honor confers upon you, and feel that you are to be not merely this world's beauties, but its brightest benefactors. The charms of beauty are transient as the hectic flush which tinges the cheek of disease; and the distinctions won in the court of fashion are fitful as the gleam of the meteor. If these be your only possessions, you will soon become as

"A harp whose master chord is gone—
A wounded bird which has but one
Unbroken wing to soar upon."

The charms of a cultivated intellect, however, will secure you a name and home in every heart which pure and lofty thought can kindle, and fix upon you the admiration and affection of the brightest intelligences of earth and heaven. Apply your minds early and vigorously to those studies which will endow you with the power and privilege to walk abroad, interested spectators of all that is magnificent and beautiful above and around you—to commune with all that is illustrious in the records of the past, and noble and divine in the developments of the future—studies which will elevate you to a standard and dignity, upon which your friends may gaze with rapture and delight, and which shall teach man, in the present and all coming ages, that there glows within the breast of woman an intellect which shall emulate, in its hopes, capacities, and enjoyments, that of the tallest archangel which “adores and burns” around the throne of God. Above all, cherish that purity of heart which a *look* will define to the dull, and a blush defend like lightning from the designing. This, combined with intelligence, is as a weapon out of heaven’s own armory, sky-tempered, which “no buckler nor tower of brass can resist.” With *this* you will become the choicest guardians of the institutions of your country, and you will stand as the cherubim and flaming sword of Eden, guarding the way to all that is peaceful and happy in our earthly paradise. Females possessing such characteristics, and they only, are the truly admired and blessed of heaven. Where is the admirer of that Egyptian queen whose art once conquered Roman arms, and the music of whose voice drowned the trump of ambition! Egyptian spices, perhaps, yet embalm her lifeless body; but where, in the world’s great heart, has she a choice recollection? Where is she who once held supremacy on Britain’s throne? The record of her deeds is on the page of history; but in the pure intellect of a virtuous posterity, Elizabeth holds no dearer place than the disasters of her country’s wars.

Ah! how do the queens of other times sink, in comparison with the humbler pretensions, and yet more majestic achievements, of such spirits as Mrs. Hemans, Miss Carter, and Hannah More! I cannot better exemplify what I mean by female character and useful education, than by holding up before you Hannah More, as a model for imitation. The hand that moved the pen is cold as the clay of her tomb; but her uttered and written sentiments are now producing a tide of joy over the affections of earth’s multitudes, warm as the life’s blood which moves the heart. In life’s loveliest solitudes, her thoughts come over the soul as angels’ music, and even now, throughout the habitable globe, she has the testimony of her worthy deeds in the elevated hopes and pure enjoyments of thousands. And who of you, that

has communed with the writings of your own countrywoman—Mrs. Sigourney—has not felt the power of education combined with the loveliness of piety! Can such a lady ever be forgotten? No, never, whilst the chords of the heart vibrate—never whilst there remains a trace of that image which Divinity impresses upon the human soul, or a spark of that fire which was kindled by the breath of the Lord. May it be yours to imitate the example and imbibe the spirit of such American matrons! and may each of you, by the purity of deeds baptized in the love of the gospel, command among your kindred, and in your country, an influence which the “toll of your funeral bell will not drown, nor the earth’s green sod muffle,” but which will speak in thrilling and delightful accents when you and I shall have been gathered to the graves of our fathers.

[*Ladies’ Repos., Cln.*]

YET NOT FOR ME THY CHAPLET WEAVE.

For me, O world! no chaplet weave,
Thy frown I fear not, nor believe
Thy wanton smiles, and summer glow,
Deceptive as retiring snow;
For me, thy grandeur’s all too high,
And danger lurks its steps too nigh.
Then not for me thy chaplet weave,
For all thy pleasures but deceive.

Let beauty with its eye of fire,
With maddening love the gay inspire;
Let War, in panoply arrayed,
Unsheathe the chieftain’s ready blade;
Let Glory rear its plumed crest,
And dazzle with its glittering vest.
Yet not for me thy chaplet weave,
Thy smiles are false, thy hopes deceive.

Let the full cup of pleasure teem,
With draughts from fair Calypso’s stream,
Which shrouds the soul’s immortal flame,
Beneath the brute’s degraded frame;
Though fair the flowers that here entice,
All, all, too costly is the price.
Such chaplet, therefore, do not weave,
The flowers decay, the draughts deceive.

Nor weave for me Ambition’s wreath,
It is the bloody meed of death;
Asp-like, foul murder nestles there,
Entwined with folds of grim despair!
And oh! weave not the wreath that binds
The brows of sordid, selfish minds;
Like those entwine no wreaths for me,
They show too much, oh world, of thee!

Nor the bright wreath of riches twine,
 Dug from Golconda's purest mine;
 Nor dazzling stones, that proudly gem
 An empire's envied diadem.
 No; twine for me the Christian's crown,
 And let the wreath that decks my brow
 From pure Religion's branches grow!

REDEMPTION.

BE humble, ye high hills; bow your lofty tops, ye towering cedars; hide your heads, ye dwellings of the proud; peace, ye winds; be still ye waves; silence, ye roaring tempests, and rocking whirlwinds!

Doth not awful silence well become you, while we speak of the wonderful agony of our God?

Silent and abashed ye were when he suffered; now attend, while a sinner hears the glad tidings, while the voice of great joy breaks into his heart and into the house of mourning.

Behold that cross! lift up thine eyes and wonder—son of man, behold and adore.

Was ever goodness like the goodness of thy God? was ever mercy like his mercy—was ever sorrow like his sorrow? Listen and be silent; abominate thyself and cleave to thy Redeemer.

Lo, yonder he is stretched!—lo, yonder he bleeds!—lo, yonder he hangs on the accursed tree!—the Son of God! the meek, the mild, the blessed Jesus! a horrid spectacle, between earth and heaven!

Even the holy angels hide their heads and weep.

What then shall man! for whom the Son of the Almighty is thus raised aloft on the tree of infamy! thus stretched out! thus bleeding! thus expiring in tortures inconceivable, and far above the reach of human thought?

His stony heart should melt—his melting heart should weep great drops of blood.

Behold, no diadem of gold adorns his Saviour's head; no costly jewels sparkle round his brows! his crown is only a sharp crown of thorns—his jewels, crimson rubies of his own most precious blood.

Oh canst thou contemplate, and be cold? canst thou survey such sufferings and not pity? art thou a man? art thou not a sinner? canst thou reflect—oh, canst thou remember, all, all, is for thee—and still be ungrateful?

See! through the crashing sinews of thy benevolent Redeemer's tender hands, the hardy executioner hath driven the piercing, sharp-pointed nails!

The blood springs forth at each barbarous blow, and the triumphant sufferer, amid such agony, complaineth not! child of affliction, wilt thou ever dare to complain!

Blessing and health fell from those hands—they dropped comfort as the honeycomb. Why, O man, art thou an enemy to thyself?

Why hast thou prevented the hours of thy own felicity? why are those hands transfixed and confined? why nailed to yon ignominious tree, the feet, which, unwearied, went about doing good?

See how the Sovereign Healer of mankind—see how the love of God and man hangs on those four great wounds! his whole body's weight horribly supported by the acute agony of those afflicting lacerations!

How can I, sinful dust and ashes, how can I, O my Lord, dare to contemplate thy wounds and sorrows, without the lowest prostration of soul and body? how can I behold thee thus suffering, and my heart not burst at the sight, and rivers of tears not gush from my eyes?

Oh! I will love thee—I will adore thee above all things! yea, thy love shall be the constant meditation of my soul.

Hear, my soul! for it is the last voice of thy expiring Redeemer. Hark, for all nature is silent! and make a solemn pause. Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani!

Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani! what words can utter that distress, or who can express thy agonies?

My God! oh! wast thou forsaken of thy Father? why, ah why, unsearchable depth of anguish?

“Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold and see, if ever sorrow was like unto my sorrow, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger!”

Thus long the prophetic voice—here was the full completion; here sin and death were triumphant, and here were poured forth the last struggles of mine, and every condemned sinner's soul.

My God, it is finished: it is finished! O my Saviour, why that last piercing groan?

I see thy head falling upon thy sacred bosom. I see and tremble to behold the wondrous mystic stream flowing from thy precious side!

I hear thy expiring groan: universal nature heareth it and standeth aghast; the affrighted sun veils in thick darkness his extinguished splendor; the earth shaketh exceedingly; the mountains tremble with fear and astonishment: the rocks are rent, the graves are opened, the dead arise, and the day is turned into night, for the light of the world ceaseth.

Sinner! it was thy God who thus suffered in thy nature, that thou mightest partake of his, and not die the death eternal.

Sinner! his name is Jesus.

For thee he took that name, that he might save thee from thy sins, that he might redeem thee from the wrath of the Father, and become thy propitiation and ransom.

Adore and wonder; be humble and fear; so shall thy bosom feel the divine ray, and thy heart burn with new comforts.

Sinner! his name from all eternity is Jehovah; for thee he submitted to be called Saviour.

Oh rejoice, that Jehovah is thy strength and support: sing with the voice of sweetest melody, "Jehovah is my Jesus and Redeemer."

Meditate hereon, and be meek; look on that cross, and learn, if thou canst fathom its depth, whence such love to thee.

Let the name of Jesus obtain a place and dwell in thy heart. Thy fears will then vanish, as the early dew before the sun; thou shalt find peace.

INDIVIDUAL CIVILISATION.

BY REV. B. F. TEFFT.

THE great law of the human mind is expansion. Expansion, growth, advancement, is the characteristic fact of the human race. Both philosophy and history establish the truth of these assertions. Reason teaches us to anticipate, and experience confirms the conviction, that man is destined to unlimited and endless improvement; that, as an individual, he is incessantly, perhaps insensibly, progressing; and that, as a race, he is gradually approaching that ultimate goal of perfection—for there is a sense in which this term is applicable to the mass—which marks the anterior boundary of that ideal life, to which humanity looks forward with buoyant hope, and which sheds its light upon the dull or painful realities of each passing hour.

We have reason to trust that the doctrine of individual perfectibility commends itself to the most judicious and intelligent readers. We certainly have a personal interest in it. How gloomy is the future, if man is not advancing! How bright, how glorious, if the world is continually and for ever progressing! In the estimation of many of the strongest minds of the age, the sentiment is stamped with the impression of reason; nor can it

be denied, that it is the most constant topic of prophetic inspiration. Indeed, it is the key, the nucleus, the radiating point, of Scripture. It is the burthen of the old dispensation, and the glory of the new. It is by revelation, in fact, that we have acquired a knowledge of this principle; and, therefore, it is worthy of the utmost confidence. It is a doctrine of great practical influence. It possesses and should exercise, unlimited power on the employment of our mental and physical faculties. It is the object of our hopes, the image of our destiny. Faith should lend us the magic of its sway, and push us onward to the prize. Let this destiny, reader, stand fresh before you in every situation of life. It should visit you in the night season. It should follow you into the secular occupations of the world. It should meet you in your retirements, and form the subject of your profoundest and holiest meditations. It is the inviting angel that precedes you in your course; that incites you to the best and noblest of your undertakings; that will continually point you to the object of your purest and highest aspirations.

How satisfactory, how captivating is the fact, that, amidst all the changes and turmoil of the world, society has never suffered a retrogression! Onward, upward, onward! In the darkest periods, when truth and virtue did appear to sleep, when science had dropped its telescope and philosophy her torch, when the world would seem to have been standing still, the inscrutable wisdom of divine Providence was preparing new agents, and evolving more powerful principles, to co-operate in the work of individual and social improvement. It would appear as if the world, like the year, has its seasons; and that the seed disseminated in spring, must first die, before it can vegetate and produce the rich harvests of autumn. History has marked out such cycles; and we are disheartened by the necessary and successive periods of darkness, because the revolution is so vast, or our own position so humble, that we cannot look beyond the shade that surrounds us, and behold the distant and gradual approaches of another day.

The great agents in the work of individual civilisation are science, philosophy and religion; and the constant and wonderful growth of these agents is a clear indication of the intellectual and moral progress of the world.

The function of science, properly defined, is to acquaint us with the distinct objects and existences, material and immaterial, by which we are surrounded. Its theatre is the universe. Its objects are innumerable, if not infinite. Mind and matter, substance and quality, things visible and invisible, temporal and eternal, are embraced within the compass of its mighty attempts.

Philosophy, on the other hand, transcends the region of isolated facts and abstract existences, and essays to demonstrate the multiplied relations, connections and dependencies which this infinite variety of objects mutually sustains. It places man in the centre of the natural world, and exhibits the manner in which all beings bear a necessary relation to him. To all purposes of simple philosophy, he is regarded as the chief existence. His mind is the focus to which all the properties of spirit and matter, and all the truths of reason and revelation, converge. It is the radiating centre, from which their blended light is subsequently diffused. It is from the human mind that all truths receive their peculiar character and complexions. It is the relations of man to all other existences, material, animal and spiritual, from which are deduced those unalterable and eternal principles, which constitute the ground-work of all philosophy, natural, political and moral.

Religion covers a broader field than is occupied by either of the other agents in civilisation. It is both science and philosophy. It teaches us facts inaccessible to reason, whose magnitude and importance are quite inconceivable,—facts, the influence of which extends "*from everlasting to everlasting.*" It discovers the origin, the history, and the conclusion of all things. It rolls up the curtain of individual and social life, and displays the infinite drama of existence in all the variety of its acts and scenes, with all the perfection of coincident characters and parts, attended by the powerful influence which can be exerted by the respective merits of truth and nature, reason and revelation, combined. It institutes relations the most sublime in their nature, and draws comparisons the most overwhelming in their tendency. The sanction it extends to duty is as broad as eternity. The motives it imparts to the noble and untiring exertion, in the acquisition of truth and the practice of the highest virtues, are as mighty as reason, as enduring as immortality, as inviting as heaven, as sublime, as terrible, as the wages of crime, or as the shadows of the grave!

The history of science is a continual record of intellectual triumphs. Yet, there are sober and otherwise judicious men, who are disposed to doubt the correctness of its annals, and still more the justness of what they denominate its flattering conclusions. They point you to Egypt, intersected by canals, heightened to superior beauty by the charms of agriculture, and crowned with the most magnificent temples and monuments. They conduct you to the pages of classical history, or to the scenes of the modern panorama, and exhibit the splendor of former cities; or to the studio of the ancient artist, and surround you with the speaking canvass and the breathing marble. The Roman empire,

in the days of its highest splendor, is portrayed before you. The antiquity of Indian inventions, or the discoveries of subtle Arabia, are discoursed upon in your presence with apparent triumph. You are told, that all that now astonishes is but the revival of former experience; and that the world is living over again its ancient greatness. The philosophers of Greece are summoned from their graves to testify to the unrivalled glory of a former civilisation. Whence came our knowledge, it is asked, of the natural sciences, but from Abou-Ryan-al-Byrouny, who spent forty years in the study of mineralogy, and from another hard name in the Arabic dialect, who traversed the plains and forests of all Europe to furnish Linnæus with a complete, though indigested system of sexual botany. The gardens, groves, vineyards, and delightful rural villages of Grenada; under the plastic civilisation of its Moorish conquerors, are instantly cited to rival the highest specimens of English cultivation. Paper, gun-powder, the compass, and numerals, with many other inventions and discoveries, are all industriously traced to an early age. Science, it is said, like the sun, rises in the east and travels westward, shedding its light upon the successive nations which lie under its course, and is probably destined to set out again from the same point, again and again to pursue the same journey.

This is without doubt a delightful picture of the past, and is admirably adapted to please the fanciful notions of the antiquary; but it will not satisfy the demands of fact and of history. To demonstrate the remarkable progress which science has made since the ages to which we have alluded, we have only to study the authors who were cotemporaneous with those civilisations which form the boast of this antiquarian spirit, and then go into the modern world and make the comparison. Let the agriculturist peruse the poetic description which the Roman Georgic contains of the implements of husbandry, and testify if he does not go to his steel spade and patent plough with an improved relish. Let the mechanic take up the poems of Homer (and there are many who can read them in the original) and follow the immortal father of the epic muse through his labored panegyrics of Trojan art; and, after he has caught all the enthusiasm he can from viewing Andromache plying a hand-loom, or Diomed riding into battle on a clumsy though classical vehicle, let him enter one of our modern factories, and hear the hum of a million spindles, and the crash of a thousand shuttles; or into a modern depôt, and behold a train set out with the velocity of the wind, and vanish in the distance before he has time to express his astonishment! Let the seaman look back, through the pages of Livy or Virgil, to those times, when a few perilous yachts, or lumbering, heavy-oared galleys, creeping dastardly along the

shore, were the only navy of the most famous people of all antiquity; and with what pride he will set his foot upon the deck of one of our majestic ships of the line, or enroll his name among the bold adventurers of our thundering steam-vessels—

" Whose path is on the mountain wave,
Whose home is on the deep."

How heartily does the geographer laugh at the discoveries of Æneas and the periplus of Hanno! What astonishment would a Roman circus or Grecian amphitheatre express, to witness an American philosopher disarming the tempest of its power, and weaving a peaceful garland with wreaths of lightning when the heavens are on fire! In a word, that science has undergone many revolutions, and been lost in one country to appear in another, is no less true, than that, at each successive development, it has possessed some new element, and shone forth with unprecedented splendor.

The same observation is true of philosophy and religion. Who can doubt that the philosophy of Greece was an improvement on the *symbolism* of Egypt, the *sabeism* of Chaldea, and the *demiurgic* system of the Persian magi? Can it be controverted that philosophy, in the hands of Bacon and Locke, was more real, more pure and rational, than with the philosophers of Athens and Rome? Nor can it be a question, that the path of experiment which these renowned thinkers have contributed to open, is conducting us to greater, clearer, nobler results than any former people or age has achieved. Facts are now the basis of philosophy. The imagination, which so long took the lead in this department of human investigation, has at length found her true place in giving laws to the fictions of romance and in tempering the inspirations of fancy. Analysis and synthesis, for ages separated, have at last formed a happy and promising alliance; induction is taking the place of speculation; and reason is occupying the throne which fancy has at length vacated to her rival.

It is impossible to affirm whether it will be so readily conceded, that religion has also shared in this general improvement. But if we will divest ourselves of the vulgar prejudices respecting the primeval purity of religion which history does not sanction, we shall unanimously acknowledge, that though Christianity is intrinsically the same in all ages, the notions which mankind have entertained of it, and the character and degree of its influence upon the world, have been widely various in different periods of its existence. Its light has certainly been becoming more clear, its sublime doctrines more justly appreciated, and consequently, its tendencies more rational and irresistible. The visible church was the reservoir into which poured, through a series of

ages, the abject soofeeism of the East, the gaudy gnosticism of the South, the splendid but perplexed theistical theories of the West, and ten thousand nameless rivulets of bold and barbaric speculation from the mighty North. This corruption commenced at an early age; nay, in the very days of the apostles. In several of the canonical epistles, and more emphatically in the apocalypse, we are furnished with abundant evidence, that a spirit of innovation had, at that early period, diffused barrenness over vast portions of the Christian world. But the Bible remained; and from that rock there still issued a stream, though at first choked and obstructed in its passage, which was continually increasing in magnitude and power. The names of Vigilantius, Huss, Wicliffe and Luther, are like the graduated columns placed at wide intervals along the bed of the Nile; they mark the progressive elevations of this swelling river of truth, which has at length overflowed its banks, and spread its waters over all lands!

In the progress of these agents of civilisation we witness the advancement of civilisation itself. The individual is now more intelligent, more wise, more virtuous, than in any previous age. But civilisation is yet in its infancy. It is less than three centuries since the true method of human improvement was discovered. Most of the sciences have not passed the season of youth; some of them have just arrived at a conscious existence; others are springing into being. Correct philosophy is perhaps not older than Bacon; it is certainly younger than the dawn of European civilisation, which must be dated from the fall of Constantinople. Religion, as a pure and separate agent, subsequent to the apostolic age, cannot be traced to a much earlier period than that of Vigilantius; nor did it produce anything worthy of special record, aside from the heroic devotion of its principal patrons, until the voice of the sixteenth century shook the columns of the papal throne, and gave intellectual and moral liberty to the world. The work is now going on. The present age is the result of all previous ages. Science, philosophy, religion, are exerting both a separate and a combined influence upon man, which is rapidly realizing the fondest anticipations of the mind; which is undermining the influence of error, diminishing the power of corporations and communities when exercised contrary to the rights and necessities of their component members, and enfranchising, ennobling and perfecting the character of the individual. Democracy is the characteristic tendency of the age. It is the doctrine of all parties, political, social and religious. In Europe, as well as in America, the people begin to realize their power. Every man begins to feel conscious that he is an individual. *Individuality* will continue to mark the onward progress

of the world, until, in some future age, the blessings of knowledge, liberty and happiness, will be enjoyed, in nearly equal degrees, by all classes of men. Perhaps the child is soon to live that shall witness the dawn of this glorious period. Who will not invoke, with the Mantuan bard, the speedy presence of that event:

"Incipe, parve puer!"

or with the rapt poet of Twickenham exclaim:

"Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn,
O, spring to light, auspicious babe, be born!"

THE DYING CHILD.

BY JOHN K. LASKEY.

There thou didst lie, a sinless child at rest,
Hushed as the march of starry-studded night;
Mute as the dew closed in the rose's breast;
Silent as darkness, stealing o'er the light;
Cold as a statue, in pale marble dressed;
Still as a rainbow, falling from the sight;
Calm as a halcyon, that, upon the deep,
Folds slowly its white wings and, fearless, falls to sleep."—*Thomas Miller.*

A FAIR and lovely child that had just learned
To look on flowers and sky with a wild joy,
Such as the heart of childhood only knows;
To love the bright beams of the morning sun,
As they came glancing through the shady trees,
And stole into her room, like fairy fingers
Making fantastic shapes upon the wall,
Was passing from the earth. I have had dreams
Of beautiful and sylph-like forms of earth,
Whose eyes were brilliant as the stars of night;
Whose lips were like the red and honeyed rose;
Whose mouth seemed made to speak angelic words;
But never dreamed of one so much divine,
So meek, so beautiful, as that young child.
Her eyes were blue, the azure blue of heaven;
And with their melting glance, they shed a light
That stole into your soul, and stirred up thoughts
Of some familiar look you once had known:
Her face was like the face of a bright lake,
Reflecting forms and hues from heaven above;
Her step the light and free step of the fawn;
Her words were music, and her soul was joy.
Have not such beautiful beings crossed your path,
And sat beside your table? You have felt,
As day and night alternate came and went,
A love within your bosom springing forth
To clasp and idolize these gifts of Heaven.

They did not tarry with you ! Soon they passed,
As fades the rainbow from the enraptured eye ;
As vanish from the sight the clouds of even ;
As soars some golden-plumaged bird away ;
As disappears some golden dream we've had,
Which waking sense dispersed.

And thus she died,

The beautiful and lovely child of earth.
But many a weary and grief-hidden hour
Her mother passed beside her downy couch,
Watching the life-pulse of her dying babe,
As fast it ebbed away. Death gently came,
As comes some spirit of the heavenly world,
To whisper bliss immortal to the soul
Of one who has long trod the way to heaven ;
And while she lay all calmly, as in dreams,
He drew aside the shadowy veil which shut
Her gaze from immortality and God.
Long on her mother she had fixed her eyes,
Then smiled and shut them, as if now she felt
That she had come to watch the weary hours ;
And when death closed her dreams of mortal things,
On her pale features lingered yet a smile,
That told how beautiful and full of bliss
Could things of earth be as they passed to heaven !

As that pale form lay hushed in earth's last sleep,
I looked upon it and called it a *rose* :
I thought 'twould bloom beside the golden stream
That flows out from the radiant throne of God.
Was it not so ? And with their sinless hands
There angels rear the floweret ? And with dew
Far brighter than earth's richest jewels are,
All sparkling in the beams of Heaven's bright Sun,
They water its young leaves, and teach its bloom
To rise in grateful incense to their God ?
It may be thus ; and 'twas a chosen flower,
And thus God kindly sent his angel, Death,
To pluck it from its tender parent-stem,
Where many a storm might beat to waste its form ;
And far to heavenly climes he bore that flower,
To bloom amid the spirit-paradise.

I turned away and felt 'twas *autumn's* hour :
The crimson sky and yellow leaf we know
Are *always* o'er us and around us strewn,
For Time for ever is God's harvest-day.
It was a picture of our transient life—
For here a form springs up, another there ;
And then to show us how earth's beauteous things
Will fade away and die, Death silent comes
And reaps them in their bloom ; and we are left
To fix the heart on fadeless things above.
Let it be so ! O ! we shall meet again
In the elysian, the eternal fields,
Where parting is unknown ; and till that hour
We'll treasure up the memory of the dead.

ENDURING AFFECTION.

BY REV. J. YOUNG.

"Go to thy darling, false one, go!
 And gaze enraptured on her charms;
 Sink on her breast of melting snow,
 And court her fond, luxuriant arms.

Murmur again the ardent vow
 That mingles hope with fond desire;
 Now paint the lover's wish—and now
 Behold a wo-worn wife expire.

Who, when her dearest hopes were flown,
 And thou wert guilty passion's slave,
 Mourned o'er thy errors as her own,
 And sought to hide them in the grave."

ANON.

EVERY country has views peculiar to itself, and every county in our own country has picturesque embellishments exclusively its own; nor are the diversified charms which nature exhibits in her different scenes of awful grandeur, subduing simplicity, or towering sublimity, more various, or greater in number, than the taste of her admirers. There is an evident association, although no rules can be laid down by which to explain it, between the scenery presented, and the temperament of the enamored beholder. The mild and gentle are not fascinated by the wild uproar of the dashing cataract, the bellowing crater, or the fearful ravine; nor are the bold and impetuous transported by the soft and easy landscape, the neat retired villa, or the unvarying summer skies of luscious Italy; and yet in each there are indescribable emotions, blending with their childhood scenes, and the places of their birth, which never can be erased by the views of any other country.

Allowing these desultory observations to pass for axioms, yet the admission must be made, that there are circumstances which not unfrequently throw a halo of beauty around the most unlovely spots, in our imagination, or which give to beauty itself an impressing power, such as causes its identity ever to stand before the mind's eye.

I feel the correctness of this admission while I write it. Years have not been able to wear out the impression, nor have scenes, of every grade and form, weakened the sensations which cause my mind to turn mechanically to the period and the spot to which I refer. A gentle draw upon memory suffices to bring the minutiae of my "tale's particulars" into being, or to cause, by a process which philosophy cannot explain, a kind of mental resuscitation of the buried feelings of departed years.

My tale may, indeed, be denominated *trite*, and much do I wish that such a charge were less correct than it is; I should then have the advantage of affording more pleasure, although of a painful kind, and of enjoying myself more gratification, in the conviction that fewer incidents of the same painful character were in being, than are now known to exist—

———"But what avails mere wishes,
Good though they be, kindly expressed,
And felt as powerfully? Like a shadow
To a starving man, or painted fire
To one who freezes, or a limpid stream
On canvass gliding, to one parched with thirst—
They seem to mock, and add to misery."

In consequence of a degree of indisposition under which I was laboring, during my visit at a friend's, I was induced to accept the pressing invitation of the gentleman and his charming family, to prolong my stay at his hospitable mansion beyond the period I had intended. In order to afford me an opportunity of viewing the surrounding country, and, at the same time, advantage my health, he proposed, after we had taken breakfast one morning, a ride on horseback to the parsonage house of a neat village a few miles distant. I had before heard of the venerable person who resided there, and felt glad that an opportunity was now offered me to be introduced to his acquaintance. I accordingly expressed my readiness to join my friend in his ride.

It was, perhaps, as cheerful a morning as ever visited our world, since man's "first disobedience" infected universal nature with its moral evil, when

"Earth felt the wound, and nature from her seat
Sighing through all her works, gave sign of woe
That all was lost."

The fairy hand of spring had thrown her many-colored mantle over creation. The time of the "singing of birds" had fully come, and in many a happy note, from the monotonous chirp of the sparrow to the lofty song of the mountain sky bird, were the praises of the glorious Being who "maketh the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice," poured forth.

A rich diversity of scenery and variety of conversation, gave to our animal spirits a buoyancy which extended its influence to every part of the system, and produced a frame of mind of the most happy and tranquillized order. My friend's acquaintance with the venerable person we were about to visit had been of long standing, and his estimation, founded on a knowledge of his character, was of the most exalted kind; hence he found a pleasure, by which I was happy to profit, in furnishing an interesting and detailed account of him. At every reference made to his views and exhibition of truth, his zeal, humility, his regards

and attention to the interests of his flock, and the affectionate respect in which he was held by all who knew him, my anxiety increased to meet him, and, unconsciously, I put my horse into quicker motion, and then, again, reined him in, to keep even with my friend.

The interesting and happy description of a country clergyman, which Goldsmith has given in his "Deserted Village," naturally entered my mind; and in almost all its characteristic traits, it seemed to find its counterpart, or fac-simile, in the person to whose brief history I was listening.

"A man he was to all the country dear"—

beautifully applied, but happily the following lines did not—

"And passing rich with forty pounds a year."

Yet even this scanty stipend, little as it was, exceeds, by four times ten pounds, what too many of those who fill the same office should possess—those play-going, fox-hunting, card-playing race of patronized incumbents, or *incumberers*, and palmerworms to our country.

His stipend, of whom I write, did not reach the exorbitant sum of tens of thousands, nor tens of hundreds, a year; and yet it was sufficient, not only to place him (as all who fill the ministerial office should be placed) above anxiety of mind concerning the things of this world, but enabled him to exhibit, practically, the spirit applied to such by the apostle—"given to hospitality." Presently the tower of the village church appeared to rise out from a thick cluster of majestic trees, by which it was surrounded. Soon as we gained the entrance into the village, and as we rode along, I imagined I could discover the influence of the pious pastor even in the appearance of the people and things which I noticed; and, mentally, I exclaimed, "O that all the ministers of the sanctuary in our land were of the same description! then would murmuring and dissatisfaction cease: the sacred office would no longer be the butt of ridicule or the theme of profane execration; then 'God, even our God, would bless us,' and all the people would turn unto him."

The soliloquy would, perhaps, have been extended, had not a quick turn in the road changed our view; for suddenly to our sight

"The village preacher's modest mansion rose."

It was a neat, thatched building, of antibabel elevation, its loftiest apartments being its airy chambers. Upon every part of it, comfort and contentment seemed visibly impressed. It stood back about thirty yards from the roadside. A gravelled pathway ran along the whole width of the building, to a distance of somewhat more than four feet from the windows. From the centre

of this path, and leading directly from the door-way to the little palisade formed gate, was another of similar dimensions; while the intermediate space on either side was laid out tastefully in flower beds. On the south side of the dwelling were a few acres of pasture land, in which the supplies of his dairy fed and fattened; and in the corner of it were accommodations for his cow and a little galloway.

Having dismounted and secured our horses, we walked up to the house, and received a courteous salutation from Mrs. Goodall, the worthy lady of the vicar.

Shortly after we had taken our seats, Mr. Goodall himself appeared, and never shall I forget his form. It now stands before my imagination with only a little less vividness than that which actual vision could create. Years seemed to have produced a slight change in his manly form from an erect posture, and had silvered over his head with thinly scattered hairs, white as the blossoms of the hawthorn. His eye, that index of the soul, still retained its powers of silent eloquence, and threw over a countenance of uncommon urbanity, a lustre of intelligence, such as that organ, when good, seldom fails to impart.

We were received by him with the courtesy of a gentleman and the openness of a friend. A variety of interesting conversation concerning the signs of the times, the providence of God, and the glory and extent of his kingdom in the world, engaged us for a while, in all which matters Mrs. Goodall took a sensible and modest part. After partaking of some refreshments, Mr. Goodall very politely conducted me to his study. Here again I was indulged with a survey of a choice and well-selected library, principally made up of the works of some of our most celebrated theologians, both of ancient and modern date.

Shakspeare, in his pithy description of the movements of time, declares that with some it "gallops withal." At the period in question, I found that with others, besides those the great bard has mentioned, time sometimes "gallops." With regret I perceived the hour had fully come when it became necessary I should say farewell to one whose fellow I shall not often meet again on earth. The good old man walked with us, through an angle of his paddock, to our horses, and then, with an affectionate pressure of the hand, and a kind invitation to visit him again, he commended us to the blessing of his Master, and left us to pursue our ride homewards.

There is a species of curiosity indulged in by some, which is execrable. It leads its possessors, in restless, prying scrutiny, to seek to dive into all the connections and particulars of every family, and with no higher motive, forsooth, than the pleasure of knowing the affairs of others better than they know their own.

Such littleness of conduct evinces great puerility of mind, and merits every degree of reprehension which can be directed against it; and yet, while I hold and publish this doctrine, I confess that I felt an irrepressible desire to know more of the amiable person I had just visited.

Every indulger in any particular vice has his own particular method of excuse or apology for what he does. So, too, have I, in reference to my present curiosity; it was not a desire to know, for the idle sake of knowing, but from a conviction that additional knowledge would give strength to my regards for the worthy object of them. But how to obtain that information was difficult to determine, or, rather, I could not conceive. All I could learn of Mr. Goodall from my friend I had already learned, and that, as I have intimated, was of such a nature as to lead to a desire of more, rather than to satisfy.

A few months after my visit to the parsonage, I was spending a cheerful hour with a gentleman of my acquaintance, when the estimable Mr. Goodall became the leading subject of our conversation. Now the object of my solicitude appeared likely to be gained, my hopes were afresh excited, and, after I had proposed a few general questions on the subject, I found that my expectations were not more flattering than solid. I soon obtained all the information I wished, which not only interested my mind very deeply, but furnished me with the means through which I now give the sequel of my tale.

Upwards of eighteen years had passed away, prior to my visit to Mr. Goodall's happy residence, since, in accordance with the convictions of his conscience, he had given up a cure which he held in another part of the country, and came to reside on the spot where the claims upon his service appeared the strongest. At this period his family consisted of one son and three lovely daughters. Death had, however, a few months before, entered his domestic circle, and torn away from his arms the wife of his youth—the amiable mother of his beloved children. The management of so important a charge he felt would exceed his ability, and distract his attention from the weighty obligations connected with his ministerial duties; and hence, at a proper time, he entered a second time into the marriage state, with the excellent lady I had once the pleasure to meet.

Years had passed away since Mr. Goodall's second union, and manhood began to brace the limbs of his son, while his daughters advanced fast towards womanhood, with every advantage which personal attractions and a liberal education could give.

As in the family of the "Vicar of Wakefield" there was an Olivia, so was there also in this. She was the youngest of the three, and, perhaps, the most lovely. But many a casket of pre-

eminent beauty exists, whose furniture is of the most homely character. Here it was not so. Fair as was the person of Olivia Goodall, the adorning of her mind was equally fair. She either was not aware of her external attractions, or she thought with Solomon—"Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised." Her affectionate disposition and pious simplicity endeared her to an extensive circle.

Twenty summer suns had passed over her head, and her heart had never known a more tender emotion than friendship could inspire, excepting what she had felt towards God and her family connexions; but her reign of peace and freedom expired nearly with her teens. A pressing invitation from one of her sisters, who had already been some time married, and was settled respectably in London, drew her from the sylvan scenes of a quiet country life, to the glare and bustle of one of the most captivating cities in the world. To state what were her feelings during the hurry of preparation, or at the period of her departure, would be mere speculation; these things, and others, connected with her journey to town, are easily supplied by the most morbid imagination. It will, therefore, be sufficient to my purpose to state that counsel, such as piety, experience and affection might be supposed to offer, was given by her venerable sire, and received by the amiable Olivia with devout attention; and that, after four-and-twenty hours' travelling, she reached the busy and gay metropolis of her country, and shortly after felt herself pressed to the bosom of her beloved sister.

Sincere in all her professions, and artless as innocence could make her, Olivia judged of others by her own guileless nature; and hence, too soon fell a victim to craft, deception, and villany, of a rank, but too common a kind.

Among a number of respectable families, whom she visited in company with her sister, was a Mr. Freeport's, a gentleman whose character and connexions rendered such acquaintance desirable. But in every earthly advantage there is something to mar and deteriorate. It was here. The wife of Mr. Freeport was as opposite to himself as contrariety of character could make her. If the decided piety of her husband was not a matter of open dislike and ridicule, it was merely tolerated by her. Her public profession, indeed, resembled his; but her private conduct too plainly demonstrated, that hers was profession without principle. Boisterous in her temper, vain in her pursuits, and dressy in her person, she was the bane of her husband's peace, and the destroyer of her own and her family's happiness. Two sons were all the children they had, who, under proper training, might have become ornaments to society, and blessings to their connexions. But who does not know the influence of a mother's conduct?

Who is not aware of the awful capabilities of which she is possessed, and the consequent responsibility attaching to such a character? The ruin or preservation of her offspring, principally, as an instrument, rests with herself.

It was fashionable for Addison, Johnson, Steele, Knox, and others of their day, who were distinguished as essayists, to hold up, by satire, to reproof, the unnatural conduct of mothers who deserted their children in infancy, by turning them over to a nurse, and, in after life consigning them to the care of tutors and governesses. But a worse, if possible, course of conduct has led me thus to diverge a little from my tale. Who can but tremble for those whose cruelty is not sufficiently exercised by leaving their children to pursue the course their own depraved nature may point out, but who, abetting them in their practices, furnish them with the means yet more effectually to carry out into daring acts their enmity towards God? Such is, in too many instances, the case with mothers now; and such was the case with Mrs. Freeport in reference to her two sons. Unknown to her husband and friends, she furnished them with sums as their wishes desired, to plunge into every kind of gaiety and excess, at the theatre, the ball-room, and the card-table. As, however, this line of conduct was pursued in secret, an external profession was still maintained by the youths, to the deception of the father and others.

Such had long been and such continued to be the state of affairs at Mr. Freeport's when Olivia and her sister visited. However much the feelings of Marcus, the eldest son of Mr. Freeport, might have been deadened by his pursuits of folly, he was not insensible to the charms of the lovely Olivia; and yet they were too vitiated to feel the pure and holy passion, to which only, with propriety, the epithet *love* is applied. Every interview increased what was considered his affection towards her. The artless Olivia saw, and judging by what she saw, approved, and approving loved—yes, she returned an almost idolizing passion for a base and worthless counterfeit. The proposals of young Freeport were listened to, the character of the worthy father was forwarded to Mr. Goodall, his consent was obtained, and in about nine months from leaving the parsonage, the happy Olivia Goodall returned from it again to London, expecting to be the happy Mrs. Freeport.

Everything furnished presumptive evidence to her, that she should realize at least as much of happiness as usually is known by the happy in the married state. She was united to the man of her affections, for her heart was wholly his; their circumstances in life were more than merely easy, and her husband was kind and attentive. But the sunny brow of her joys was evanescent, as is frequently the pageant which adorns the heavens after the falling of a summer shower. Unkindness succeeded to

inattention, and that was followed by partial desertion: home, for him, appeared to have no charms, and religion, no attractions: still the affectionate Olivia neither felt nor expressed any diminution in her regards. She loved him with all the ardor of a woman's love—than which nothing is more lasting, nothing more strong. She even displayed increasing affection, as her husband's declined; and sought, by devoted kindness, to make his home the most delightful spot which earth could present, and to bind it and herself to him. But her efforts were vain, and she wept, unrepvingly, over what she could not remedy.

Four years she had been a wife, and now two lovely children claimed and enjoyed her diligent and affectionate care. These became her chief earthly comfort; to train their infant minds to knowledge and piety, engaged all the spare time from other concerns which now pressed heavily upon her, and which, from their nature, should have been attended to by her husband. Still no murmur escaped her, no upbraiding word fell on the ear of him she still loved; much less did any intimation to her friends furnish materials for conjecture even that she was not happy. No! her own bosom, and the ear of God, were the repository of the secret of her sufferings, which to her were sacred.

"She never told her wo,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her dumsak cheek: she pined in thought
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief."

It was no unfrequent thing, now, for Olivia to be left alone, with all the weight of business on her hands, for a week or two together. He who had played the hypocrite already to such perfection, had not lost the ability to support that character still: in fact, he played it not—it was his own. Olivia, unsuspecting as ever, for still she loved him with the strength of first love, and hence the glaring inconsistencies in his conduct passed off unnoticed by her—gave full credence to every tale he told. Sometimes an unexpected circumstance connected with business was feigned, to call him to the country, in one direction, sometimes in another; on such occasions, she displayed all the tender affection of a wife, by hastening, with an assiduity which few could have surpassed, to prepare for his departure; and then, with her own hands, packed his portmanteau, lest any comfort should be forgotten—with all the devotion of a young lover, she bade him adieu, while he hastened to the scenes which he loved, and such as I forbear to mention.

Once already had the profligacy of Marcus Freeport involved him in embarrassment. The marriage portion of Olivia was expended, and additional help was indispensable; for, without it, publicity would be given to the state of his affairs. In this

dilemma, the confiding, devoted wife, believing that misfortune, as stated by her husband, was the cause, so represented the case to her pious father, and he, relying on the statement of his beloved child, promptly remitted the sum required. This affair had passed away, when, one fine evening, Olivia was sitting with her beloved Marcus, as she fondly called her husband; the children were gambolling around them, and happiness once again seemed entering their habitation. Indeed, the kind-hearted Olivia always felt happy when Marcus was with her. She was now gazing on him in a rapture of affection, when a gentleman was announced, inquiring for Mr. Freeport; the servant was desired to introduce him; he entered, and, after a brief apology for his intrusion, exhibited a writ, by virtue of which he claimed Mr. Marcus Freeport for his prisoner. Olivia shrieked, sprang with a convulsive bound to the side of her husband, as if to protect him, and fainted at his feet. Returning consciousness presented her affrighted children weeping over her, who, with the servant, alone remained. Her husband was immured within the strong walls of a prison.

During one of the days which her husband had devoted to pleasure, he journeyed with a female of fascinating appearance. The appearance of Mr. Freeport was perfectly gentlemanly. Struck with the beauty and accomplishments of his fair companion, he resolved to carry off the prize which was thus presented; and hence, assuming an air and consequence perfectly *nautique*, he appeared before her *la courageux et illustre* Captain George Frederick Stanley.

The beautiful Miss Maria Louisa Nevell, after a courtship of a few weeks, was led to the altar, and became the deceived bride of an accomplished villain. In two weeks he abandoned her.

A few days only passed, and the public papers told a tale which Olivia would never have told. Her pious and venerable father read the heart-sickening statement, and instantly sent such condolence as his child's circumstances required, accompanied by a request, that she would retire with her family to his parental abode, and make his house her home. She declined. Her heart still was his, who had basely spurned the purest, strongest affection. Her determination was fixed, and she awaited the issue of his trial.

The morning of the day arrived—the case was opened—his marriage with Olivia was proved. It only remained to substantiate his second marriage to make out a case of bigamy. To the “glorious uncertainty of the law,” however, he was indebted for a verdict, which, although in his favor in reference to his freedom, removed not from his character the blot with which it was stained. The marriage, indeed, was clearly proved, as far as the ceremony went; but that was rendered invalid by the

omission of one of the lady's given names, and he was discharged. Even yet, with the fondness of a wife who deserved a better husband, Olivia loved him; and, on the day of his acquittal, waited for him at the door of his prison, and receiving him to her bosom, conveyed him in a carriage she had prepared for the purpose, to their habitation.

The wound, however, which such infamy had inflicted upon the peace of the aged Mr. Goodall, bowed him down to the earth. "I have," he replied to a friend who paid him a visit shortly after, "I have been poorly some time, and this last affair has been the breaking up of my constitution." He continued for a while to perform the duties of his office; but, at length the village bell, which had for so long a period called his flock to receive the word at his lips, summoned the weeping villagers to follow to the grave the remains of their faithful and beloved minister. Olivia, too, like some scathed flower beat down beneath a desolating storm before its beauty had declined, sunk under the loss of her venerable parent, and the continued unkindness of her husband, whom still she loved with the unabated ardor of strong affection, and whose crimes she still sought to hide from popular observation.

As the heavy hand of death pressed upon her heart, and the feeble pulse of life beat slower and yet more slow, she prayed for him; and while her redeemed spirit passed gently away, and the whispered "*farewell*" issued from her lips, her closing eye gazed fondly on him; and even in death, the placid smile which sat upon her countenance, seemed to express what she had during life so powerfully displayed—ENDURING AFFECTION.;

THE ANGEL'S SEARCH.

BY MRS. JANE L. SMITH.

I CANNOT find the thing I seek,
Through earth, or air, or sky;
'Twill still elude my eager grasp,
'Twill still my search defy.
In every unfrequented clime,
In every well-known spot,
I've sought in vain the prize to find—
One thing that changes not.

They told me earth was beautiful;
A garden, full of flowers,
Of scented shrubs and pleasant plants,
Of vines and myrtle bowers.

I thought so till I saw the bloom
Upon the roses fade,
And marked the dry and withered leaves
That strewed the wintry glade.

They told me that the sunshine slept
Upon earth's verdant hills,
And sparkled in the limpid course
Of rippling mountain rills.
I knew not that the glowing ray
Must pale as night come on,
And darkness shroud each fav'rite spot
The sun had shone upon.

They spoke of towers, and palaces,
Of domes and gilded fanes:
I mark'd the ruins time had made,
And felt my search was vain.
In vain I've winged my rapid flight
To earth's remotest spot,
In vain I've sought my prize to find
One thing that changes not.

They told me that the mind of man
Was noble in its aim,
Endowed with gifts which angels share,
With powers which gods might claim;
Immortal in its destiny,
It could not know decay,
A spark from Heaven can ne'er go out,
However faint its ray.

Elate with hope, I hover'd near
At last my prize to find;
But, ah! the mind of changing man
Is fickler than the wind.
For prejudice and wrong have warped
Those minds I've dared to scan;
And gilded baubles change or mar
This better part of man.

They told me that the human heart
Knew strong and changeless ties;
That naught but death could break the links
Of kindred sympathies.
I marked the glow that earthly love
O'er every scene could fling;
Even to an angel's eye it seemed
A pure and holy thing.

Yet time would quench—estrangement chill
The current of its flow;
Naught but a mother's love could bide
Through this world's weal or wo.
I saw it cling to worthless ones,
Herself, her love, forgot;
It was *almost* the prize I sought—
One thing that changes not.

They said that hope could cheer the soul
 With an undying ray;
 But I have seen its light illumine—
 Grow pale—and fade away.
 Oh! earth has not one boon to give,
 Within its widest range,
 That feels not Time's decaying touch,
 That knows not blight or change.

I'll spread my wings, and speed my flight
 Back to my starry home,
 Where kindred spirits chaunt their songs
 To greet me as I come.
 Farewell, oh earth, in yonder sphere
 Is cast my happier lot,
 There ye may seek a better world—
 A world that changes not.

FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

To the acquisition of extensive knowledge, *incessant application and industry* are necessary. Nothing great or good has ever been achieved without them. Be willing then to labor—be not satisfied with superficial attainments, but accustom yourselves to habits of accurate and thorough investigation. Explore the foundations and first principles of every science. It is observed by Locke, that “there are fundamental truths that lie at the bottom—the basis upon which a great many others rest—and in which they have their consistency: there are teeming truths rich in stores, with which they furnish the mind; and like the lights of heaven, are not only beautiful and interesting in themselves, but give light and evidence to other things, that, without them, could not be seen or known.” These are the truths with which we should endeavor to enrich our minds. Be select in your reading—become familiar with the writings of the great master spirits of the world, who will enrich your minds with profound, enlarged and exalted views; and who, while they form you to habits of just and noble thinking, will also teach you to cherish pure and generous feelings. If you would make these thorough acquisitions, you must guard against the immoderate indulgence of your passions, and the seductions of evil companions. A life of dissipation and pleasure is death to superior excellence. A body invigorated by habits of temperance and self-denial, and a mind undisturbed by unholy passions, serene and cheerful in conscious rectitude, are most powerful auxiliaries in the pursuit of science.

It is equally important for you to guard against self-sufficiency and vanity. This temper is an effectual barrier to high intellectual improvements. Frequently reflect upon the small extent

and imperfection of your attainments—on the vast regions of science that are yet unexplored by you—on the hidden stores of learning which are contained in the ten thousand books that you have never read or seen, or of which, perhaps, you have not even heard. Remember, too, the lofty attainments that have been made by some profound scholars both of ancient and modern days. I would recommend you to read, in early life, a few well selected biographies of men who were distinguished for their general knowledge. Read the lives of Demosthenes, of Erasmus, of Newton, of Locke, of Hale, of Haller, of Doddridge, of Johnson, and of such accomplished and illustrious scholars. Observe the ardent attachment and intense industry with which they cultivated science, and the astonishing acquirements which they made,—their high valuation of time and careful improvement of it—compare your attainments and habits with theirs—not to repose in sluggish despondency, but to rouse yourself from apathy and sloth to a noble emulation of rising to an equality with them.

It was by no secret magic that these mighty scholars attained to distinction and fame—it was by *patient, persevering, untiring industry*. If the eloquence of Demosthenes shook, with its thunder, the throne of a Philip, and ruled the fierce democracy of Athens, and if the vehement denunciations and powerful appeals of Cicero drove Catiline from the senate house, and made Cæsar tremble, it was by the private studies and profound meditations of the closet, their minds having been invigorated, and expanded, and enriched, and ennobled with diversified knowledge, lofty sentiment and generous feeling. If Newton, with a flight more adventurous than the eagle's, soaring to the very boundaries of creation—if he explained the laws that govern the universe, and let in a new flood of light upon the world—it was ardent attachment to science; it was intense, patient, untiring industry, that gave to the pinions of his mind that vigor which elevated and sustained him at so lofty a height. If Locke and Reed have dispelled the darkness that has for ages settled on the human intellect, and have freed the sciences of the mind from the intricacies and subtleties of the schools, it was not merely by the force of their own genius, but by deep, patient and repeated meditation and study. If Burke charmed listening senates by the masculine strength and brilliancy of his thoughts; if Mansfield and our own Hamilton illumined the bar by the splendor of their learning and eloquence; if Hall and Chalmers proclaimed from the pulpit immortal strains, it was not only because they ranked among the first scholars, but also among the most laborious men of their age. Contemplate the character of these illustrious men, imitate their industry, their eager love of learning, and the zeal with which they pursued it, and you may equal them.



from an original painting by J. M. W. Turner

The Light of the Lighthouse?





No. 7.

Rubus Idaeus.

Raspberry. Hindberry

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THE POWER OF NATURE OVER THE HUMAN MIND.

No. I.

BY REV. T. H. STOCKTON, PHILADELPHIA.

THE works of nature were designed by our Creator to exert a powerful influence over the human mind. They were brought into existence to represent his character and exhibit his ineffable glory. A revelation, spiritual in its nature and objects, would not be suitable to impress us, had it not the material universe for its foundation. The laws of intellect, as found in man, require that there should be an appeal to the senses, before there is an appeal to the spiritual part of our constitution; and consequently, such a system as Christianity presupposes, a prior manifestation of God, through a material medium. Our ideas of omnipotence, omnipresence, and eternity, are inseparably associated with the physical universe. If the mind desire to enlarge these sentiments, it involuntarily resorts to this instrumentality, and amid the wonder of a far extending universe, quickens its conceptions of the native grandeur of Jehovah. It is therefore not strange, that the inspired writers should pay so much deference to nature. If they were not philosophers by profession, they were in fact, and, prompted by its instructions, they maintained the importance and dignity of the elder revelation. Had they depreciated nature to elevate inspiration, there would at once have been an interruption of their harmony, and so far from gaining any advantage thereby, Christianity would have lost its strongest authentications.

The introduction of sin has so weakened the intellect and corrupted the heart, that the influence of nature has been diminished. It has not, however, been destroyed. All morbid action of mind and matter is but a diversion of said action from its original law. The power of nature is now seen in the false uses made of it. First of these abuses of the material universe—first in its intellectual connections—and first in its pernicious agency—is the doctrine of Atheism. It is the most remarkable form of that original sentiment—the love of nature. The essence of this system is a subordination of the intellect to the senses. The labored reasonings of an atheistic mind are based on the supposition that nature gives evidence of a God, and thus, the Atheist and the Theist start at the same point. The position of the Atheist is offensive; that of the Theist is defensive. No mortal man is competent to the task of sustaining the withering

hypothesis of Atheism. The variety and number of the objects, indicating a supreme wisdom and a sovereign power, render the undertaking of the Atheist perfectly hopeless. To decide this momentous question, he would have to make the circuit of the globe, and investigate all its laws and collocations. If he were to omit the examination of a single flower, or neglect a solitary object, that flower, that object might be the very thing that would demonstrate the being and attributes of God. If he were to avoid one secluded vale, that vale might teem with the proofs of a divine skill, and smile in the glory of the creative hand. The usual evidence employed by Atheists to establish their system, illustrates its weakness and its entire want of adaptation to the popular mind. The metaphysical argument, on which so much stress is laid, cannot be comprehended by the ordinary classes of intellect, even supposing it had any claims to credence. To be an Atheist, it may be safely said, a man must leave the common and familiar paths of reason, and resort to labyrinthine walks of pure metaphysics. How can the crowd ever be induced to do this? The history of Atheism proves the truth of this observation. Its tenets were confined to a few philosophers in ancient Greece and Rome. Despite of the genius of Hume, it made no progress among the less erudite classes of English society. The best safeguard against error is generally found in strong, manly common sense, and common sense is usually the inheritance of those who have not educated their genius to the destruction of their native wisdom.

Men too often overlook the great fact, that intellect is only safe in its moral investigations, when the heart, regulated by honest principles, accompanies it. The rise and progress of Atheism have been marked by intellectual features alone. The truth of the divine existence addresses the moral sense and the moral feelings as much as the intellect. It is by their instrumentality that we chiefly sympathize with it. A man may forget his moral nature, if he be demonstrating a problem in Euclid, but not if he be sitting in judgment on the probabilities of Jehovah's being. The cases are not similar; the same principles and laws are not involved. Is it at all singular, then, that in the intellectual days of Greece and France, when moral principle was so much discarded, that intellect should have enthroned Atheism on the imagined ruins of the Divine Throne? There is a blindness that springs from gazing too long and too intently on the dazzling sun, and is this to be charged to the want of light, or to its abundance? Thus it is with mere intellect. Without reverence for the sublime name of God—without affection for the attributes of God—without a veil for its profane vision—it rushes into too close contact with Him who dwells in unapproachable light,

and, smitten with sudden darkness, turns to the humble multitude, and pours forth its feeble vengeance in denying the existence of the universal sovereign.

The social feelings of man have two objects. The one is God; the other is his fellow. The noblest form of these sentiments is religion. A man is just as much necessitated to seek society in God, if he would realize the dignity and pleasure of his social nature, as he is to have intercourse with the brotherhood of the world. If, now, the human tendencies of our social feelings were diverted from their appropriate channels—if man were to blot out the memory of all those, whose images constitute the inner companionship of the spirit—and turn coldly away from the friends that share in his sorrows and joys, could he replace the vacancy with any object in nature? The same fact applies to the other form of the social sentiment. If man exclude the idea of God from his mind, and cast away the golden censer, with which, as a worshipful priest, he should minister humbly and thankfully, before the high altar of the highest heaven, what can he expect, but that a melancholy want of intercourse with God should torment his bereaved spirit? The idea of God is powerful even with those who do not profess personal religion. It is a refuge in distress. It is the endorsement of virtue. It is the pledge of immortality. It is the safeguard of truth. It is the defence of law. It is the preservative of life. It is the basis of morality. Tell us not, if this idea be abandoned, man can find companionship in the works of nature. Tell us not, that the circling skies and the fresh landscape will charm his spirit and minister to his delights. Never, never. If the material universe be chance work, it is nothing to us, for there is no provision within us, for sympathy with chance, and of consequence, none, with its productions. Could we come to the conclusion, that American liberties and American government are the offspring of blind chance, would not their majesty and interest at once sink? Is it not the memory of the pilgrim fathers, is it not the association of Washington and his brave compatriots with the freedom and power of this nation, that warms our attachment to the hills and valleys of our native land? Separate God from his universe, and the beauty of stars fades, and the splendor of the sun vanishes; a double curse then falls upon man—the curse of depravity, and the curse of orphanage!

The power of nature is seen in the superstition that it engenders in uncultivated and misguided minds. Whenever superstition assumes the form of religion, it becomes the dominant principle of the bosom, and sways a sovereignty of the most fearful character. The elements of true religion are wisdom, fear, and hope. The elements of superstition are ignorance and

fear. The check on fear is removed by the absence of hope, and the channel in which it should run, is destroyed by the prevalence of ignorance. Invested with the supremacy of the inner nature, bound by no law, fear becomes the tyrant of the spirit. Its requirements are without mercy, and its punishments without compassion. It changes good into evil. It has no blessings to bestow, except at the expense of the direst tortures. Its eye is fixed more on hell than heaven. Wherever intellectual imbecility has been found, there it has met with its congenial soil. Asiatic nations, reposing under a sultry sky, and luxuriating amid the riches of nature, have ever shown its horrible features in the fullest degree. If Mohammedism did no other good, it served to curtail its power, though in the end it developed principles pernicious to morals and society.

The milder forms of superstition are built upon the appearances and occurrences of nature. If they have not a religious cast, still, they are to be viewed as injurious to the mind.

The song of the whip-poor-will near the house will alarm the timid mother, and lead her to apprehend that death is approaching with its uplifted sceptre. The howling of a dog before the door will awake similar apprehensions. The fall of a looking-glass will throw the fancy into a violent state of feverish excitement. A dream will haunt its subject from day to day. Any undertaking commenced on Friday must needs result unsuccessfully. Various other forms of popular superstition abound. The foundation principle of all such superstitions is an erroneous view of the economy of providence. The policy of that economy is secrecy. Its wisdom is unrevealed—its purposes are hidden. If it were revealed, its nature would at once be changed and its objects thwarted. Does not superstition arrogate far too much to itself, when it presumes to determine on the divine procedures by such insignificant circumstances? Does it not invade Jehovah's own chosen dominion, girted around with dark clouds, and take the attitude of his anointed prophet? If such things be worthy of regard, it must be either because they belong to nature or miracles. Do they belong to nature? No, for their unnaturalness is the supposed ground of confidence in them. Do they belong to miraculous interferences? Then, where is their warrant? where is the promise on which they are rested? The ancient object of miracles was to attest truth, but, in this instance, it is to announce truth.

The faults of early education, no doubt, give rise to these superstitious tendencies. A foolish nurse may impart such a bias to a child's mind, as that its imagination will be ever divining futurity from the most familiar circumstances. Impressions made upon the susceptible intellect before reason can think and

decide, seldom obey the laws of a regulated mind. Arguments cannot reach them. The channel of the canal may be dug, but who can draw lines by which the river shall run? The wayward fancy often gets the start of reason and becomes uncontrollable.

Any warrant drawn from certain facts in scripture, in confirmation of superstitious signs, must be regarded as unauthorized. If Jehovah did, in olden times, speak in dreams and visions, it was in fulfilment of a great plan that he was executing. Are circumstances similar now? If the prophetic system were maintained once, does it follow that it is now in operation? The object of all those miraculous interferences was to bring the world into such a condition as to render miraculous interferences undesirable and unnecessary. That condition has been secured. No man has now any right to look for the will of Jehovah beyond the Bible, and the fixed ordinations of nature. If he do, he depreciates these standards, and by multiplying forms of revelation, enfeebles the great principles on which true revelation stands.

Another illustration of the power of nature over the human mind is presented in poetry. The office of this noble art is to discern the beauties of nature. It is the interpreter of those symbols that fill the universe. It is the Priestess, offering up sacrifices from mountain tops, radiant with golden sunshine. The names of Prophet and Poet were anciently one, and what could more significantly mark the illustrious work of the Poet than this circumstance? There are two eminent advantages derived from poetry. The first is, it expresses truths, known and felt in such a way, as that they may be known better and felt more deeply than ever before. All of us understand the import of filial affection towards our mothers, but if we peruse *Cowper's lines on receiving his mother's picture from Norfolk*, the delightful sentiments involved in our grateful love appear invested with new beauty and strength. The second advantage is, it has a sphere belonging only to itself. If a man were to employ his reason in producing a prose work on the plan of *Milton's Paradise Lost*, he would be viewed as approaching a state of intellectual alienation, and malignant critics might sport with him, as spiders sport with luckless flies, that have become entangled in their skilfully woven net. A number of great minds that now exert a prodigious influence over thought and sentiment, would have been comparatively lost to the world, but for this medium of mental exertion.

The sublimest form of knowledge is theology; the next is history. Without theology, we should be ignorant of eternity; without history, we should be ignorant of time. Without the one, we should know nothing of God; without the other, we

should know nothing of man. We are indebted to poetry for much of our theology and history. It was in poetry, that Isaiah recited the magnificent strains of redemption; it was thus that David echoed the sweet strains of the seraphim. It was in poetry, that the early legends of nations were embodied. Heaven and earth have honored it. See the poet acting as the priest of his country's religion; see him preserving national events from oblivion by recording them in poetic language; see him standing upon the mount of vision, and writing the annals of future ages; see him holding rapt communion with the Invisible!

The source of poetry is nature. If it describe spiritual things, it is by natural things. Its eye is ever open to beauty, and its ear to melody. Wherever it meets with the traces of the creative skill, there it erects an altar and worships. If, with Mungo Park, it discovers a small tuft of green grass, in the barren desert, it sings its praise. If, with Alexander Selkirk, it occupies the ocean-isle, with the expanse of waters around, and the expanse of firmament above, it sings in Cowper's strains:

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute."

The most popular of recent poetry has been of the descriptive character. It has pictured nature in her manifold aspects. It has inspired a taste for her communion, such as was never felt before. If Cowper commenced this style of poetry, Wordsworth has probably carried it to perfection. The genius of Lord Byron is never so powerful as when it sings:

"I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of cities torture; I can see
Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be
A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,
Classed among creatures: where the soul can flee,
And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain
Of ocean, or the stars mingle, and not in vain."

It must be acknowledged, however, that Byron's appreciation of visible nature was at the expense of society, and consequently, it was a morbid sentiment. Let a mind be properly balanced, and its love of the material universe and society will exist and operate together. The misanthropy that discolors all the writings of this celebrated poet, is probably only assumed, for no man could be alive to the charms of nature as he was, and be dead to all social sensibilities. Is not beauty a unit—and sublimity a unit? If a man love the beautiful and the sublime in nature with true fervency, how can he hate the beautiful and the sublime, that are ever shining through these thin vestments of mortality, and like the twilight sky, reflecting a departed glory?

W O M A N .

BY GRENVILLE MELLER.

THE world has had its mysteries—but none
More strange than this sweet riddle. From the hour
When she broke on the bowers of Paradise,
All lustre and all loveliness, the earth
Has had at once its wonder and its wo!
Nature assum'd new beauty when she came,
And through Creation's garden there went forth
A crowning creature 'mid its countless flowers.

To Man, the monarch of the earth he trod,
Great, yet disconsolate, amid his home,
She came like Mercy, robed beyond all dreams,
In such unvision'd mastery of form—
With brow so pregnant with divinity—
With eye so lumin'd from its god-like fount—
With tongue so angel-toned, and voiced like lyres—
In everything, so chisel'd like the work
Of some Heav'n-guided sculptor, that she sat,
At once the guardian and the joy of man,
Bound to his leaping heart!

The years went on.
She met temptation mid her home of bloom.
She listen'd—and she fell! A wilderness
Seem'd closing round them in great shadow. Song
Was lost in discord—and a poisonous breath
Went up from the black weeds that crush'd the flowers!

Then Time went hand in hand with Trial. Death,
Commission'd on black pinion, by each door
Swoop'd with his midnight wing. No summons there
Was left unanswer'd—but with faint white lip,
The passing victims whisper'd—'We are here!'

A change went o'er the world—and Man was chang'd
His monarchy was lost—his sceptre gone—
His empire, that of old he sway'd alone,
Thenceforth divided with the thing he spurn'd.
Reason, that erst in him confess'd her throne,
Found new abiding-place, and Man beheld
Matter triumphant rival of the Mind.

Yet Woman fell not, like some stricken star,
For ever from her sphere. She travel'd yet
On the same pilgrimage, and shared with Man
His greatness and his curse. She 'bode with him
In beautiful fidelity, though once
To her own soul unfaithful. She abode,
With Beauty yet like morning on her brow,
And joyance on her lips. With Mercy yet,
She walked beneath the roofs of weary men,
Smooth'd the low couch of sickness—and unbow'd,

Clos'd on the reeking path of pestilence,
 With step unfaltering, where he who once
 Rode as creation's lord earth's battle-field,
 And jaunched on seas of blood for victory,
 Had paled with fear—or stretched with quiv'ring hand
 The drug he dared extend to misery!

How the years sped, and what dim centuries
 Left like a seal on Woman's destiny,
 Grey history tells. The mem'ry of young days,
 When in unsham'd dependency she sat,
 At once the grace and glory of his bower,
 Close to the heart of man, now pass'd away
 Before new aspirations. Crown and throne
 No longer closed the vista of her dreams,
 But both were hers. She heard deep voices call,
 And saw hands beckon her to royalty;
 And she became the ruler of great lands,
 And saw men bow to her, as to old kings
 That she had heard of—till she felt a power
 Was in her that she knew not till that time:
 And with the consciousness came a new hope,
 And a new struggle—and she turned from tears,
 And all that made her beautiful, to try
 A rivalry with Man in all that made
 Man aught but an immortal! She would dare
 To dally with those sterner elements,
 In which the Tyrant oft has sunk the man,
 Or Man, like idiot, disgraced his power.

She rul'd—and empires trembled. Her command
 Was louder than the world had thought to hear,
 From one whose voice was fashion'd to the tones
 Of Nature's melting melodies. It rose
 Till its sound startled like the trumpet-blast,
 And the heart quak'd to hear. She could command
 Like despot, when his spirit is unrein'd,
 And every light of Mercy has gone out
 That should shine o'er his people.

Other lands

Beheld her in yet sterner vassalage
 To passion and its power. Ambition rode,
 A victor, through the vast world of her heart,
 Strangling each blessed fountain at its head,
 Or dashing streams with poison as they flow'd,
 And giving to dim waste that wondrous soil,
 So beautiful in fruitage and in bloom.

She gather'd, as a banner, beneath helm,
 The locks that were her glory, and with plume
 Tossing with charger's mane to the battle-wind,
 Led on to victory, in the thundering van
 Of great o'ershadowing armies. The red sword
 Wav'd in the mail'd white hand, that scarce could grasp
 Its pondrous hilt, as some wild meteor blade,
 Swung by the warrior through his murky field.
 Men follow'd her, as a great captain, forth—
 Not on some errand, where the heart led on,
 But where the spirit, black as demon's urg'd
 On hellish mission to its grave of blood!

And such was Woman, as she left the sky!
 And such did she become. The veil that rose,
 As the years swept it, from the struggling mind,
 Betray'd to her her sorrow and her power!

Yet did she see idolatry. The spell
 Was round her like an atmosphere—and Man
 Could not but worship, though the idol, then,
 Had pass'd from its first loveliness. But still,
 The charm was not unearthly. There were gems
 From no Golconda of the spirit—but
 A baser jewelry that lighted her,
 And drew Man to his bondage. The quick fire
 Of an unnatural beauty, and the flash
 Of passion, in some splendid rivalry—
 The fascination of a light, whose blaze
 Is born of fashion, and with fashion dies,
 Then made, and make Man's worship.

O, if *now*
 Woman would lift the noble wand she bore,
 Once so transcendent—and which still she wears,
 Half-hidden, though not powerless—and again
 Wave in its magic power o'er pilgrim Man,
 How would she win him from apostasy,
 Lure back the world from its dim path to wo,
 And open a new Eden on our years!

CIRCUMSTANTIAL TESTIMONY.

ON the summit of a hill near Muhlbach, a small town of Rhenish Prussia, there is a chapel dedicated to St. Joseph. Being a place of pilgrimage, this chapel is on festival days visited by many of the inhabitants of the surrounding country; but on other days of the year it seldom happens that the sound of a human footstep disturbs the sacred solitude.

Very early on the morning of the 19th of July, 1818, a peasant proceeding to work, was wending his way along a narrow path at the foot of the hill. His dog was running before him. Suddenly the animal stopped short, and in another moment darted off rapidly in the direction of the chapel. The dog soon returned to his master, howling piteously, and betraying unequivocal signs of terror. The peasant quickened his pace, and turned directly into the path leading up to the chapel. On coming within sight of the portal of the little edifice, he was horror-struck to behold, stretched on the steps, the lifeless body of a young man.

The terrified peasant hurried to a neighboring village with tidings of what he had seen. The news spread with the swiftness of lightning, and in a very short space of time the magistrate

of the district, accompanied by the village doctor and school-master, and followed by a crowd of country people, were ascending the hill in the direction of the chapel.

The body was found precisely on the spot and in the position described by the peasant. It was the corpse of a very handsome young man; part of the clothing, viz., the coat and waistcoat, had been taken off, and beneath the shirt there was found a piece of cloth of a bright red color, apparently the fragment of a shawl. This piece of cloth was laid in several folds over the region of the heart. It was fastened by a band of fine lawn or cambric, which was rolled round the body, and the whole was firmly fixed by a mass of congealed blood.

On the careful removal of these bandages, there was discovered a deep wound, which had divided the carotid artery. The deceased wore light colored pantaloons, boots with spurs, and on one of the fingers was a massive gold signet-ring. The ground round the spot where the body lay exhibited no trace of any struggle; but prints of footsteps, partially obliterated, were perceptible. These marks were traced to a neighboring wood, and in the direction of an eminence which towered above the trees, and whose summit was crowned by the ruins of the old castle of Ottenberg—a place which the neighboring country people believed to be haunted.

Whilst the doctor and others were engaged in examining the body, some of the rustic crowd mustered courage to trace the foot-prints, which apparently led to the ruined castle—their superstitious fears being doubtless lulled by the conviction that ghosts are not prone to wander in the bright sunshine of a July morning. One of the party was soon seen running back to the chapel in breathless haste, announcing that the scene of the crime was discovered. The magistrate proceeded to the ruins of the castle, and what he saw left no room to doubt that the murder had actually been committed there. The floor of the spacious area (once the banqueting hall of the castle) was stained with blood. The walls, the table, and the seats, also presented similar stains. On the table were the remains of a repast which had evidently been partaken of at no very distant date, for there were fragments of bread and fruit, and a broken bottle in which some wine still remained.

On further examination, deep prints of footsteps were perceived leading from the ruins of Ottenberg to the high road of Beking, in the direction quite opposite to that of the chapel. A little farther on in the same track, was found a piece of red cloth; and on comparison, it was ascertained to belong to the same shawl, a fragment of which had been used to stanch the wound of the victim. At the foot of a tree lay a lady's glove, nearly

new, but stained with blood. Nothing more was discovered, and in the evening the body was interred in the village churchyard, after being throughout the day exposed to the public gaze. On the following day, an innkeeper presented himself to the magistrate of the district. He had recognized in the murdered man a traveller who slept in his house on the night of the 15th of July, and who left early on the following morning. He knew neither the name nor the condition of the stranger; nor had he heard from whence he came, or whither he was going. The innkeeper observed that he had a gold watch and chain, a red morocco pocket-book, and a green silk purse; moreover, that he wore two rings, one of which he had recognized on the dead body.

An active inquiry was set on foot; but no circumstance of importance was brought to light, until about six weeks afterwards. The police then ascertained that a gentleman named Von Bergfeldt, who had been residing for some time at Coblenz, had suddenly disappeared. He came from Frankfort, and to all appearance possessed plenty of money. He had made several excursions to various parts of the adjacent country, and his journeys had extended as far as the mountains of the Vosges. An old soldier, who had been his servant, and the proprietor of a house he had hired, came to the Muhlbach; both had a perfect recollection of the watch and the two rings remarked by the innkeeper; the servant positively affirmed that the boots found on the dead body belonged to his master.

Several months elapsed, and public interest, which had been powerfully excited by the mysterious event, was gradually subsiding, when a gentleman of rank, travelling to the waters of Podewil, happened to pass through Muhlbach. Hearing of the murder, he was struck by the name of the victim—Bergfeldt being the name of one of the most ancient and noble families in Silesia. He knew their armorial bearings, and he expressed a wish to see the signet-ring which had been found on the body. The engraved coat-of-arms was identical with that of the Silesian Bergfeldts: viz., quarterly sable and azure, on a Chief Or, a serpent between two bees.

The *ober-procurator* of Muhlbach lost no time in addressing a letter to the authorities of Breslau.

An answer was speedily returned enclosing a letter signed Ferdinand von Bergfeldt, the writer of which described himself as being the second son of the old Baron Franz von Bergfeldt. He stated that his elder brother had, about two years previously, left home to make a tour in various parts of Europe, and that the family had received no intelligence of him for a very considerable time.

"Every circumstance," pursued the writer of the letter, "leads to the supposition, that the victim of the recent murder is no other than my unfortunate brother. Our family has the greatest interest in elucidating this mystery, inasmuch as our patrimonial estates are entailed on heirs male. My brother was married, but had separated from his wife, by whom he had a daughter, who died in infancy. I shall set out forthwith for Muhlbach."

Ferdinand von Bergfeldt arrived at Muhlbach in December, he examined the effects of the deceased, and the documents relative to the examination of witnesses. It appeared evident, beyond doubt, that his brother had perished by the hand of a murderer; but, nevertheless, it was requisite that he should be provided with an attested certificate of his death, before he could take possession of the inheritance which would devolve on him as next heir, at the decease of his then very aged father.

He engaged the assistance of the advocate Schelnitz, a lawyer of justly reputed intelligence and activity; and with him he proceeded to Coblenz. The mystery of the case, the important interests involved in it, and the rank of the family, all contributed to stimulate the zeal of Schelnitz, and he speedily brought to light certain facts which promised to lead to the detection of the criminal.

Ferdinand and the lawyer visited the house which had been occupied by Edward von Bergfeldt at Coblenz. Seals had been affixed to all the drawers, trunks, &c., and on a careful examination of the effects, there was found in the pocket of a coat a note written in French. The address had been torn off, but the note was as follows:—

"I grant the interview on condition of its being the last. Your threats can never intimidate me. I defend myself with the arms of virtue and honor. This is my last communication. Secret correspondence must not continue. "C—.

"July 13th."

As soon as Ferdinand von Bergfeldt perused this note, he felt convinced that he was on the right track for the discovery of the murderer.

"It has been conjectured," observed he, "that robbery was the motive for taking my brother's life—no such thing! I feel assured that the fatal blow was struck by a female hand—the same hand to which the glove belongs, and the same hand which traced this note. Every one of our family are aware that my brother did not behave well to his wife; and that his conduct caused them to separate shortly after their marriage."

The active inquiry now set on foot brought to the knowledge of the magistrates various circumstances worthy of attention.

A country girl deposed that, whilst she was engaged in cut-

ting wood in the neighborhood of the castle of Ottenberg, on the morning of the 16th of July, she had seen a gentleman in a hunting-dress walking with a lady. She described the lady to have worn a straw bonnet, a bright colored dress, and to have carried a parasol.

The keeper of the baths at Podewil, near Muhlbach, furnished testimony somewhat more important. He stated that about noon on the 16th of July, a lady elegantly attired, but pale and evidently suffering from fatigue, came to the door of the bathing establishment, and wanted some person to tie a bandage round her right hand, which she said she had accidentally cut. The wife of the bath-keeper washed and bandaged the wound. The cut was long, but not very deep, and appeared to have been inflicted with a knife. The lady requested to have a clean white handkerchief, which was furnished to her; she left a ducat in payment and went away hurriedly. An old man dressed like a wood-cutter, had been observed waiting for her at some distance, and, the lady having joined him, they went away together. From the evidence of a person living near the baths, it appeared that, being at work behind a hedge, he had heard a short colloquy between the lady and her guide. The former was weeping and appeared greatly distressed. The old man said to her, "in the name of Heaven, madam, be calm! Tears cannot recall the dead to life: from me you have nothing to fear—I will be silent—silent as the grave!"

These witnesses described the lady to have had a light-colored parasol, a straw-bonnet trimmed with flowers, and a green silk dress.

Ferdinand von Bergfeldt now entertained no doubt that the investigation would speedily lead to a satisfactory result. In a letter which he addressed to the magistrate of Muhlbach, he said, "We shall soon unravel the truth. We have the glove, and it will not be long ere we have the hand. It is a right-hand glove, and, on turning it inside out, I have made a discovery which has heretofore escaped observation. In the inside is written a name, part of which is obliterated, the letters *Heinr—F—ke*, being all that are legible." But was this the name of the wearer or the maker? With the view of solving this question, the glove was transmitted to an experienced agent, who had orders to spare no exertions for the elucidation of the fact.

At this juncture an unexpected circumstance intervened. A festal day was at hand, and in preparation for it the chapel of St. Joseph was swept and cleaned. The box destined for receiving donations for the poor was opened; within it was found a green silk purse, containing a considerable sum in gold and silver, together with a slip of paper, on which were written the follow-

ing words: "Give the dead man Christian burial, and Heaven will reward you!" It will be recollected that the inn-keeper had seen the green silk purse, in the hands of the stranger who had slept a night in his house. He was shown the purse found in the poor-box, and he identified it as the same.

Meanwhile, Ferdinand von Bergfeldt received letters from Silesia, acquainting him with his father's sudden death. He hurried home without delay. He was aware that in the event of his brother Edward's death being proved, it would be necessary that he should go immediately to Berlin to obtain the requisite authority for entering into possession of his inheritance. In this matter he counted on the support of his sister-in-law; as the widow would be entitled to an annuity much more considerable than the sum she had received as alimony since her separation from her husband.

Ferdinand von Bergfeldt was not on friendly terms with the family of his brother's wife. Some overtures for effecting reconciliation between the husband and wife had been obstinately opposed by the father of the lady, General Count Hildenrath. This circumstance had, in no slight degree, wounded the pride of the Bergfeldts.

On the 28th of June, 1819, Ferdinand arrived at Berlin, and he lost no time in visiting General Hildenrath, by whom he was not received in a very cordial manner. Edward's widow, Charlotte von Bergfeldt, was from home. Whilst Ferdinand was relating to the general all that he had learned respecting his brother's death, a carriage stopped at the door, and in a few moments Charlotte entered the drawing-room. At sight of Ferdinand, who advanced to meet her with respectful interest, she turned deadly pale, staggered, and seemed on the point of falling, but as if by a sudden effort recovering her self-possession, she curtsied and withdrew. Ferdinand was vexed at this behavior, which he regarded as an unequivocal sign of animosity, and after a little further conversation with the general he took his leave.

He subsequently saw Charlotte several times, and though she did not seek to avoid him, yet she behaved with coolness and reserve. Though she had just ground of complaint against her husband, yet she rendered the due tribute of regret for his sudden and unfortunate death. About the end of August, Ferdinand received a letter from Schelnitz, which was in substance as follows:

"I have some particulars to communicate, which appear to me to be of the utmost importance, and to which I beg your earnest attention. In the first place I have to inform you, that we have found the *left-hand glove*. The name Heinrich Finacke

is legibly written in the inside. It is supposed to be the name of the manufacturer, and we have taken measures for ascertaining this fact. The glove was discovered in the following manner: In the course of his investigations, the police agent, who had possession of the right-hand glove, showed it to a milliner of Muhlback named Mademoiselle Enkel. A lady named Raumer, who was a customer of the milliner, happened to see the glove, and examined it attentively. This lady knew that I was engaged in investigating the affair of the murder of Ottenberg. Three days afterwards, Mademoiselle Raumer called on me and presented to me the *left-hand glove*. This lady is an intimate friend of the family of the Protestant Pastor Gaeben. She related to me that, one day whilst she was visiting the daughter of that clergyman, a discussion arose on some point of dress, and one of the young ladies having opened a drawer to search for something, accidentally drew out a glove, which fell at the feet of Madame Raumer. On picking it up, she perceived something written in the inside, and she mechanically read the name *Heinrich Finacke*.

"Where did you get this glove, my dear Caroline?" inquired Madame Raumer.

"From the *femme de chambre* of a lady who was here last summer from Berlin," was the reply.

"I lost no time," added Schelnitz, "in writing to the Pastor Gaeben, and he called on me this morning accompanied by his daughter Caroline. They were very uneasy lest the discovery of the glove, a circumstance in itself so trivial, should place them in an unpleasant position. I tried to dispel their apprehensions, and begged the young lady would tell me candidly how the glove came into her possession.

"She informed me that a young widow lady, Madame Weltheim, a resident of Berlin, had some time ago been on a visit to Baron Schonwald, at his castle, near Muhlback. Caroline, who was a great musician, frequently went to the castle to sing, and accompany the lady on the pianoforte. When Madame Weltheim was about to leave the castle, Caroline assisted the *femme de chambre* to pack up. In a small box, filled with ribbons, flowers, and other trifles, the glove was found. Being an odd one, the lady's maid threw it on the ground as useless. Caroline, admiring the small size and elegant form of the glove, picked it up and said she would keep it as a memorial of Madame Weltheim. I am fully convinced," pursued Schelnitz, "that all the young lady has stated is strictly true."

You remember the letter written in French which was found among your brother's effects. Its signature was the letter C. Now I am informed that Madame Weltheim's *femme de cham-*

bre was a French girl, and that her name was Cecile. You will, no doubt, be struck with this coincidence. Cecile is described as tall and slender; Caroline Gaeben is, on the contrary, of short stature. All that I can learn of Madame Weltheim is, that she is a lady of good family, and moves in the best society of Berlin."

It is strange, thought Ferdinand, when he had finished reading the letter, that Schelnitz should attach so much importance to coincidences which seem to me the mere result of chance. He went out to call on Count Hildenrath, with the intention of communicating to him what he had learned. The count was from home, but the countess, who had just arrived from the country, received him with great kindness. She was full of curiosity respecting the murder, and pressed Ferdinand to inform her of all the particulars.

"Your brother was buried near the spot where his body was found, I believe," said the lady.

"Yes, madam, his ashes repose in the little village churchyard, not far from Muhlbach."

"Muhlbach!" exclaimed the countess. "Oh! what would have been poor Charlotte's feelings had she known that! She was not far from Muhlbach at the time."

"How, madam! Was my sister-in-law near Muhlbach?"

"She was passing some time at the castle of Baron Schonwald, which is only a few leagues from Muhlbach. Don't you know Baron Schonwald? He is a very pleasant man, only so exceedingly fond of hunting. And the baroness—she is quite an oddity! In her youth she was one of the maids of honor to the electress! There was no King of Saxony in those days. But everything is changed now; and, as I was observing a day or two ago to my friend Madame Schlichtegroll, I don't know what we have gained by all these changes!"

In this way the loquacious old lady gossipped for some time, unheeded by Ferdinand, who was absorbed in profound reflection.

"How!" thought he to himself; "Charlotte so near the scene of the crime, and we not know it! She and her father have been silent on a fact of which they ought to have apprised me the very first moment I was in their company!"

He took leave of the countess, and returned in a very pensive mood to his hotel. He once more read the letter of Schelnitz, and pondered on every line of it. Another initial C. had now come to light. Was it the one they were in quest of? Could the accusatory glove belong to Charlotte! Had she assumed the character of a widow with the false name of Madame Wel-

them? These and a thousand other perplexing thoughts and suspicions haunted the mind of Ferdinand throughout the night.

[To be Continued.]

ROME.

BY THE HON. J. AUGUSTA MAYNARD.

GREAT Rome, imperial city, thou hast been
 Italia's ruler, and the world's proud queen;
 Strongly thou rear'dst thy monumental stones,
 Unrival'd mistress of a thousand thrones!
 But now they totter like thine own high pride,
 While foes around exultingly deride,
 And pilgrims from each far barbaric land
 Smile as beneath thy crumbling towers they stand.
 For now no more they quail beneath the star
 Which beam'd above thy Cæsarean car!
 No more they view Augustine pomp display
 Thy Triumphs grand along the crowded way.
 Thou Moloch! lo, upon thy crimson'd shrine,
 The blood of nations cried 'gainst thee and thine;
 Till retribution, with uplifted hand,
 Snatch'd from thy vengeful grasp the murd'rous brand,
 And crush'd with unextinguishable hate
 The guilty pow'r which laid earth desolate.
 The teeming North sent forth her famish'd brave,
 The Goth and Hun to delve thy glory's grave;
 And those who long were scorn'd, struck home the blow,
 Which laid at last th' Eternal City low,
 And bade thy thunder-borne re-echoing name
 Shrink to a whisper of departed fame.

Time long hath stamp'd misfortune on thy brow,
 And o'er thy walls the tangled grasses grow:
 Each broken column, and each wasting fane,
 Speaks of thy mighty strength consum'd in vain.
 For like th' extinct volcano once expir'd,
 Thou ne'er shalt view thy blacken'd pile re-fir'd:
 The vengeance vast of centuries to come,
 And o'er thy stones is pour'd th' o'erwhelming sum.

Yet 'midst thy ruins phantom-like arise
 Memorials of the brave, the great, the wise;
 And, blasted as thou art, a dreary waste!
 What earthly power shall do what thou hast done;
 Where shall we find the wreck of such a throne?
 Yes, memory hath embalm'd thy mighty name,
 And breathes around thy hills undying fame;
 Remembrance sacred makes thy deep distress,
 And throws a halo round thy wretchedness!

Thou, too, Rienzi, last of Rome's great chiefs,
 Who, 'midst the pressure of her mighty griefs,
 Stood'st forth alone to raise her drooping pow'r
 Shouting that name which made the nations cow'r,
 Which nerv'd a Brutus to the desperate deed,
 Which veng'd a Pompey, and made Cæsar bleed.
 What though thy mighty spirit surely knew
 To curb tumultuous factions as they grew?
 What! tho' thou snapp'dst asunder the dark chain
 Of Despotism's most detested reign?
 How wert thou 'quited? History shall respond:
 Rome was ingrate, and thou, alas! too fond!
 Forth from her streets with thee for ever fled
 The ling'ring spirits of her mighty dead!

A SCENE IN REAL LIFE.

AMIDST the exaggerations of modern literature, and the fictions of that exuberant fancy, which in these latter days is tasked to gratify a public taste somewhat vitiated, it is useful to present occasional views of actual existence. Such are contained in the following sketch, which is studiously simple in its language, and every event of which is strictly true. We have this assurance from a source entitled to implicit credit.—EDITOR.

THERE is a vast amount of suffering in the world that escapes general observation. In the lanes and alleys of our populous cities, in the garrets and cellars of dilapidated buildings, there are pregnant cases of misery, degradation, and crime, of which those who live in comfortable houses, and pursue the ordinary duties of life, have neither knowledge nor conception. By mere chance, occasionally, a solitary instance of depravity and awful death is exposed, but the startling details which are placed before the community, are regarded as gross exaggerations. It is difficult for those who are unacquainted with human nature in its darkest aspects, to conceive the immeasurable depth to which crime may sink a human being,—and the task of attempting to delineate a faithful picture of such depravity, though it might interest the philosopher, would be revolting to the general reader. There are, however, cases of folly and error, which should be promulgated as warnings, and the incidents of the annexed sketch are of this character. Mysterious are the ways of Providence in punishing the transgressions of men,—and indisputable is the truth, that Death is the wages of Sin.

TWENTY years ago, no family in the fashionable circles of Philadelphia was more distinguished than that of Mr. L*****: no lady was more admired and esteemed than his lovely and accomplished wife. They had married in early life, with the sanction of relations and friends, and under a conviction that

each was obtaining a treasure above all price. They loved devotedly and with enthusiasm, and their bridal day was a day of pure and unadulterated happiness to themselves, and of pleasure to those who were present to offer their congratulations on the joyous event. The happy pair were the delight of a large circle of acquaintances. In her own parlor, or in the drawing-rooms of her friends, the lady was ever the admiration of those who crowded around her, to listen to the rich melody of her voice, or to enjoy the flashes of wit and intelligence which characterized her conversation.

Without the egotism and vanity which sometimes distinguish those to whom society pays adulation, and too prudent and careful in her conduct to excite any feelings of jealousy in the breast of her confiding husband, Mrs. L——'s deportment was in all respects becoming a woman of mind, taste, and polished education. Her chosen companion noticed her career with no feelings of distrust, but with pride and satisfaction. He was happy in the enjoyment of her undivided love and affection, and happy in witnessing the evidences of esteem which her worth and accomplishments elicited. Peace and prosperity smiled on his domestic circle, and his offspring grew up in loveliness, to add new pleasures to his career.

The youngest of his children was a daughter, named Letitia, after her mother, whom, in many respects, she promised to resemble. She had the same laughing blue eyes, the same innocent and pure expression of countenance, and the same general outline of feature. At an early age her sprightliness, acute observation, and aptitude in acquiring information, furnished sure evidences of intelligence, and extraordinary pains were taken to rear her in such a manner as to develope, advantageously, her natural powers. The care of her education devolved principally upon her mother, and the task was assumed with a full consciousness of its responsibility.

With the virtuous mother, whose mind is unshackled by the absurdity of extreme fashionable life, there were no duties so weighty, and at the same time so pleasing, as those connected with the education of an only daughter. The weight of responsibility involves not only the formation of an amiable disposition and correct principles, but in a great measure, the degree of happiness which the child may subsequently enjoy. Errors of education are the fruitful source of misery, and to guard against these is a task which requires judgment, and unremitting diligence. But for this labor, does not the mother receive a rich reward? Who may tell the gladness of her heart, when the infant cherub first articulates her name? Who can describe the delightful emotions elicited by the early development of her genius,—

the expansion of the Intellect when it first receives, and treasures with eagerness, the seeds of knowledge? These are the joys known only to mothers, and they are joys which fill the soul with rapture.

Letitia was eight years old, when a person of genteel address and fashionable appearance, named Duval, was introduced to her mother by her father, with whom he had been intimate when a youth, and between whom a strong friendship had existed from that period. Duval had recently returned from Europe, where he had resided a number of years. He was charmed with the family, and soon became a constant visitor. Having the entire confidence of his old friend and companion, all formality in reference to intercourse was laid aside, and he was heartily welcomed at all hours, and under all circumstances. He formed one in all parties of pleasure, and in the absence of his friend, accompanied his lady on her visits of amusement and pleasure,—a privilege which he sedulously improved whenever opportunity offered.

Duval, notwithstanding his personal attractions and high character as a "gentleman," belonged to a class of men which has existed more or less in all ages, to disgrace humanity. He professed to be a philosopher, but was in reality a libertine. He lived for his own gratification. It monopolized all his thoughts, and directed all his actions. He belonged to the school of Voltaire, and recognized no feeling of the heart as pure, no tie of duty or affection as sacred. No consideration of suffering, of heart-rending grief, on the part of his victim, were sufficient to intimidate his purpose, or check his career of infamy. Schooled in hypocrisy, dissimulation was his business: and he regarded the whole world as the sphere of his operations,—the whole human family as legitimate subjects for his villainous depravity.

That such characters,—so base, so despicable, so lost to all feelings of true honor,—can force their way into respectable society, and poison the minds of the unsullied and virtuous, may well be a matter of astonishment to those unacquainted with the desperate artfulness of human hearts. But these monsters appear not in their true character; they assume the garb and deportment of gentlemen, of philosophers, of men of education and refinement, and by their accomplishments, the suavity of their manners, their sprightliness of conversation, bewilder before they poison, and fascinate before they destroy.

If there be, in the long catalogue of guile, one character more hatefully despicable than another, it is the libertine. Time corrects the tongue of slander, and the generosity of friends makes atonement for the depredations of the midnight robber. Sufferings and calamities may be assuaged or mitigated by the

sympathies of kindred hearts, the tear of affection is sufficient to wash out the remembrance of many of the sorrows to which flesh is heir. But for the venom of the libertine, there is no remedy,—of its fatal consequences, there is no mitigation. His victims, blasted in reputation, are for ever excluded from the pale of virtuous society. No sacrifice can atone for their degradation, for the unrelenting and inexorable finger of scorn obstructs their progress at every step. The visitation of Death, appalling as is his approach to the unprepared, were a mercy, compared with the extent and permanency of this evil.

Duval's insidious arts were not unobserved by his intended victim. She noticed the gradual development of his pernicious principles, and shrunk with horror from their contaminating influence. She did not hesitate to communicate her observation to her husband,—but he, blinded by prejudice in favor of his friend; laughed at her scruples. Without a word of caution, therefore, his intercourse was continued,—and such was the weight of his ascendant power,—such the perfection of his deep-laid scheme, and such his facility in glossing over what he termed *pardonable*, but which, in reality, were grossly licentious, indiscretions of language and conduct,—that even the lady herself was induced, in time, to believe that she had treated him unjustly. The gradual progress of licentiousness is almost imperceptible, and before she was aware of her error, she had drunk deeply of the intoxicating draught, and had well nigh become a convert to Duval's system of philosophy. Few who approach this fearful precipice are able to retrace their steps. The senses are bewildered,—reason loses its sway,—and a whirlpool of maddening emotions takes possession of the heart, and hurries the infatuated victim to irretrievable death. Before her suspicions were awakened, the purity of her family circle was destroyed. Duval enrolled on his list of conquests a new name,—*the wife of his bosom friend!*

An immediate divorce was the consequence. The misguided woman, who but late had been the ornament of society and the pride of her family, was cast out upon the world, unprotected, and without the smallest resource. The heart of the husband was broken by the calamity which rendered this step necessary, and he retired with his children, to the obscurity of humble life.

At a late hour on one of those bitter cold evenings experienced in the early part of January, of the present year, two females, a mother and daughter, both wretchedly clad, stood shivering at the entrance of a cellar, in the lower part of the city, occupied by two persons of color. The daughter appeared to be laboring

under severe indisposition, and leaned for support on the arm of her mother, who, knocking at the door, craved shelter and warmth for the night. The door was half opened in answer to the summons, but the black who appeared on the stairs, declared that it was out of his power to comply with the request, as he had neither fire,—except that which was furnished by a handful of tan,—nor covering for himself and wife. The mother, however, too much inured to suffering to be easily rebuked, declared that herself and daughter were likely to perish from cold, and that even permission to rest on the floor of the cellar, where they would be protected, in some degree, from the “nipping and eager air,” would be a charity for which they would ever be grateful. She alleged, as an excuse for the claim to shelter, that she had been rejected, a few minutes before, from a small room which, with her daughter, she had occupied in a neighboring alley, and for which she had stipulated to pay fifty cents per week, because she had found herself unable to meet the demand,—every resource for obtaining money having been cut off by the severity of the season. The black, more generous than many who are more ambitious of a reputation for benevolence, admitted the shivering applicants, and at once resigned, for their accommodation for the night, the only two seats in the cellar, and cast a fresh handful of tan upon the ashes in the fire-place.

It was a scene of wretchedness, want, and misery, calculated to soften the hardest heart, and to enlist the feelings and sympathies of the most selfish. The regular tenants of the cellar were the colored man and his wife, who gained a scanty and precarious subsistence, as they were able, by casual employment in the streets, or in the neighboring houses. Having in summer made no provision for the inclemency of winter, they were then utterly destitute. They had sold their articles of clothing and furniture, one by one, to provide themselves with bread, until all were disposed of, but two broken chairs, a box that served for a table, and a small piece of carpeting, which answered the double purpose of a bed and covering. Into this department of poverty were the mother and daughter,—lately ejected from a place equally destitute of the comforts of life,—introduced. The former was a woman of about fifty years, but the deep furrows on her face, and her debilitated frame, betokened a more advanced age. Her face was wan and pale, and her haggard countenance and tattered dress indicated a full measure of wretchedness. Her daughter sat beside her, and rested her head on her mother's lap. She was about twenty-five years of age, and might once have been handsome,—but a life of debauchery had thus early robbed her cheeks of their roses, and prostrated her

constitution. The pallidness of disease was on her face,—anguish was in her heart.

Hours passed on. In the gloom of midnight, the girl awoke from a disturbed and unrefreshing slumber. She was suffering from acute pain, and in the almost total darkness which pervaded the apartment, raised her hand to her mother's face. "Mother," said she, in faltering accents, "are you here?"

"Yes, child : are you better?"

"No, mother,—I am sick,—sick unto death ! There is a canker at my heart,—my blood grows cold,—the torpor of mortality is stealing upon me!"

"In the morning, my dear, we shall be better provided for. Bless Heaven, there is still one place which, thanks to the benevolent, will afford us sustenance and shelter."

"Do not thank Heaven, mother : you and I are outcasts from that place of peace and rest. We have spurned Providence from our hearts, and need not now to call it to our aid. Wretches, wretches that we are!"

"Be composed, daughter,—you need rest."

"Mother, there is a weight of wo upon my breast, that sinks me to the earth. My brief career of folly is almost at an end. I have erred,—oh God ! fatally erred,—and the consciousness of my wickedness now overwhelms me. I will not reproach you, mother, for laying the snare by which I fell,—for enticing me from the house of virtue,—the home of my broken-hearted father, to the house of infamy and death ; but oh, I implore you, repent : be warned, and let penitence be the business of your days."

The hardened heart of the mother melted at this touching appeal, and she answered with a half stifled sigh :

"Promise me then, ere I die, that you will abandon your ways of iniquity, and endeavor to make peace with Heaven."

"I do,—I do ! But alas ! my child, what hope is there for me?"

"God is merciful to all who ——"

The last word was inaudible. A few respirations, at long intervals, were heard, and the penitent girl sank into the quiet slumber of death. Still did the mother remain in her seat, with a heart harrowed with the smitings of an awakened conscience. Until the glare of daylight was visible through the crevices of the door, and the noise of the foot passengers and the rumbling of vehicles in the street had aroused the occupants of the cellar, she continued motionless, pressing to her bosom the lifeless form of her injured child. When addressed by the colored woman, she answered with an idiot stare. Sensibility had fled,—the energies of her mind had relaxed, and reason deserted its throne. The awful incidents of that night had prostrated her intellect, and she was conveyed from the gloomy place, *A MANIAC!*

The Coroner was summoned, and an inquest held over the body of the daughter. In the books of that humane and estimable officer, the name of the deceased is recorded,—

"LETITIA L*****."

Philadelphia.

B. M

THE PASSIONS.

TIME was, when man in God's own image stood,
Communing with the angels, in that bower,
Where first creation dawned upon his view!
Their radiant pinions hovered o'er his rest,
While seraph voices joined his vesper hymn.

In its primeval glory, this fair world,
With all its noblest, and its brightest things,
By high OMNIPOTENCE to MAN was given.
Creation owned her Lord! while all that moved
On earth, in air, and sea, his reign confessed.
Before him bowed the forest monarch down,
With the young land, submissive to his power.
Birds of soft plumage, and melodious song,
With notes responsive, hailed the rising day;
While fragrant flowers, of bright and various hue,
Sprang in his path, o'er which luxuriant trees,
Blushing with golden fruit, their shadows spread.

Such was fair Paradise! When woman smiled,
All Eden brightened with a richer glow!
Led by the hand of DEITY, she came,
To dwell in kind companionship with man,
A sharer in his pleasures, and his toils,
Which nature's genial bosom richly paid.
Love, joy, and harmony, and peace were there,
God saw his glorious work, "and it was good."

Brief hour of human purity, and truth!
Malignant Envy, in the bland disguise
Of friendship, stole; yea, twined his serpent folds
Around the consecrated tree of life!
"Eat, woman, eat! ye shall *not* surely die!"
Thus spake the tempter of mankind. They ate.
A sudden darkness gathered o'er the sky,
Wild raged the storm; earth's firm foundation shook,
While ocean trembled from her deepest cells.
The livid lightning flashed with lurid glare,
Wreathing in flames the blackened arch of heaven,
While the loud thunder's deep, continuous roar,
Proclaimed in God's own voice, that man was lost!

The sinful pair shrank from the wrath of heaven,
And gazed upon the desolated scene;
The lion's roar, the savage tiger's yell,
The fierce hyena's wild unearthly cry,

Came mingled with the wolf's discordant howl.
The huge leviathan, from the vast deep,
Rebellious rose above his ocean bounds,
Dashing with fearful power the trembling shore ;
While, mid the awful pauses of the storm,
Ill-omened birds, that shun the face of day,
Shrieked as they passed from Eden's rifled bower,
Leaving alone God's sacred messenger,
The holy dove, a timid nestler there.

Apart, the dark arch enemy of man
Looked on, with fiendish glee, and cursed our race.
The chain that bound him in his dark abode
Was riven, and forth he strode, triumphant
O'er the globe ; veiling his hideous form
And smile demoniac, 'neath that smooth disguise
That first brought sin and ruin on mankind.
He spake : wild spirits filled the air, the earth,
The sea. First, **MURDER** came ; his right hand red
With the pure blood of his young brother's heart,
For which his own, in every age and clime,
Hath deeply paid. " Cursed art thou !" said God,
And set his mark upon the murderer's brow.

Next came **REMOORSE**, with cold and rayless eye,
His pale lip quivering, as the retrospect
Of crimes unpardoned darkened memory's page ;
An exile from his God, spurned by his race,
To nature's wildest solitudes he fled ;
Those sunless depths by human feet untrod,
Where coiled the hissing serpent in his path,
And nameless things of horror met his view.
Where poisonous weeds in tangled masses hung
O'er the green bosom of the stagnant pool,
Rife with disease and death. Such was his home,
Shrinking beneath the hemlock's baneful shade,
In savage gloom, he brooded o'er the past.

His step was followed by **DESPAIR**. The world
Had scorned him ; his impassioned soul
Had deeply drank at learning's sacred fount ;
But fame's deceitful smile, dark envy's sneer,
The loss of wealth, the treachery of friends,
Joined with the pangs of unrequited love,
Came o'er his heart, as sweeps the siroc blast
O'er fields of richest bloom, leaving behind
The blackened wreck of nature's brightest things.
To quell the anguish of his throbbing breast,
He sought the shrine where wild Intemperance drains
The Circean bowl of deep forgetfulness.
Through his young veins the insidious poison ran,
With phrenzied eye he wildly gazed around :
Life seemed to him a blank, a cheerless void ;
No friendly hand was near to stay his course,
No kindred spirit whispered, " Live for me !"
He grasped the blade of death, and sealed his doom.

Next came **REVENGE**. Beneath his lowering brow
Flashed forth his kindling eye with fearful glare,
As bursts the lightning from the sable cloud.
His hand hath grasped the victim of his wrath,

High o'er his head the glittering steel is raised !
 The cry for mercy, the denial fierce,
 Are mingled with life's last convulsive grasp :
 Revenge exulting, gazes on the dead !

What form is that, which, wild as lightning's flash,
 Sweeps o'er the plain ? 'Tis WAR—insatiate War !
 Wielding his massive spear with mighty grasp ;
 He goads his fiery steed o'er yon bold heights,
 That meet the brow of heaven ! the trumpet's blast
 Hath drowned the widow's shriek, the orphan's wail ;
 Oh ! what to him are nature's holy ties ?
 Ambition points to victory and fame ;
 He treads o'er slaughtered millions to a throne,
 And grasps a sceptre, red with human blood !
 While, basely cowering at the tyrant's feet,
 With smiles deceitful, and obsequious phrase,
 Haughty REBELLION and dark TREASON bow,
 Veiling beneath submission's humble guise
 The furious fires that wildly raged within.
 United only in the bands of vice,
 They watch in secret when and where to speed
 The bolt commissioned with their sovereign's doom.
 While meaner parasites, those gaudy things
 That flutter round the blaze of royalty,
 Vile mercenary wretches, who for gold
 Would sell themselves, their country, and their God,
 Yea, swear allegiance to the powers below,
 To buy a life of luxury and ease,
 Submissive wait to aid the work of death.

Stealing beneath the shadowy veil of night,
 With noiseless step, pale JEALOUSY is seen,
 His breast, by wild conflicting passions torn,
 Heaves with deep anguish, as the withering thought
 Comes o'er his heart, that she, his dearer self,
 The treasured idol of his soul is false !
 Yea, false to him, whose life-blood is her own !
 Blinded with rage, he madly rushes forth ;
 His haughty foe hath proudly crossed his path,
 Their eyes have met ! The fierce volcano's flame
 Ne'er flashed more wildly than his furious glance.
 No more ! 'Tis done, the double deed of death !
 The reeking steel, red from his rival's heart,
 Is quivering now within *her* heaving breast.

From out the murky den of dark intemperance,
 Rush forth a frantic throng, whose revels foul
 The breath of heaven taint. Like the wild forms
 That people Hecla's shades, they flit along,
 Their eye-balls gleaming with unholy fires ;
 Riot, and folly, theft, and lawless love,
 In fiendish revelry discordant join ;
 While haggard guilt, laden with nameless crimes,
 With fear recoiling, shrinks to his vile den,
 Trembling as if stern justice met his view.

False PLEASURE, too, in tinselled garb is there ;
 With limbs half veiled, and gestures wild and strange,
 She lightly bounds in the lascivious dance.
 Around her bold unblushing brow is wreathed

The deadly night-shade, with the curling vine,
Twined with nefarious flowers of poisonous breath,
Their fiery eye, keen as the basilisk's
Who marks his prey, flashes with sulphurous light;
False as the flame which quivers o'er the gulf
Of dark oblivion, tempting to destroy.
Mysterious power! Men shudder as they gaze,
Despise, but own her fascinating spell.
As bursts the deafening thunder of applause,
The shameless votary of folly kneels,
And claims the worthless wreath of public fame!

Last, in the train of human misery,
Unconscious MADNESS rushed. The storm that beat
On his unsheltered head and naked breast,
Was calm, to that which wildly raged within.
All the base passions that deform the soul,
By turns usurped departed reason's throne.
His rolling eye, red as the meteor's flash,
In fierce defiance strangely glanced around;
While his herculean frame dilated rose,
As if exulting in its giant strength.
Uprooted trees were strewn across his path;
The remnants of his sanguinary meal,
Still warm with life, lay scattered at his feet.
They caught his eye! Not Ætna's wildest roar
E'er came more deep than his demoniac laugh;
As rolls the distant thunder on, it ceased.
Slowly the maniac sought the silent shade,
And calmly looked upon the setting sun.
"Thou art my God!" he said, with trembling voice,
And humbly bent that wretched one in prayer.
It was his last. Exhausted nature sank.
Loosed was the silver cord; the golden bowl
Was broken at the fount! His bosom heaved
With one convulsive throb—then all was o'er.

GREAT LABOR ESSENTIAL TO GREAT ACQUIREMENTS.

BY REV. WM. B. SPRAGUE, D. D.

No man ever makes great *moral* attainments without a corresponding degree of labor. There may indeed be great physical courage, and much of good nature and even generosity, without any effort whatever; because these great qualities belong to many a man's original constitution; and to exercise them is not to resist a current, but to fall in with it. But when I speak of moral attainments, I refer especially to the power of self-control, and to its exercise in accordance with the great principles of reason and righteousness; to the reduction of the various passions to their proper places, and the keeping of all our moral powers

ready for healthful and vigorous action. And this I venture to say, is what no man ever gained without diligent and untiring efforts. Such a character, for instance, as that of Washington, could have been the result of nothing but the most patient and vigorous self-discipline. Washington, if history has given a fair report, while he was great in all the elements of his nature, was a man of like passions with those who have the strongest; and if he had grown up under the mastery of those passions, and they had been suffered always to tyrannize over him, how much would it have abated our admiration of him, even as a conqueror, that he had enemies in his own bosom that were stronger than he! But it was his foes within that he began to fight first; and the victory which he gained over them was the preparation for other victories;—the great secret of his success and of his glory. He had indeed great physical courage, which was born with him, but he had also a moral courage that imparted to his character a yet brighter attraction, of which he was to a great extent himself the author. He was cool and thoughtful in the time of danger. He ventured on no rash experiments. He loved his country better than his life. The shocks of adversity never disheartened him, and the furnace of prosperity singed not the hair of his head. He was the patron of all that was good and useful. He was generous to his race,—great in everything; so that even the nation which he vanquished have erected monuments to his glory. But I repeat, that character, even with the material which the God of nature originally supplied, could have been the result of no superficial effort: it was a silent, but yet a laborious process, by which it rose and towered into such unparalleled magnificence. And what was true of Washington has been true of every other great man: he has been long active in moulding the elements of his own moral nature.

And surely it is no wonder that men must struggle hard for great moral attainments, when we consider the circumstances in which they are to be made. Account for the fact as you may, there is a moral disorder that has seized upon human nature; the effect of which is, that while the conscience points out one way, the passions often draw with tremendous power the other; and there is always reason to fear that the passions will get the better in every conflict. In addition to this, the atmosphere that we breathe is full of noxious ingredients; the theatre in which we move is a mere show-box of temptations; and there are influences without co-operating with the influences within, to impart to us a mean, or sensual, or grovelling character. Is it not obvious, then, that the man who will become morally great, who will rise far towards the perfection of his nature in such adverse circumstances, must make up his mind to labor for it.

Is it not a self-evident truth, that no indolent man can be truly great—not great even in goodness?

If nothing great is accomplished without labor, then every one should be particular in respect to the object toward which his labor is directed; for labor is too valuable to be thrown away on unimportant objects. There are those indeed who are industrious in doing positive acknowledged evil; who task their powers, and noble powers too, to the utmost, in endeavoring to poison the fountains of moral influence, and carry a blight to every rising plant of virtue. But there is another class who exhaust their efforts upon objects of an indifferent character; who are always busy, without being busy to any important purpose; and the only chasm which their removal from the world occasions, is to be found in the empty space which their bodies had been accustomed to fill. Let no man, then, think it enough that he is active, unless his activity is directed in a suitable channel. If you will act with the greatest wisdom, you will endeavor to compass the double object of cultivating and exalting your own intellectual and moral nature, and rendering the best service to your generation and to posterity. This is an object that will abundantly reward your labors, both in this world and in the next. But the idea of living merely to amuse your fellow-men, is utterly unworthy of a rational creature. There are multitudes who spend their whole lives in writing books merely for amusement; and their whole object is gained in provoking a vulgar laugh. But I would respect a man just about as much, who should sit at the corners of the streets from morning till night to amuse the passers-by with many songs. Man was made for a noble service; and he degrades his nature by wasting his energies upon nothing.

If nothing great is accomplished without labor, then every mind should be trained to labor, from the earliest development of its faculties. It is a serious defect in the matter of education, as it is generally conducted, that the training of the mind to a habit of activity is not commenced early enough; and that not unfrequently there is an adverse habit formed during the years of childhood and youth, which, in after life, is never effectually overcome. I would say, let every young man especially, under a high sense of his obligation to answer the great purpose of his existence, resist every temptation to indolence, and look for happiness only in a course of vigorous and well directed activity. Let these be a delightful association formed in his mind with labor—steady and persevering labor. Let him avail himself of all the rational helps which are within his reach, to aid in the culture of his powers, and in the prosecution of all the great and good ends to which he is devoted. I say again, you cannot sufficiently realize the importance of forming this habit early. Indo-

lence in youth is the harbinger of a career marked by ignorance and uselessness, not to say folly and crime. Diligence in youth directed to worthy and important ends, is the pledge of a useful life, a dignified character and honored graves.

There is a class of young men, who are engaged in some laborious worldly occupation, upon whom that part of the original curse is literally visited, by which man was doomed to get his bread by the sweat of his brow: and it too often happens, that young men of this description resign themselves to an inexcusable degree of ignorance, from an erroneous impression that their condition in life forbids the extensive culture of their intellectual powers. But in this they offend against their high destiny as rational and immortal beings. Be it so that they must labor with their hands: yet sometimes surely, this kind of labor must be intermitted, and then let the claims of the mind be recognized and met. Some part of every day should be sacred even with the mechanic and the farmer, to high purposes of intellectual improvement; and this, I have no doubt, would always be found practicable in the adoption of systematic arrangement and rigid economy. More than this,—when the mind has once been trained to a habit of reflection, it will be found that the head and the hands can be put in requisition at the same time; and that while the artizan is turning his wheel or blowing his bellows, he can also be framing an argument or solving a problem. And there are many cases in which intellectual and manual labor may go hand in hand; and this is especially true in mechanics; when the principle which the mind revolves, and the work which the hands perform, mutually illustrate and adjust each other. We need cultivated men in every department of life;—cultivated farmers and artizans, as well as lawyers, physicians and ministers; but it not unfrequently happens that an ardent thirst for knowledge, even when combined with the humblest occupation, gradually elevates the individual to higher and yet higher employments, till he who had passed his childhood in learning to make shoes or set types, occupies, before he comes to his grave, some of the highest stations of dignity and influence. What an example of the effect of early and persevering labors was Lemuel Haynes! though he came into the world with the disadvantage of having a dark skin, and at a period too when dark skin had much fewer attractions than it now has; yet so inextinguishable was his desire for knowledge, that he *would* gain it though he had no better light than the light of a kitchen fire; and that man's labor had its reward; for he rose to respectability and usefulness; and he edified us by his conversation and his preaching; and even as an intellectual man, he has left a name that is fragrant throughout the community. Let no young man, then,

find an apology, even in the most adverse circumstances, for neglecting the culture of his mind; for there are no obstacles which will not disappear before a vigorous and persevering application.

NATURE'S GENTLEMAN.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Whom do we dub as gentleman? The knave, the fool, the brute—
If they but own full tithe of gold, and wear a costly suit?
The parchment scroll or titled line—the riband at the knee,
Can still suffice to ratify and grant such high degree:
But nature, with a matchless hand sends forth *her* nobly born,
And laughs the paltry attributes of wealth and rank to scorn!
She moulds with care a spirit rare, a spirit half divine,
And cries, exulting, "Who can make a gentleman like mine?"

She may not spend her common skill about the outward part,
But showers beauty, grace, and light, upon the brain and heart.
She may not choose ancestral fame, his pathway to illume—
The sun that sheds the brightest day may rise from mist and gloom.
Should fortune pour her welcome store, and useful gold abound;
He shares it with a bounteous hand, and scatters blessings round;
The treasure sent, is rightly spent, and serves the end designed,
When held by nature's gentleman—the just—the kind.

He turns not from the cheerless home, where sorrow's offspring dwell;
He'll greet the peasant in his hut—the culprit in his cell.
He stays to hear the widow's plaint of deep and mourning love,
He seeks to aid her lot below, and prompt her faith above.
The orphan child—the friendless one—the luckless, or the poor,
Will never meet his spurning frown, or leave his bolted door;
His kindred circles all mankind, his country all the globe—
An honest name his jewelled star, the truth his ermine robe.

He wisely yields his passions up to reason's firm control—
His pleasures are of crimeless kind, and never taint the soul.
He may be thrown among the gay and reckless sons of life,
But he will not love the revel scene, or head the brawling strife.
He wounds no breast with jeer or jest, yet bears no honeyed tongue!
He's social with the grey-haired one, and merry with the young;
He gravely shares the council speech or joins the rustic game,
And shines as nature's gentleman, in every place the same.

No haughty gesture marks his gate, no pompous tone his word,
No studied attitude is seen, no palling nonsense heard;
He'll suit his bearing to the hour—laugh, listen, learn, or teach,
With joyous freedom in his mirth, and candor in his speech.
He worships God with inward zeal, and serves him in each deed;
He would not blame another faith, nor have one martyr bleed;
Justice and mercy form his code: he puts his trust in Heaven;
His prayer is, "If the heart mean well, may all else be forgiven!"

Though few of such may gem the earth, yet such rare gems there are
 Each shining in his hallowed sphere as virtue's polar star.
 Though human hearts too are found, all gross, corrupt, and dark,
 Yet, yet some bosoms breathe and burn; lit by Promethean spark,
 There are some spirits nobly just, unwarped by pelf or pride,
 Great in the calm, but greater still when dashed by adverse tide—
 They hold the rank no king can give—no station can disgrace;
 Nature puts forth *her* gentleman, and monarchs must give place.

WOMAN'S TENDERNESS.

It has often been remarked that, in sickness, there is no hand like woman's hand, no heart like woman's heart—and there is not. A man's breast may swell with unutterable sorrow, and apprehension may rend his mind; yet place him by the sick couch, and in the shadow, rather than light of the sad lamp that watches it—let him have to count over the long, dull hours of night; and wait alone and sleepless, the struggle of the grey dawn into the chamber of suffering—let him be appointed to his ministry, even for the sake of the brother of his heart, or the father of his being, and his grosser nature, even where it is most perfect, will tire; his eye will close, and his spirit grow impatient with the dreary task; and, though love and anxiety remain undiminished, his mind will own to itself a creeping in of an irresistible selfishness which, indeed, he may be ashamed of, and struggle to reject, but which, despite of all his efforts, remains to characterize his nature, and prove in one instance, at least, his manly weakness. But see a mother, a sister, or a wife in his place. The woman feels no weariness, and even no recollection of self. In silence, in the depth of night, she dwells, not only passively, but, so far as the qualified terms may express our meaning, joyously. Her ear acquires a blind man's instinct, as from time to time it catches the slightest stir or whisper, or the breath of the now more than ever loved one, who lies under the hand of human affliction. Her step, as in obedience to an impulse or signal, would not awaken a mouse; if she speaks, her accents are a soft echo of natural harmony, most delicious to the sick man's ears, conveying all that sound can convey of pity, comfort and devotion; and thus, night after night, she tends him like a creature sent from a higher world, when all earthly watchfulness has failed; her eye never winking, her mind never palled, her nature that at all other times is weakness, now gaining a superhuman strength and magnanimity; herself forgotten, and her sex alone predominant.

THE FINER FEELINGS.

No. I.

BY B. H. NADAL.

ALTHOUGH the mariner may not understand the combination of causes that produce the evening rainbow, and may expend his rude philosophy upon it in vain, yet as soon as it appears he identifies it with as much ease as the philosopher, and hails it as the harbinger of a pleasant breeze and a smiling sky to-morrow. So, notwithstanding the "finer feelings" may not have been subjected to a philosophical investigation by all, and though some who have examined and reflected upon them may differ as to what they *are*, yet all know them when they appear, and render acknowledged or secret homage to their charms. By the "finer feelings" we do not mean the feelings of *fine, splendid, or pompous people*—we do not mean a delicate perception in the choice of finery—an exquisite sense of personal beauty, or correct notions of bodily symmetry, graceful bowing, and fashionable grimace—these are things which owe their *existence* to the pride and folly of our nature, and their shape and coloring to haberdashers and dancing-masters—they are to be reckoned not among the ornaments but the clogs of the mind, fastened upon it under the pretext of embellishment, but becoming the tawdry bonds of intellectual slavery. But by the "finer feelings" we mean those pure and generous emotions of our nature—those moral and intellectual gems, as valuable as rare, which glitter in the mind and glow in the heart, adorning the character, while they enrich the soul. In speaking of the "finer feelings" we use the word "fine" in its highest sense, viz., dignified, noble; and "feeling" we shall define as an emotion or state of the mind. By the "finer feelings," then, we are to understand, the most noble and most dignified states, or emotions of which the human mind is susceptible. It will not, perhaps, be expected that all these feelings should be embraced in this article—this would detain both you and myself too long. I shall, therefore, select a few, and leave you to number as many more as you can; for the more of these feelings you find, the more you ennoble our nature.

1. The first of these feelings which we shall notice, is that which results from a just perception of the virtues and talents of others, and a cheerful readiness to acknowledge them. We readily admit this feeling to be rather intangible, and difficult to

refine; but even the slightest examination of it will show that it has not been improperly classified.

The great Creator intended that we should derive pleasure from every beautiful object in nature, and every amiable quality of the mind. This appears to be the law of our being. Hence we esteem the blind man a great loser—the charms of creation being shut out from his vision. And if any man with his organs of vision complete, were sincerely to tell us that every beautiful object in nature, instead of giving him pleasure, pained and tortured his mind almost to frenzy, we would at once say that this was a horrible perversion of the sense of sight—that the loveliness of creation ought greatly to augment, instead of diminishing his happiness. So, if we see a man unwilling to look candidly at the excellences of another—if we see him in torture at beholding virtue or wisdom in another—if we think at all, we at once decide that he is violating the law of his nature, and the law of God, and that his punishment is self-inflicted, in the torture which his envious soul endures; for talents and virtues have not less of real beauty and excellency when found in another than when found in ourselves; and surely, wherever they may be found, they ought to yield more pleasure to an intelligent being than all the beauties of inanimate nature. But still, lovely and charming as the amiable qualities of the mind may appear to the eye of disinterested virtue, when they are viewed through the discolored media of prejudice and jealousy, their beauty is marred and the sight is painful. How ignoble, how grovelling must be that man who cannot look upon the foibles of his fellow without magnifying them into vast moral delinquencies! But how much more contemptible and unhappy is that creature who cannot see true worth in another without having all the worst passions of his heart inflamed and thrown into commotion! On the contrary, how ennobled—how raised above everything sordid—how versed in the practical philosophy of mind—how true to his own best interest the man who can as easily excuse his neighbor as detect his faults—who can nobly dare to withhold flattery from wealth and power, and bestow well earned applause to true greatness, though unsupported by patronage, and unadorned by pompous titles—who can discern merit wherever it exists, and appreciate it wherever it is discerned! The man who is possessed of such a feeling governs the kingdom of his mind with ease, and is “greater than he that taketh a city;” for his feeling turns ordinary fare into luxury, and the luxuries of men into something far surpassing the fabled nectar and ambrosia of the heathen gods.

2. Another of these feelings is gratitude. Gratitude differs from thankfulness in this—gratitude is feeling—thankfulness is the expression of that feeling. We may see the estimation in

which this feeling is generally held, if we reflect how men regard its antagonist, *ingratitude*. Nothing wounds us more than harsh treatment from those who have been laid under obligation by our kindness. And why? Only because it proves them ungrateful. A son who returns his father's indulgence and affection by prodigality and disobedience, merits and receives the contempt of society. And wherefore? Mainly because ingratitude enters largely into his offence. The traitor Arnold is held in sovereign detestation by every American who is acquainted with the history of his treachery. And why? Chiefly because he was ungrateful to the land which gave him birth, and the government which gave him office and power. Our hatred of ingratitude is the measure of our admiration of gratitude. Just as much as we hate ingratitude, just so much we love gratitude.

Again. The forms of society testify in favor of this feeling. If the most indifferent question is asked respecting our welfare we make large acknowledgments of gratitude, and the phrase, "I thank you," is kept as constantly in motion, in the politer circles, as any word in our vocabulary. And the reason for this is obvious. Gratitude is so noble a sentiment, so exalted an impulse, that every one would be thought to possess it. The rogue, the hypocrite, the gamester, the niggard, all lay claim to a share of this feeling, and use the forms of society in reference to it; and although as worn by them, "it is a mere pretence, in which the devil lurks, who yet betrays his secret by his works," yet their selecting it as the cloak of their dishonesty, or meanness, is a proof of the great value set upon it among men. How widely it differs from the pretended thanks of the inflated Pharisee! and how strikingly is it developed in the spirit and conduct of the grateful Zaccheus! It softens the heart of him who feels it, and repays and blesses him who receives it. The following remarkable incident, illustrative of the power and loveliness of this feeling, is recorded in the history of Persia.

In one of the battles of Cyrus with the Babylonians, in which the former was victorious, among the prisoners of war there was a lady of exquisite beauty by the name of Panthea, the wife of Abradates, the king of Susiana. Such was the fame of her charms, that Cyrus was requested to see her. He positively refused, and ordered the lady to be protected until she could be given back to her husband. Panthea wrote to Abradates, her husband, and he immediately repaired to the Persian camp with two thousand horse. Cyrus restored his wife to his bosom, which treatment so overcame them both with gratitude, that they forsook their kingdom and became the faithful subjects of the Persian general.

Now, my readers, is not gratitude a "feeling"—a noble feeling

—a powerful feeling—a feeling that never can be adequately described, either by the “poet’s” pen or the sculptor’s chisel, or the painter’s pencil? Abradates and Panthea felt this powerful emotion, when at its bidding they laid aside their regal authority, and bowed at the feet of Cyrus as his faithful subjects—they felt it when it rose up out of the deep fountains of the soul—when it gushed from their eyes in tears, and fell from their lips in melting confessions of boundless indebtedness. Cyrus understood it, then, for he felt that his own princely benevolence had produced it—he understood it then, for he read it in the faces and conduct of this noble pair. The historian has written an account of this affair, and we have repeated it; but the historian’s page is but a shadow of the gratitude of the king and queen of Susiana, and what we have said is but the reflection of that shadow.

3. Another of these feelings is sympathy with human misery. Our estimate of this feeling will be heightened by imagining for a moment what the world would be without it. If this “bird of heavenly plumage fair” were to take its flight from the earth, there would scarcely be left a relieving object for the eye to light upon. True, the globe might not change its furniture. Its woods might still resound with the song of the bird, and the tuneless melody of the shaking leaf—the zephyrs might be as gentle, the sky as bright, the sea as pure, and the earth as fertile as ever—our cities might still be filled with wealth, and decked with gaiety, and our private saloons and places of public entertainment might continue to echo to the dance, and reverberate with the laugh of the fashionable and polite. But still without this sympathy, desolation would be reigning over half the globe. The earth would wear its verdure, and the heavens put on their glorious garniture in vain for the millions that would be dying unaided and unpitied. The widow, in visiting whom Christ declared pure and undefiled religion to consist, would be abandoned, a prey to unresisted disease. The asylum for the helpless orphan would be blotted from the list of institutions. The aged man of wealth, with his infirmities thickening upon him, forgetting his own feebleness, would dash the tattered hat from the hand of the broken soldier as he held it out to beg, and deride his unsightly limbs, which had been shivered in defence of his country. The fierceness of war would allow no mitigation. As war is now conducted, when the warrior strikes the deadly blow, and sees his enemy fall, he admires his valor, and laments his fate. But in a world destitute of sympathy for human misery, war would be nothing better than cold-blooded slaughter, and the battle-field a mere butchering place. But let us adore the great Exemplar of sympathy, that the world is not altogether without this feeling. See a Howard, spending his whole time and fortune

in traversing his own country, and others, that he may buy up the fleeting opportunities of doing good and be permitted to weep with those who weep. See a Fletcher who denied himself the comforts of life that he might have to give to those who needed. Hear him upon his death-bed exclaiming, "O, my poor! what will become of the poor of my parish?"

Behold how it diffuses its gentle influence in the palace of the king! When Edward VI. was requested to sign the death-warrant of an alleged heretic, he at first positively refused; but being pressed by Cranmer, he at length yielded, and with tears in his eyes said to his instigator, "You shall bear the responsibility!" See how it softens the horrors of the battle scene! Sir Philip Sidney being wounded in battle, and being faint from the loss of blood, some one handed him a cordial. As he was in the act of putting it to his lips, he observed near him a wounded soldier looking him wishfully in the face. In his sympathy for his fellow sufferer, he forgot himself; and without tasting the cordial, handed it to the soldier, saying, "Drink—your necessities are greater than mine!"

Behold how this feeling shines in a character greater than divine, soldier, or statesman, and in scenes more imposing than those of the palace or the battle-field! For when the Saviour of the world looked upon Jerusalem, moved by her guilt and danger, he *wept* over her; and when he stood at the grave of Lazarus, the evangelist, crowding the whole of divine pathos and sympathy into two words, tells us "*Jesus wept.*" If the institutions which assist the needy and protect the weak are of any value, cherish this feeling, for it is the seed from which they spring, and its tears the showers by which they are watered. If the picture of human misery and corruption is dark, cherish this feeling; for it is that which softens its horrors, and throws light upon its gloom. If the pages of history have been stained with the cruelty of those whose names it records, cherish this holy sympathy; for those tyrants had a few virtuous cotemporaries who let fall upon the record of crime some drops of sorrow with which, in the mournful perusal, we may mingle our tears, and enjoy a feast of delicious grief.

But this feeling is not only rich and delightful in itself, but, if its promptings be obeyed, it is immediately followed by reward; for no sooner do we relieve the case of suffering or need which excited our sympathies, than we begin a rich repast on the gratitude we have awakened, and the happiness we have occasioned. This virtue is emphatically its own reward. Sympathy with human misery in a Christian is more pure and powerful—it leads him to look with ineffable concern upon the souls of others, both friends and foes. It causes him to weep over the wandering prodigal's return. And last it expands into universal Christian

benevolence, and at one generous embrace takes in the world, and labors for its salvation.

"As the smooth pebble stirs the peaceful lake,
The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friends, neighbors, parents, first it will embrace,
Our country next, and next all human race;
Wide, and more wide, the o'erflowing of the mind
Takes every creature in, of every kind."—*Pope*.

Sympathy with human misery likens its possessor to all the good; and he who possesses most of it most resembles Him who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities—whose pity knew no abatement until he had redeemed the earth with his blood.

4. Another class of those feelings are those which arise from the domestic relations. Here we are presented with many a touching scene—within the sacred precincts of these relations we are called to contemplate the feelings of parents and children, and brother and sister. Have you never observed a fond father, as he sat in the midst of a group of playful children, looking alternately in the face of each, as if tracing his own features in them? And as he thus sat, have you not seen his feelings, his paternal feelings compel him to bury his face in his handkerchief? Have you not observed the interest he takes in all that concerns them—that he is even pleased with the pictures in their primers, because they afford pleasure to the children—that he listens patiently to their school stories—that he sits and builds castles in the air by the hour, and that he is transported at any indication which they may give of superior intellect? It may be said these are small things—and so they are; but they develop the unfathomed fountain of paternal feeling.

Again. Do not most of my readers even now enjoy, or at least remember the affection of a mother? Did I say "remember?" Our right hand shall forget her cunning, and our tongue cleave to the roof of our mouth, when we dare forget her whose hands cradled us—whose care guided our feet in their first efforts to walk, and our lips and minds in our first attempts to speak and think—who taught us the holy exercise of prayers—who knelt by our cot-side in childhood, and poured forth devotion so pure and fervent as none but a mother's heart could indite. At that time we could not appreciate the feeling that prompted a mother's prayer; but O, what unutterable richness and beauty we see in it now!

The feeling of which we are speaking gives to home all its attraction, and to the little sonnet of home all its popularity. Why is no place like home? Because those we love are there. And even when the old parental tenement has fallen into decay, or passed into other hands, and there remain to us

"Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth,
Not e'en the dog that watched the household hearth,"

still the charm lingers when the associations which gave it being are no more. The brook in the meadow is brighter than other streams to me, because my little brother and myself together chased the affrighted mullet through its limpid waters. The shade of the old oak in the yard is more pleasant than the shade of other trees, because the children used to group themselves there on a summer's Saturday for the purpose of getting their tasks; and the old beech that stands by the path leading to the school-house is more precious to my memory than all the trees of the forest, because my little sister held my books while I carved her name and my own upon its bark. When these scenes are mentioned, or in any way called up before our minds, they awaken feelings which may possibly define themselves in the heart, but which never can be made clear by description.

SONG.—IN EARTH'S LONELY DESERT.

SWISS AIR—"Rans des Vaches."

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

In Earth's lonely desert,
In regions above,
To mortals and angels,
There's nothing like love
It brightens the landscape
Wherever we go,
And beams like a star
On our pathway of woe.

When the myrtles of love
Breathe their odors around,
The music of hope
Gives to silence a sound.
O! dear is the spot,
Where our glances first met,
There sorrow will linger,
Though joy may forget.

All melody breathing,
All sunshine and bloom,
Love sings to our cradle,
And garlands our tomb.
Far away,—far away,
Where bright planets roll,
O! there's Love's home,
In the land of the soul.

ON THE CULTIVATION OF THE MIND

No. I.

BY THE REV. ROBERT LEE.

WHETHER there be a distinction, in nature, between the human Soul and the human Spirit? Whether Reason and Understanding be distinguishable? Whether the various acts of judgment, memory, imagination, are to be regarded only as so many different *states* of one simple indivisible substance; or whether they must be explained by supposing the existence of distinct powers or faculties in that substance? Whether ideas—(or *notions*, rather)—be *innate*, that is born with us, and only unfolded by education (which therefore may be defined a process of evolution); or whether, on the contrary, all the stores of the mind have been imported from without? These, and other kindred questions, which have deeply engaged the attention of philosophers, I am compelled to pass by with this general observation—that, though considerable light might be thrown on the topic before us, from the investigation of those other points, yet we may satisfactorily discuss this without even forming an opinion regarding any of them, or even being aware of their existence: as a person may easily be taught to use a telescope who is ignorant of the laws of the reflection or refraction of light, according to which the telescope is constructed: or as every soldier in a regiment can shoulder arms at the word of command, whereas, perhaps, not one of them could name the muscles which that act called into operation.

The word Mind is often used in a restricted sense; but I shall, in this discourse, employ it in its most extensive application; not to denote any one peculiar faculty or exercise of the human soul, but that which is the subject of all those faculties—the one agent in all those exercises. I include, as well the Moral and Imaginative powers, as the Intellectual, in my idea of the mind.

The objects with which we are conversant present themselves to our minds principally under these three grand aspects: first, as true or false; second, as beautiful and noble, or mean and deformed; third, as right or wrong, good or evil. That which is conversant with the true or false is the Intellectual faculty—called, in common language, indifferently, *Reason* or *Understanding*: that which is employed about the beautiful or sublime is Imagination, Fancy, Taste: that which takes cognizance of the

right and the wrong is Conscience, sometimes called also Moral Sense.

The Cultivation of the Mind includes whatever has the effect of enlarging and invigorating it in these and all its other faculties or exercises, and of delivering them from those trammels and impediments which hinder their free and beneficial action: so that the imagination shall be a prolific mother of healthful and well-favored thoughts: the Understanding an acute and jealous guardian lest any illegitimate notions be received into the family and cherished there as truths; and the conscience, sitting a severe and incorruptible judge, impartially pronouncing sentence on all the mental offspring, and inexorably carrying his judgments into effect, unseduced by his handmaids the Passions, entreating him to spare their foster-children.

We not unfrequently observe minds having some one faculty or more in great strength, while the others are little developed. Some men grow all to understanding, some all to imagination. The former see all objects through the glass of logic, the latter look at everything through the medium of poetry. The one are hard and dry trees, bearing no blossoms, and even their fruit, though not unwholesome, wants juice and flavor; the others run all to flowers and essence, perfuming the air and regaling the senses, but they yield little fruit, and that too pungent to be nutritious. These are cases of monstrosity as much as those bodies one member of which has grown great and strong at the expense of the rest, all of which its increase has dwarfed and ruined.

Cases may also be found in which the Conscience, not satisfied with asserting his claims to a constitutional monarchy, has raised himself to absolute dominion in the soul. Instead of governing the other faculties, he sought to slay them, like those eastern despots who fancy they do not sit securely on their thrones till they have murdered their kindred. It is, indeed, necessary we should be acutely alive to the right and the wrong in all subjects in which these qualities exist; but it is not desirable that we should see nothing in them but the right or wrong. In short, as the perfection of the human body consists not in the strength and energy of any one member or sense, but in the health and activity of all; and as the highest idea of a civil government is not realized by the exclusive development of any one element of polity, but by such combination of them all as shall, to the greatest extent possible, neutralize the deleterious effects which each displays when acting uncombined with the countervailing elements; so the perfection of the mind, and the point to which its cultivation should be directed, is to educate, strengthen, and regulate whatever is in the mind—implanted there by that "manifold

wisdom" whose provisions are neither stinted or inadequate on one hand, nor superfluous on the other. Thus accomplished, the man is—clad in panoply—prepared to discharge the high offices to which humanity is called in relation both to the visible and to the spiritual world.

Cultivation of the mind is the result of well directed exercise, those objects being presented which are calculated to excite its various capacities, and by the pursuit of which the capacities themselves are beneficially employed. We can hardly account it wise, however, to exert either the mental or bodily powers in those employments, which furnish exercise indeed, but yield no further advantage, when so many labors present themselves which minister a double fruit, first in him that labors in them, and then in the things themselves in which he labors. He that *walks* to preserve health does well. He that *digs* does better; for in this case the labor itself is productive and profitable, which in the former it is not. So, it is better the mental powers should be employed on even the most barren subjects than that they should be idle; but when the world is full of pregnant truths, valuable both in themselves and in the further possessions to which they lead, it is surely not wise to expend our energies on those which in themselves are utterly valueless. The student of chess gets mental exercise—which in and of itself is good—but he gets nothing further; the knowledge thus acquired being of no use either absolutely or instrumentally: whereas the student of the mathematics and the student of history, *beside* mental employment, obtain a key—the one to all physical sciences, that is to the whole material world—the other to humanity itself. Thus the labor, which in the former case terminates in itself, in the other opens up to the great store-house of Nature, and makes us free of all the riches of the world.

Few perhaps would maintain that our minds do not require any particular discipline, in order to qualify us for discharging those functions, to which as members of society, and as subjects of the moral government of our invisible Sovereign, all men are called. But many of the most prevalent and pernicious errors are never avowed, much less defended in words, as the most powerful agents in nature manifest themselves only by their effects. Millions of persons show that the only education of their inner man, which they hold out to be desirable, consists in that acquaintance with the alphabet of knowledge—obtained at schools, and which has (unfortunately) engrossed the name of education; and that skill in their particular trades or professions, which may secure success in them, and through them the means of subsistence. But that this does not deserve to be styled "the cultivation of the mind" will instantly be admitted, if we consider that *that* know-

ledge concerns man chiefly not *as a man*, but *as an animal*, pressed with certain corporeal necessities; and therefore it only puts him on a level with the inferior creatures, which are taught the methods of supplying their wants by blind irresistible instincts. Man's mind cannot surely be said to be cultivated, when it is so instructed as to enable him to supply only his lowest wants, and to act suitably only in his lowest relations.

Few possessions of much real value come into our hands by accident. No man ever was a skilful architect, or physician, or carpenter, by chance. What is said of poets—*Poeta nascitur non fit*—must here be reversed; these gifts being not bestowed by Nature, but acquired by industry. And the knowledge of those sciences and arts which are profounder and more intricate in themselves, and which more deeply concern us, is not granted on easier terms. Not even the lowest organ in the body, not a muscle or a sense, can perform its function without having undergone a lengthened and elaborate process of instruction. The hand, the ear, the eye, must each be trained and taught; and though we may be unconscious of this education, it has as really been received as that was by which we learned to read or to write. If then even the meanest corporeal senses demand an appropriate education, without which they would prove rather encumbrances to the individual than his scouts and messengers, by which he keeps up his communication with the external world, shall we suppose that the noblest capacities of man's spirit are alone independent of all training and culture—that they only are incapable of expansion and refinement—that, in the whole territory of human nature, this is the only field which promises to reward the tillage with no fruit?

Addison's celebrated comparison of the human soul without cultivation to a block of marble in the quarry, though beautiful and striking, falls below the case. For the process of polishing only *displayed* those spots and veins, which were *in the substance* as much before it was hewn and dressed as afterwards. Whereas cultivation performs for the mind the same office which heat and moisture discharge in relation to the vegetable seed, or food and exercise to the animal organization; to which, though they absolutely impart no new organ, they enlarge and strengthen all, and permit some to develop themselves, which had no existence except in germ. It is an inadequate comprehension of our position and our relations which shelters the delusion that our faculties are then sufficiently disciplined and expanded, when they qualify us to fulfil our vocation, as creatures beset with certain corporeal necessities. We have other problems to solve than these—What shall we eat? what shall we drink? where-withal shall we be clothed? Our personal wants, our domestic

ties, even our social relations, address not to us those questions which touch our interests most vitally. Man has also relations to the universe, to the sum of visible things which surrounds him, and to that higher world, regarding which our senses bring no information, but in which we must seek the archetypes or *ideas* of whatever of the perfect, good, or fair, is found, though dimly represented in this; which, as the wise men persuaded themselves, was created with such analogy to that, as both to suggest to the inquiring spirit those higher forms of beauty and goodness, and to aid it somewhat in apprehending these. Yes: Man, the animal formed out of the dust of the ground, that eats and sleeps, is born and dies, is also "the image of God"—"a ray of the divinity" to whom even the structure of his body intimates that he was formed to look above the earth to which he is chained. A mediator and a priest, he stands between God and his other terrestrial works, consecrated to present them in sacrifice; for they are full of praises, which they cannot themselves offer. And that man has not apprehended his highest calling, who knows not that he is anointed with the holy oil of reason and speech, to express the sense of all things here below; to say that which all the creatures mean; to render those works of God vocal which naturally are dumb. But how shall he fulfil his vocation as a priest, offering up his works to God as sacrifices of praise continually, who is all unconscious of that manifold wisdom, goodness, and power, from which they all originated, and which they all reveal? And how can these be known, if they are not carefully observed and diligently studied? "Jehovah is a God that hideth himself" as well in nature, and the moral constitution and government of the world, as in that dispensation of divine mercy unfolded in the Bible. In that, as well as in this, the truth is spoken in parables—it is revealed in mystery; so that they who have no ear to hear are nothing the wiser. The shekinah blazes indeed in both; but it is either a pillar of fire or a pillar of cloud, according to the position from which we view it.

The objects to be proposed in the cultivation of the intellectual powers are chiefly these: First, *Knowledge*, acquaintance with facts and principles, that is, with particular and general truths: as also, the power of retaining this, which power is called Memory, the store-house or treasury of the mind;—and, Secondly, *Judgment*, the faculty of estimating correctly whatever is presented.

The caution formerly given may here be repeated, lest the intellectual vessel be upset, too much ballast being thrown to one side or the other, the mind becoming either a depository of unarranged, unmanageable knowledge, mere lumber, of which the possessor understands not the value, and which he can turn to no account in the way of utility or pleasure; or a naked uninform-

ed judgment. The former in these states is an intellectual gluttony, craving for knowledge which is swallowed ravenously, but is never digested or transmuted into the substance of the mind, of which it only feeds the peccant humors.

"Who reads incessantly, and to his readings brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep read in books, but shallow in himself."—MILTON.

The latter state is not less to be dreaded, when the mind grows to a naked judgment, acute and active, but unfurnished—destitute of the materials, without an abundant supply of which, our decisions are likely to be as erroneous as if the judgment itself were weak—or even more so; for more false opinions and of greater consequence arise from too narrow comprehension of facts, than from a mistaken estimate of those which are observed: as a tower is exposed to no less danger of falling if it stand on a basis too narrow or insecure, than if the building itself be infirm. And while Passion and Interest beget many prejudices, Ignorance is the parent of more; who, besides her own numerous family, shelters and rears all the offspring of her two sisters. No acuteness or vigor of judgment can deliver an ignorant mind from the danger of the most hurtful prejudices; whereas, in many cases, the very extension of our knowledge inevitably and instantaneously dispels those prejudices, which are the night of the soul, and which fly before the first beams of the rising Truth, which is her sun—the ghosts and spectres of the mind also, whose habitation is darkness, not being permitted to abide the crowing of the cock.

"The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several cave."

To prevent both these evils, it is necessary we mingle as great acquaintance as may be with other men's thoughts, with as great an exercise as possible of our own. In order to be very profitable, reading and reflection should be united. Either without the other will fail of obtaining the great end which should be had in view. A mere swallower of books is no more likely to become wise, than is a glutton to be healthy or strong. Information is not knowledge, much less is it wisdom—any more than food is chyle or blood. We must exercise reflection upon facts—information must be digested. Then only is it turned into that knowledge which is the vital fluid of man's spirit, and from which wisdom draws her nourishment. On the other hand, to prevent them preying upon themselves and corroding their own vitals, men's minds, especially those that are energetic and active, should be

furnished with a copious supply of wholesome nourishment derived from books, in which we must read much if we would be mentally healthy and vigorous.

THE AWAKENING.

BY MRS. ADDY.

AWAKE, awake, ye sleepers; the tuneful linnets sing,
The lark that daily seeks the skies has spread her upward wing,
From the city's dark recesses the sons of traffic pour,
And gay and goodly merchandize adorns the shining store;
In the calm and fragrant valley the wild flowers ope their eyes;
Beneath the smiling aspect of the blue unclouded skies,
The joyous sunbeams sparkle, and the dancing waters leap
Arise, then, languid dreamers, ye must waken from your sleep.

Awake, awake, ye sleepers, to busy life awake,
O! varied are the lots ye are summoned to partake;
Some shall for needful sustenance in active labor toil,
Some in the marts of worldliness shall grasp at drossy spoil,
Some shall in soft luxuriant ease the circling hours consume,
Some shall devote to learned lore the spring of youthful bloom,
And some in painful weariness their couch in tears shall steep,
Longing for night's dark quiet, and its brief and broken sleep.

Awake, awake, ye sleepers, awake at duty's call,
One sacred tie appeals to each, one cause unites you all;
Ye must answer at a future day for lost and wasted time,
Ye journey to a distant land, a bright and holy clime;
A race ye run—the precious prize, O! strive ye to attain,
A heritage is yours to claim, a conquest yours to gain;
The harvest lies before your eyes, that harvest may ye reap;
Then rouse ye, listless worldlings from the soul's lethargic sleep.

Awake, awake, ye sleepers, the day may shortly come
When ye find within the coffin's bound a still and narrow home,
Your eyes in heaviness shall close the mournful shroud beneath,
But none shall bid them open, they shall sleep the sleep of death.
The friends who fondly, vainly strove your cherished life to save,
In deep and bitter agony shall gather round your grave,
The foes who wronged and slandered you in penitence may weep,
But they may not bring you back again from death's unbroken sleep.

Awake, awake, ye sleepers; ye shall hear that summons dread,
When the solemn day of judgment shall arouse the slumbering dead;
Ye shall stand before your Saviour's throne, and wait his awful word,
To rank amid the lost ones, or the chosen of the Lord.
O! may ye live, while life endures, in pure and true belief,
May ye cling to your Redeemer's cross through happiness and grief,
Then shall he take you to his home, celestial watch to keep,
And eternity shall triumph o'er the grave's enthralling sleep.

THE POWER OF NATURE OVER THE HUMAN MIND.

No. II.

BY REV. T. H. STOCKTON, PHILADELPHIA.

NATURE is full of charms to the contemplative mind. There is a charm in the silent roll of the seasons, is there not? See the spring coming forth crowned with flowers? Beautiful, most beautiful. The morning stars are almost ready to sing again over it. Let them be still; we ask not their music; spring has its own songsters. The choir of nature is complete; all tenor and treble voices. If the raven put in his hoarse bass-voice, we will not listen, for the sound is not sweet. All tenor voices! Bush and tree, vale and hill-side, all vocal with the inspired and inspiring melody! Let no man undervalue music; it is God's gift to the birds—God's gift to our hearts; for many a tune is sung within, that the voice cannot utter! Do you complain of the capriciousness of spring! Pray, why should you, friend? She is the mistress of seasons and she abuses her power frequently, but who does not? Did not Buonaparte and Cromwell abuse their power? If she were a republican, you might indulge in your invectives against her, but the seasons form an aristocracy, and therefore you must learn to bear with them. Only think of her power. She triumphs over winter and makes him hasten off to his polar home. Great power will sometimes be misdirected. If she does frown now and then, it's a privilege the gentlemen often avail themselves of, and why not the ladies? Hence, you must bear with it, for the sunshine will be more welcome, when it floods the sky and the landscape.

If spring has oft offended you, will you not love it, and standing beneath the softly beaming firmament, and looking upward, will you not say in Thomson's fine language—

"Come, gentle spring; ethereal mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around; veiled in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend!"

The invocation is answered. The fair one veils herself and descends. Brief is her reign, and then she expands into summer, for summer, we have you understand, is only spring enlarged; an octavo swelled into a quarto volume, with larger engravings and new binding! Lovelier glows the sky now, and more fragrant the flower! There is now, for the first time, death in nature. Things come to perfection and perish. Spring was

all life; summer is mingled life and death. Did you never notice that the seasons treat each other with perfect courtesy? One does not invade the empire of the other. They are respectful and polite, ruling like sister queens. And therefore, summer resigns, all blushing and ruddy, the sceptre to autumn; and he, with generous liberality, combines spring, summer and winter, in a measure, together. Only walk into the woods now. They are his palace. There he lives and dies. There he holds court, and receives his audiences. Magnificent are they, for all colors blend and all charms unite in them. Every sunset is glorious, and the nights shine with double lustre. And then follows winter! Short days are his, and long nights, as if he would shut out the world from observing him. The representative of purity is he, for he comes ever and anon, and hides the curse that lies heavy on the earth, with an outspread of pure snow. The representative of terror is he, for he frowns darkly and dreadfully, and makes the world tremble beneath him. The representative of power is he, for he sways a mighty sceptre, and the ocean and rivers quail beneath it. How appropriate now are the words of Thomson!

*"These as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God."*

And is there not a charm, quiet and deep, in the rainbow? Conquerors have had their triumphal arches, but who has had one like it? Mercy walks beneath it and restrains the swelling waters, so that there be no more deluge. If seraphs may tread that path, happy are they! Is there not a sweet moral taught us in this? Do the colors blend in it? So may different hearts blend together. Does it announce the retiring storm and presage the returning calm? So it is in every storm of life. If friends fall into the grave, the bow of promise opens their lonely tomb; if heavy afflictions come, the bow of promise tells that they are passing away, and joys shall again spring up in our bosoms. Is there not magnificence in the ocean, and grandeur in the swelling mountains? And have you never communed with the stars, until your spirit was entranced, and this world could hardly claim you as its inhabitant? If any one thing has subserved the interests of poetry more than another, the stars have, for there is no image in the whole array of figures more varied and expressive than they. Stars are the emblem of love. If the triumph of ambition be represented, it is by the star of fame; if the light of beauty be pictured, it is by the star's lustre. Can any man look upon the stars and not feel his immortality? Oh, it is in the night-seas where we wander alone beneath the glittering firmament, that this sense comes home to us most powerfully,

and we feel that every star is a token of the heaven beyond, and a pledge that we shall never die.

The power of local association is one of the most striking exhibitions of the mind, in its relation to nature. If memory be analyzed, it will be found to be somewhat of a physical faculty—it is greatly under the dominion of sense—changes of constitution affect it—and the advance of age is ever betokened by its decay. No wonder then that our memory is so closely associated with material objects. The power of local association is not then altogether dependent on intellect. If the bird build its nest in a rose-bush one spring, it will return and rebuild it there the ensuing season. If the sportsman would obtain his game, he knows that it has its fixed resorts where it may be met.

Prompted by this sentiment, the traveller in foreign lands will walk reverently through Westminster Abbey, and gaze with delight on the homes of departed genius and worth. If Mrs. Hemans wrote about Kenilworth and a Leaf from Virgil's tomb—if Southey entered the pulpit where the illustrious Bunyan preached—if Johnson and Leigh Richmond grew eloquent among the ruins of Iona—if the American patriot seek the quiet shades of Mount Vernon, and look silently on the tomb of Washington—it is because of this witching of local association. The most general and remarkable exhibition of this sentiment was in the case of the Crusades—when nations were moved by a simultaneous passion—to recover the land, where the elect people of Jehovah had lived—where the son of Jehovah himself had died.

The true position, then, for us to occupy with regard to nature, is a position midway between that false philosophy, which would deify it, and that careless spirit which would reject its influence altogether. Philosophy has often placed visible nature in the relation of a deity, and rendered it supreme homage. Astronomy has sometimes attempted it; geology has tried it. The end is the same, whether you utterly banish all idea of God, or substitute nature in his stead, for what power has nature to affect the moral feelings, apart from the great creator? If this unwarranted and unreasonable exaltation of nature be as derogatory to man as it is obnoxious to God, we are also to beware of that other extreme, the utter neglect of its manifold forms and aspects. The objects of religion are hidden from the natural eye. Our Redeemer is invisible; our heavenly home is invisible; our future associates are invisible. Were it given to mortals to gaze steadily or at blessed intervals, on them; were it our privilege to look upon the far world, and mark the kingly splendor of the new city; it may be supposed that faith would acquire unwonted

energy, and devotion would burn with unquenchable ardor. What kind of a probation would life then be? Men would then seek religion on the same principle that they seek wealth and honor. The lower parts of our nature would triumph over the higher. The fact is, the necessity for such a visible exhibition of the objects of religion is, so far as expedient, destroyed by the appeal which natural things make to the mind. If we wish to be reminded of God, we have only to open our eyes and the symbols of his grandeur meet us. If we desire to realize eternity and immensity, we need not ascend to the throne and converse with its ancient and august occupant—we need not travel through the extended territory of the Prince of the Universe—we have but to look up to the solemn midnight skies and the impression is received. The aid of sense is thus secured, and that, too, without sacrificing the interests of faith and devotion. Vain then is that philosophy which would fill our homes and temples with images of the great God! Has Jehovah not finished his own work? Has he left the universe so imperfect that it cannot represent him? It is ordained, that Christianity should have no external representation of its objects; it is no patron of idolatry in any form; it addresses the soul; its humbler associate—nature—addresses the senses; and what more would you have? If men are disposed to idolize nature, Christianity approaches with her stately step, and celestial appearance, and checks it; if they are inclined to spiritualize Christianity, nature repels the attempt and interposes its visible works between them and their end.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, let us turn to a nobler spectacle than nature, with all her plenitude, can present—the spectacle of redemption. A meek young man appears before us. Others are gay, but he is serious. Others are interested for themselves; he is concerned for the world. Others are proud; he is the personification of humility. No unkind word has ever escaped those hallowed lips. The innocence of angel-purity beams from his countenance, and the majesty of Godhead occasionally ennobles his actions. A friend to all, and he almost friendless; a servant of his country, and yet treated as a foreign invader; a disguised prince, who can be great without an attending retinue—great from innate greatness. Wonderful as a child—for then he astonished the learned doctors—more wonderful as a man, for then he challenged the notice of the universe! It was the first time the world had seen such wisdom, and therefore its folly was reproved; it was the first time it had seen such virtue, and therefore, it was mortified; it was the first time it had seen such philanthropy, and therefore it blushed; it was the first time it had seen such sanctity, and therefore it hated the

sight, and madly resolved on his destruction. Then came the dreadful tragedy—then came the fearful invocation, "*his blood be on us and our children*"—then came the fast rushing crowd—then came the consummation—*a cross, a spear, a taunt!!!* Let the veil of the temple be rent, and through the rent let religion go forth to traverse the world. Let the firmament grow dark, for the prince of darkness has triumphed. Let the earth tremble, for Jehovah shakes the rod of his anger over it! Such a scene—far more than fiction—no more than fact. Such a scene—heaven—earth—and hell are strangely blended in it. Is there any scene in nature to be compared with this? Where will you find such sublimity—such pathos—such subduing tenderness? The material universe presents you with a living Jehovah superintending its multiplied interests, sustaining its well-ordered harmony, sanctifying its perpetually-occurring incidents—but grander still, redemption opens with a dying Redeemer!!!

All the scenes of religion are profoundly interesting. Witness the dedication of a child to God in the holy ordinance of baptism—witness the solemn commemoration of the Saviour's death—witness the tears of the penitent—and the joys of the believer—there is more than poetry in them. There is heaven and glory in them. The constant tendency of the human mind is towards ideality. Surround it with as many attractive realities as you please, it cannot be satisfied. If it dwelt in an Eden, it would imagine another and a better Eden. The strong impulse of native taste and passion is ever hurrying it towards the fond creations of active fancy. The poverty of one world is thus compensated by the wealth of another world—the deformity of our planet-home, by the unmarred and unshadowed loveliness of a happier home. To gratify this passion for ideality, man resigns himself to reverie, and suspends reason and sense. To satisfy its intense longings, he cultivates poetry, and in her fair fields, treads with a light footstep. It is all in vain. Such things alone cannot answer the end. There is in them a mockery of the heart; there is in them only an aurora-borealis light skirting the horizon, and spreading up towards the zenith, a picturesque adornment of the night, but leaving it the night still, and rendering its murky shadows only the more visible. Christianity meets the necessities of man. She gives him the communion of heaven, and opens an unsullied world to the range of his imagination, and the eager wishes of his oft-disquieted heart. The blessedness of Jehovah is her high bestowment upon man.

The highest compliment Infidelity could pay this benevolent system, is to oppose it, for if it were not of heaven—heavenly in its morality and object—it would not have such violent opposition. Vain are the hopes of this opponent of the faith.

Whenever this system of opinions can offer us a better hope, a surer faith, a richer treasure, a nobler support, than Christianity, then, and not till then, let it ask our confidence. It has no promise for the dying hour—no consecrating blessing for the tomb. A celebrated officer of the American Revolution—a Virginia gentleman—had unfortunately been tinctured with Infidel principles. The efforts of Mr. T. Paine to promote American liberty—the effusions of his pen—and the zeal of his life—tended to make his Infidel sentiments popular with many of our countrymen, at the era of the Revolution. This officer had often introduced the subject, strange as it may appear, to his daughter, and urged her to embrace its tenets. If Infidelity succeed with man, it cannot often master the heart of woman, for above all others, the law of her nature is trust, and she needs peculiarly the holy trust of heaven. The young lady resisted the entreaties of the father. She clung to the principles of her Saviour's religion. Disease afterwards wasted her fair form, and she drew near the closing scene. Friends loved her for her loveliness, and the father wept that early beauty should thus languish into the tomb. The work of disease was almost consummated—the light was passing from her eye, and the pulse from her heart—it was a fearful moment—the dividing moment between time and eternity.

She called the Infidel father to her bedside—and as she gently pressed his hand, and looked tenderly up into his sad countenance—she said, "*Father, would you have me be an Infidel now?*" There was a pause—there was a sigh—and the heart-stricken man answered—"No, my daughter, no ! ! !"

THE ATHEIST.—The assaults of reckless men, the cavillings of sceptics, the sneers of the scoffer, from the most powerful in times past, down to the miserable atheist of the present day, have accomplished nothing. Their denunciations, and revilings, and labors, have all resulted in creating no good, in advancing no interest, in defending, or comforting, or elevating none; in administering to the wants, the sufferings, or hopes of no human being. Their labors, like their minds, are a blank—a blank as cold and comfortless, as destitute of good here or hope hereafter; a blank as dark and appalling as the void to which they would drag down and degrade the eternal and immortal soul.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL TESTIMONY.

[CONCLUDED.]

NEXT morning he again repaired to the hotel of Count Hildentrath. He found the countess and her daughter together in the drawing-room. The conversation naturally turned on the legal inquiries which were going on for the verification of his brother's death. Charlotte at first betrayed no sign of embarrassment or uneasiness.

"I believe, madam," said Ferdinand, "you are acquainted with the family of Baron Schonwald, who reside near Muhlbach?"

"I have some slight acquaintance with them," replied Madame von Bergfeldt.

"Do you happen to know the daughter of the Pastor Gaeben, who lives in the neighborhood of the castle?"

"He has several daughters."

"I mean the second daughter; Caroline, I think, is her name."

"Yes, I know her. She is a charming girl, and a great favorite of mine."

"I have just learned that she is implicated, in a very serious way, in the horrible affair which we are investigating. The police has discovered—"

"What! What has been discovered?" exclaimed Charlotte, her eyes staring wildly, and her cheeks turning pale. "Can it be possible! Poor Caroline! She is innocent—quite innocent! I will go immediately to Muhlbach—I must save her!"

She sank on the sofa, apparently in a state of unconsciousness. The countess rang the bell violently, and, the servants having come to her assistance, Ferdinand hurriedly rushed down the stairs, and left the house.

"The mystery is revealed," thought he, "Charlotte undertakes to prove the innocence of Caroline! This is equivalent to admitting that she knows the author of the crime! Discovery is now at hand. I need not stay longer in Berlin."

He was about to order post-horses for the purpose of departing, but in the course of the afternoon, a note was delivered to him. It was from Charlotte, who wished to have a private conversation with him.

Madame von Bergfeldt received her brother-in-law with the most perfect composure, though she had not entirely recovered from the emotion which had so suddenly overcome her in the morning. She was very desirous to know what was the charge against Caroline Gaeben, and what discovery had implicated her.

Ferdinand evaded these questions by observing that the letter

he had received from Schelnitz was very vaguely expressed; and that though he stated that serious suspicions hung over the pastor's daughter, he had not stated the circumstances on which they were grounded. Charlotte informed him that it was her intention immediately to set out for Muhlbach, where she could produce testimony to prove the innocence of her young friend. Her mother was to accompany her; the count, who was suffering from severe illness, being unable to undertake so long a journey. This plan entirely coincided with Ferdinand's wishes. Resorting to a pardonable dissimulation, he pretended that it was his purpose to return home to Silesia immediately. That same night, however, he left Berlin and took the road to Muhlbach, with the view of reaching that place before the arrival of his sister-in-law.

On reaching his destination, the first thing he did was to call on Schelnitz, to whom he communicated all that had transpired at Berlin.

"I have a few additional particulars to relate to you," observed the lawyer; "I have collected them from a domestic who recently quitted the service of Baron Schonwald. The 16th of July was a Saturday; it was a festival day, and the Schonwald family went to Muhlbach. Madame Weltheim did not go with them, but she went thither in company with a lady (Madame Rosen) and her two daughters. The party reached Muhlbach in the morning, and about eleven o'clock in the forenoon Madame Weltheim left her friends, and did not rejoin them again till evening. Now," observed Schelnitz, "it would be very important to ascertain where she went and how she was employed during this interval of absence. The Schonwalds and the Rosens might possibly furnish information on that point; I therefore advise you to see them. Madame Rosen wishes to dispose of her estate. You may present yourself as a purchaser. By that means you will be sure of a favorable reception. Draw the ladies into conversation, and try to learn from them all that took place on the 16th of July."

Ferdinand followed his advice. He learned from Madame Rosen that, whilst the ladies were breakfasting at Muhlbach, a country girl brought a letter for Madame Weltheim. She stated it to be from a very old friend, a Madame Treskoff, who resided in Muhlbach, and who wished particularly to see her. Madame Weltheim hastily put on her bonnet, and departed, followed by the girl. It was night, and candles were lighted, when she returned. She seemed agitated, and the redness of her eyes denoted that she had been weeping. The ladies anxiously inquired the cause of her trouble, and she replied that her feelings had been deeply moved by finding her friend, Madame Treskoff, in great distress.

Continuing his interrogatories, Ferdinand was further informed, that though Madame Weltheim frequently wore a green silk dress, yet it was not positively remembered whether she wore it on the 16th July.

"She was much agitated on her return," observed one of the ladies, "and she had *only one glove* on. (These words made Ferdinand almost leap from his chair.) This struck me as very remarkable, as she was always most precise in the details of her dress. I remarked to her that she had only one glove, to which she replied, 'Ah! I was not aware of it. I suppose I must have dropped it at my friend's!'"

Ferdinand had thus learned more than he expected. Taking a hurried leave of Madame Rosen and her daughters, he went immediately to Schelnitz. The latter was of opinion that nothing now remained to be done but to denounce Charlotte von Bergfeldt as the murderess of her husband. He inquired in Muhlbach and its neighborhood whether a lady named Treskoff had lived there in the month of July. Her name was unknown to any one.

"There can be no doubt," said Schelnitz, "that Charlotte von Bergfeldt struck the fatal blow. It is useless to endeavor to sound the motives for a crime which Providence has miraculously disclosed by an unparalleled chain of concurring circumstances. She may have been prompted by jealousy—by hatred of a husband whose conduct it would appear was not free from blame—or by cupidity; for, on the death of Edward von Bergfeldt, his widow, by terms of the marriage settlement, is to possess a considerable portion of the revenues derived from the estates. But, whatever may have been the motive for the crime, Charlotte von Bergfeldt is certainly guilty."

The minutes for the evidence of prosecution were drawn up in due legal form, and laid before the *ober-procurator* of Coblenz. Meanwhile, Madame von Bergfeldt, accompanied by her mother, arrived there. Full of anxiety to know what proceedings had been taken against Caroline Gaeben, she called on Schelnitz, whose name and address she had learned from Ferdinand. Schelnitz referred her for information to the *ober-procurator*, to whom he immediately conducted her.

"Madame," said the magistrate, addressing her, "your brother-in-law has charged Caroline Gaeben with being implicated in the murder of your husband. He assures me that he can produce satisfactory proofs of her guilt; but he has not stated to me what those proofs are. I understand that you have come here for the purpose of removing the suspicions that hang over that young lady."

"I have, sir; but I cannot conceive how suspicion can possi-

bly attach to Mademoiselle Gaeben. She did not know my husband. She never even saw him!"

"How can you be certain of that, Madame? You cannot know whom your husband may have seen during your separation from him. How long is it since you yourself saw him?"

Charlotte felt that she was approaching dangerous ground.

"The will of my parents," said she, "prohibited all communication between me and the Baron von Bergfeldt after our separation; I do not consider it necessary to enter upon any further explanation of that painful subject."

Resolved, if possible, to elicit something decided, the magistrate, fixing his eye sternly on her, inquired whether she had not visited Muhlbach on the 16th of July in the preceding year.

"Yes, sir," she replied, "I think I was there on that day."

"How did you employ the time during the morning?"

Charlotte was silent, and a livid paleness overspread her countenance.

"Madame Rosen and her daughters," pursued the magistrate, "have declared that you parted from them at an early hour, and that you did not rejoin them until evening."

"I cannot understand," said Charlotte, in a faltering tone of voice, "why those ladies have been examined; nor can I guess to what all these inquiries tend."

"Permit me to observe, madam, that you have not answered the question I just now put to you, and that an answer is necessary to your justification!"

"For my justification! Then it appears I am accused! I now understand the meaning of this captious interrogatory. I will not condescend to enter upon explanation. That would be beneath me. I will remain silent. Henceforth my lips are sealed on this subject. No power on earth shall draw a word from me. Now, sir, do whatever your duty may dictate! You know my determination."

The magistrate found himself obliged to sign an order for the imprisonment of Madame von Bergfeldt. Next day she was confronted with the keeper of the baths at Podewil and his wife. Both unhesitatingly recognized her to be the lady who, on the 16th of July, had presented herself at the door of their establishment. Her right hand was examined, and across the palm there was a mark which might have been caused by a cut; but the scar was so slight as to render this circumstance a matter of doubt.

An order was forwarded to Berlin for putting under seal all the papers and effects belonging to Madame von Bergfeldt. They were previously examined in the presence of a magistrate. Among the papers nothing of importance was found, but in a jewel casket

there was discovered a gold watch, which the accused lady had presented her husband on his marriage, and a ring which Edward had been in the habit of wearing. How did these objects come into Charlotte's possession? Had her husband returned them to her at the time of their separation? These questions could be answered only by conjecture.

All this mass of evidence having been submitted to the consideration of the judges, the officers of police were directed to seek out three persons whose testimony appeared to be important. These were the old wood-cutter, who accompanied the lady when she called at the baths of Podewil, Cecile, the French *femme de chambre*, and the country girl who had conveyed the letter to Madame von Bergfeldt (under the name of Madame Weltheim) at Muhlbach. The wood-cutter was nowhere to be found. As to Cecile, she had quitted her mistress' service on her return to Berlin, and was now married. In countenance and figure she was totally different from her mistress. No suspicion attached to her, and she could furnish no information calculated to throw light on the subject of inquiry. The girl who brought the letter to Madame von Bergfeldt was traced out, and she stated that, in 1818, she was in the service of a Madame Wunderlich at Muhlbach. She recollected that some time in the month of July a gentleman called on her mistress, who then desired her to take a letter to a lady, whose name she had forgotten. After reading the letter, the lady went with her to Madame Wunderlich's. The girl described the gentleman to have been tall and thin, with dark moustaches. He wore a green hunting-coat, light-colored pantaloons, and boots with spurs. This description corresponded with the appearance and dress of Edward von Bergfeldt.

These examinations being terminated, the case was deemed to be sufficiently established to warrant an order for the trial of the accused before the criminal court of Coblenz.

On the day fixed for the trial, an immense crowd thronged every avenue leading to the court. Madame von Bergfeldt was conducted into the presence of the judges. She was dressed in deep mourning, and looked very pale, and, though evidently affected, she was still struggling to repress her emotion.

The witnesses, forty-three in number, were examined. Their testimony confirmed all the particulars already narrated, and though no new facts were disclosed, yet the interest excited by the trial continued to increase. At the close of the examinations the advocate for the accused entered upon her defence. He delivered a long and eloquent address, in the course of which he ingeniously set forth every argument that could turn to the advantage of the prisoner. He dwelt earnestly on the fact of there

being no positive proof that the body found on the steps of St. Joseph's Chapel was the body of Edward von Bergfeldt. Referring to the annals of criminal jurisprudence, he adduced the cases of several persons who had on circumstantial evidence been condemned and executed for murder, and whose presumed victims were subsequently discovered to be living. He concluded by expressing regret that the accused had determined to remain silent under the charge brought against her, and to withhold explanation respecting the events of the fatal day; but, unaccountable as that determination was, he observed, that it ought not to be regarded as an evidence of guilt.

The advocate had just closed his address, when a messenger hastily entered the court, and presented a billet to the president, which the latter read aloud. It contained the following words:—

"I entreat to be heard immediately. I can prove the innocence of the accused!"

"Let the person be brought into court," said the president.

The utmost curiosity and agitation now prevailed, and several voices were heard to exclaim, "Doubtless it is Edward von Bergfeldt!"

The unexpected witness presently appeared. He was a man of tall stature and of military bearing. As soon as Charlotte beheld him she uttered a piercing shriek. Having, not without some difficulty, made his way through the crowd, the stranger at length stood before the judges.

"My name," said he, "is George von Rothkirch, and I am an officer in the 3d Dragoons. The lady, whose innocence I am enabled to prove, is bound by an oath which compels her to remain silent. I beg permission to address a few words to her, and afterwards I will satisfactorily explain the mysterious event which occupies the attention of this assembly."

The president consulted the court, and the stranger was permitted to speak to the prisoner.

"Madam," said he, "death has broken the bond by which you have believed yourself to be bound. Your father is no more. He died invoking blessings on you, and in ignorance of the dreadful position in which you are placed. Permit me now to reveal the truth."

Charlotte replied by a look of gratitude and a flood of tears, and George von Rothkirch spoke as follows:

"Being in garrison at Coblenz in 1818, I met Edward von Bergfeldt, with whom I had formerly been acquainted. He then appeared ill and low-spirited, weary of life, and dissatisfied with himself. He spoke to me unreservedly of the differences between himself and his wife, acknowledged that he had not behaved well,

but wished for reconciliation. I visited the family of Baron Schonwald, at whose house I met a lady who was introduced to me as Madame Weltheim. I was charmed with her beauty and intelligence, and frequently spoke of her to Edward. He wished to see the lady whom I so highly extolled; but I could not prevail on him to accompany me to Baron Schonwald's. At length I had an opportunity of pointing out Madame Weltheim to him on a public promenade.

"My dear Rothkirch," he exclaimed, "she is my wife!"

"He insisted on my conveying to her a proposal for reconciliation. Madame von Bergfeldt at first refused to listen to it, alleging that her parents would never forgive her if she saw or corresponded with her husband; at length, however, I succeeded in shaking her determination, and she consented to grant him an interview.

"It was arranged that, on a certain day, when she was going to Muhlbach with some friends, an imaginary person, to whom we gave the name of Madame Treskoff, should send a message requesting to see her. She was then to join me at the residence of a lady in Muhlbach, and I was to conduct her to the castle of Ottenberg, where her husband had promised to be in waiting for her.

"On meeting her husband, Madame von Bergfeldt was evidently agitated by painful emotions, which she vainly struggled to repress. Edward, on his part, was exceedingly gay and animated; he had brought with him a wood-cutter, who carried a hamper, furnished with *déjeuner*. The husband broached the subject of reconciliation, which the wife endeavored to evade on the ground of the objections of her parents. The dialogue became warm, and reproaches were mutually interchanged. Edward complained of the heat, which was indeed excessive, and he frequently had recourse to the wine, of which he drank very freely. I observed that he was becoming greatly excited, and he even went so far as to utter threats of vengeance, if his wife did not accede to his offers of reconciliation. Madame von Bergfeldt wished to depart, but he seized her by the arm and detained her.

"Ah!" he exclaimed "would you doom me again to the miserable life I have suffered for some years past; sooner will I end my days—" and seizing a knife from off the table, he made a motion as if intending to stab himself.

"Edward," said I, "why terrify your wife by this farce?"

"Farce!" resumed he, in a tone of furious anger, "do you suppose I fear death?"

"By a movement more rapid than thought, he plunged the knife into his heart. He fell at my feet deluged in blood, and Charlotte fainted.

"The wood-cutter, who had been sitting at some distance off now ran to us. Edward was a lifeless corpse. With some difficulty we recovered Madame von Bergfeldt, who, in this terrible crisis, evinced great energy and feeling. It was long before we could prevail on her to abandon the lifeless remains of her husband, for whom she was most anxious to secure a fitting burial. The wood-cutter suggested the idea of placing the body on the steps of the chapel, where, he said, it was sure to be speedily discovered. We removed some of the clothing, being desirous of creating the suspicion of murder rather than of suicide. Charlotte wished to have her husband's watch and ring which he wore; he had a second ring, but we found we could not remove it without mutilating the finger. We bandaged the wound in order to stop the effusion of blood, and then withdrew. Madame von Bergfeldt cut her hand slightly in her endeavor to snatch the knife from Edward; she was dreadfully agitated by the horrible scene, and reproached herself for having caused the catastrophe by violating her father's injunctions.

"'But,' said she, 'he shall never know what has happened—it would break his heart. Whatever may be the result—even though I should die on the scaffold—so long as my father lives I will bury the knowledge of this sad event in inviolable silence!'

"She made me and the wood-cutter take a solemn oath never to divulge what we had witnessed.

"Shortly after this event, my regiment was removed from Coblenz to a distant garrison. I heard nothing of Madame von Bergfeldt, and I dared not write to her. A short time ago, I retired from the army with the intention of proceeding to the United States, where my brother has long resided. Passing through the Rhenish Provinces, on my way to the port at which I proposed to embark, I heard of this trial; the whole truth instantly flashed across my mind, and I at once understood the chain of mysterious circumstances which had fixed suspicion on Charlotte von Bergfeldt. I hastened to Baron Schonwald, who related to me all he knew of the case, and showed me a letter which he had received only a day or two ago, announcing the death of Count Hildenrath. There was not a moment to be lost, and I hurried hither. Death has released me from my oath, and I will, I trust, induce Madame von Bergfeldt to break the silence she imposed on herself."

He gave the name and dwelling-place of the wood-cutter, who, being found, confirmed the accuracy of his statement. The court then immediately pronounced the *ACQUITTAL* of Charlotte von Bergfeldt.

* * * * *

A gentleman who happened to be present at the extraordinary

trial above described, was, in the month of August, 1820, a temporary resident at the Hôtel d'Angleterre at Havre. One day, as he was passing down the staircase of the hotel, he met a lady whom he immediately recognized to be Charlotte von Bergfeldt.

"Who is that lady?" inquired he of one of the waiters, whom he saw in the hall.

"She is a German lady," was the answer; "her name is Madame von Rothkirch; she and her husband arrived here the day before yesterday, and they are to sail to-morrow for New York on board the Quincy Adams."

ENGLAND.

THE following excellent Poem, addressed to Old England, is, we think, strikingly appropriate, in most respects, to our own proud nation.—ED. LIT. EMPORIUM.

When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty came over
Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust,
And a ruin at last for the earthworm to cover,
The Lady of Kingdoms lay low in the dust.

MOORE.

Too long it hath been said and sung,
My country, unto thee,
Thy banner floats on every gale,
Thy keel ploughs every sea;
O'er every continent and isle
Thine influence is flung,
And not a spot on earth, but knows
The accents of thy tongue;
Not Rome had wider spreading sway,
Nor Greece, when Greece was young.

Too much thou hast exalted been,
Too much with pride of place,
Thou hast been led to overween
Thyself and all thy race;
Thou hast grown proud and arrogant,
While sitting like a queen,
With couchant lion by thy side,
Upon thy throne marine;
Not any one might say thee nay,
Nor come thy will between.

But what will Hist'ry say of thee
In some not distant day,
When broken is thy rod of rule,
And ended is thy sway;
When thou hast known decline and fall
As Rome before thee knew;
When Time for thee hath spread the pall,
And death hath pierced thee through,
And reckoned is the great account
Where all must have their due?

How hast thou used the boundless power
 That unto thee was given ?
 The seeds of good thou had'st to sow,
 How have they grown and thriven ?
 The barren places of the earth
 Hast thou like gardens made ?
 Do arid wildernesses smile
 With green bough and with blade ?
 And doth the gospel sunlight shine
 Where all before was shade ?

Thou answerest, yea, the mental waste
 Is now a waste no more ;
 My missionaries have gone forth
 To every distant shore ;
 My merchant-ships have crossed the main
 To civilize mankind ;
 No more the savage is a brute,
 The heathen no more blind ;
 And broken are the chains which bind
 The body or the mind.

'Tis even so—thou *hast* done this,
 And unabashed might'st stand
 Before the judgment seat, but there
 Are red spots on thy hand,
 And Pride is throned upon thy brow,
 And Hatred in thy heart ;
 From many a fair and fertile realm
 Thou badest Peace depart ;
 And oft with words of brotherhood,
 Didst act a foeman's part.

How will the Hindoo testify,
 And how the brave Affghan,
 The dweller by the Yellow Sea,
 The red Canadian ?
 Will not thy sister Erin have
 A mournful tale to tell ?
 Will not accusing voices rise
 From Scottish height and dell ;
 And Cambria send a list of wrongs
 The catalogue to swell ?

Oh, thou hast run a mad career
 Of conquest and of blood ;
 A chequered record is thy past
 Of evil mixed with good.
 Too willing ere to take offence,
 Too prompt to draw the sword ;
 Of generous heart and open hand,
 Yet smiting at a word ;
 With evil thoughts, and passion wild,
 Too readily upstirred.

Surrounding nations have looked on
 In jealousy and fear,
 To see thy wide possessions still
 Increasing year by year :
 They wait until thy lion's paw
 Hath a less nervous sweep,

Till languor or decrepitude
 Have laid his powers asleep,
 For slights and fancied injuries
 To take a vengeance deep.

They watch, and not methinks in vain,
 Disgraces to retrieve;
 The times are big with bodeful signs,
 Thy faithful sons to grieve;
 Distress and Poverty combine
 Thy limbs to paralyze;
 The voice of discontent is heard
 From all thy towns to rise;
 Where famine-goaded multitudes
 With wild shouts rend the skies.

Oh, let thine armies be recalled
 That pillage and lay waste;
 Be just, be true, be merciful,
 Nor self-destruction haste;
 Let equal laws be felt by all
 Who dwell thy sway beneath;
 Unchain thy ports, let commerce be
 Free as the heaven's breath;
 Or it may hap that, scorpion-like,
 Thou'lt sting thyself to death.

Look back to other times, and learn
 Deep wisdom from the past;
 The reign of fraud and violence
 When knew ye *this* to last?
 Pride goeth e'er before a fall,
 God grant thine be not near!
 A people should be ruled by Love
 And not by slavish Fear;
 A nation that but forgeth chains,
 Perchance those chains may wear.

HUMAN INVENTIONS.

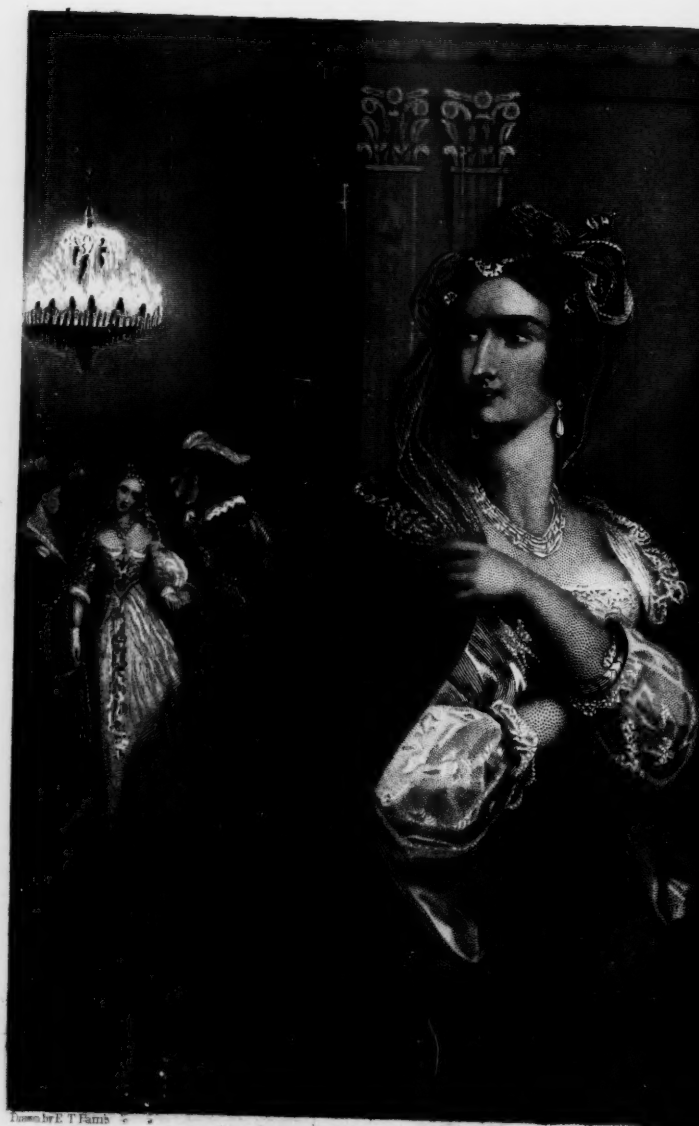
It is amazing and delightful to consider what seemingly difficult things are done by means of human knowledge, scanty and confined as it is. The wonders performed by means of reading and writing are so striking, that some learned men have given it as their opinion, that the whole was communicated to mankind originally by some superior being. That by means of the various compositions of about twenty different articulations of the human voice, performed by the assistance of the lungs, the glottis, the tongue, the lips, and the teeth, ideas of all sensible and intelligible objects in nature, in art, in science, in history, in morals, in

supernaturals, should be communicable from one mind to another; and again, that signs should be contrived, by which those articulations of the human voice should be expressed, so as to be communicable from one mind to another by the eye; this seems really beyond the reach of humanity left to itself. To imagine, for example, the first of mankind capable of inventing any set of sounds, which should be fit to communicate to one another the idea of what is meant by *virtue* or *rectitude*, or any other idea wholly unconnected with any kind of sound whatever, and afterwards of inventing a set of signs, which should give the mind by the eye, an idea of what is properly an object of the sense of hearing (as a word when expressed with the voice, represents an idea, which is the mere object of the understanding); to imagine mankind, in the first ages of the world, without any hint from superior beings, capable of this, seems doing too great honor to our nature. Be that as it will; that one man should, by uttering a set of sounds no way connected with, or naturally representative of one set of ideas more than another; that one man should, by such seemingly unfit means, enlighten the understanding, rouse the passions, delight or terrify the imagination of another; and that he should not only be able to do this when present, *viva voce*, but that he should produce the same effect by a set of figures which are themselves the representatives of ideas, is truly admirable.

W O M A N.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Oh, what is woman—what her smile—
 Her lip of love—her eye of light—
 What is she, if her lips revile
 The lowly Jesus! Love may write
 His name upon her marble brow,
 And linger in her curls of jet—
 The light spring flower may scarcely bow
 Beneath her step, and yet—and yet—
 Without that meekest grace, she'll be
 A lighter thing than vanity.



Designed by E. T. Plumb

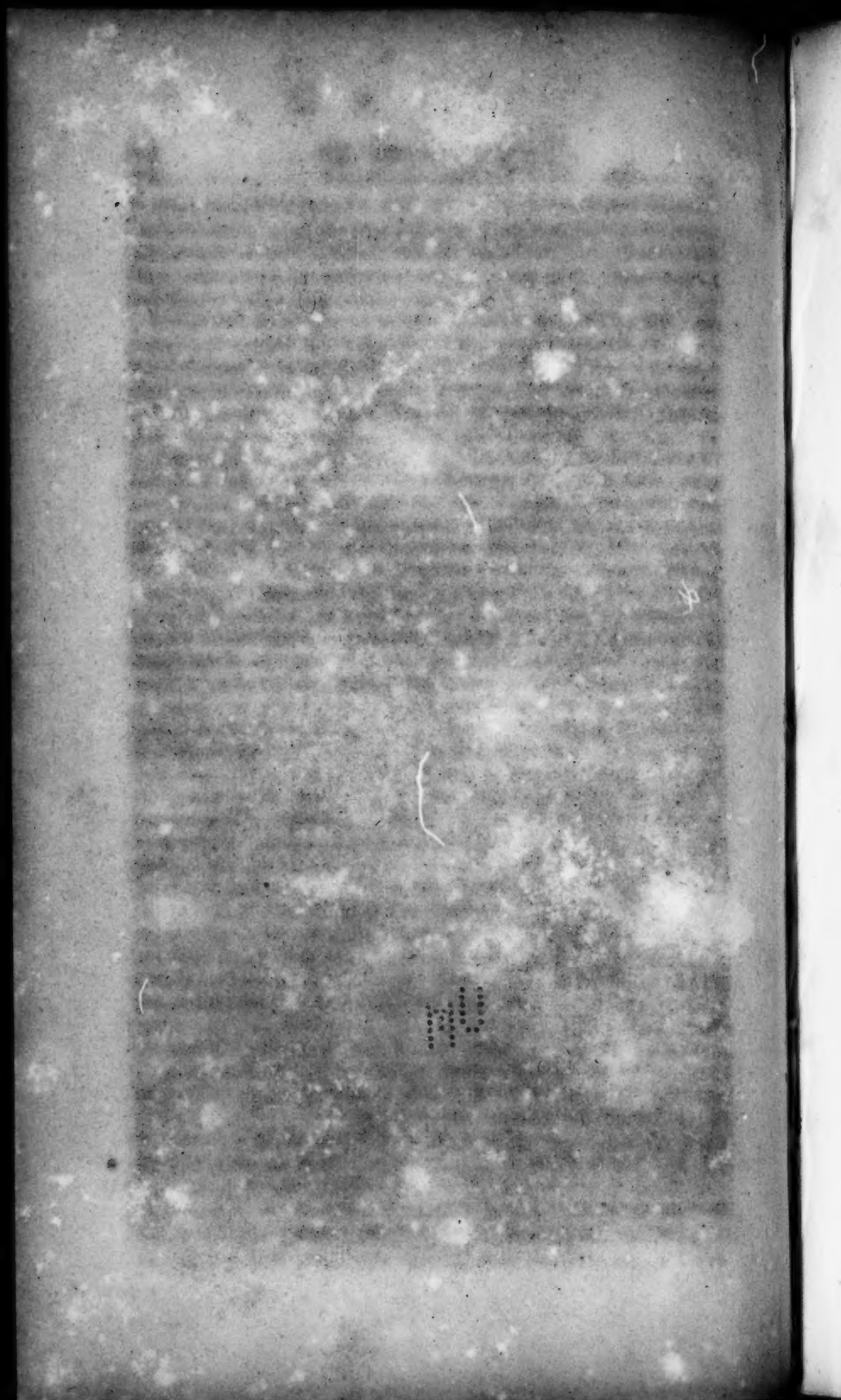
Engraved by W. G. W.

The Scandalous Wife





No. 8.
Viola Odorata.
Sweet Violet,



THE MOTHER AN ANGEL

BY REV. L. L. HAMLINE.

"How sweet to gaze upon thy placid brow,
My child! my child; like some unfolding bud
Of stainless snow-drop. Ah, how sweet to catch
Thy gentle breath upon my cheek, and feel
The bright redundance of thy silken hair,
My beautiful first-born. Life seems more fair
Since thou art mine. How soon amid its flowers
Thy little feet will gambol by my side,
My own pet lamb. And then to train thee up
To be an angel, and to live for God—
O glorious hope!"

MRS. SIGOURNEY

ANGEL is said to be the name of office. It is therefore applied to mortals. The Scriptures, as in the Apocalypse, denominate the ministers of Jesus, angels.* The word *aggelos* signifies messenger, and may justly be applied to one employed by Providence in some holy service for the good and happiness of others. For these appointees of Jehovah are *ministering* messengers. The *celestial* angels are "*spirits*, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation."

In heaven the angels are supposed to constitute various hierarchies. The Jews held that the orders were four—those of Michael, of Gabriel, of Uriel, and of Raphael. Of terrestrial angels there are certainly several orders. The first, or highest order, is composed of Christ's faithful ministers. The second order is made up of the sanctified, or mature saints, who are ever moving on the errands of love, and ministering not only to each other's necessities, but also to the bodily or spiritual wants of any of God's creatures within their reach. The third order consists of the justified, or immature saints, who are employed in the same services as the former, but in a more humble sphere; such as is suited to the weakness of their infant states. These are *evangelical* hierarchies, which, for their office and ministry, are indebted to grace.

But there are orders of nature as well as of grace. They grow out of our private and public relations. The monarch and the subordinate magistrate are "ministers of God" to the people, and may in their office be called angels. Leaders of armies and subalterns—the commanders of vessels, and all other ununsurprising authorities, who have a perpetual or temporary official superiority and care over a given number of persons, may, as to

* See Revelations, chapter ii.

their functions, be called angels, for they *minister*, and angel is a name of that kind of office. The relations of professional and private life are of the same nature. The teacher ministers to the pupil; the physician and the nurse to the patient; the patron or benefactor to the object of his kindness.

But I wish to select one other example from private life, which possibly surpasses all others, so far as the privileges and obligations of nature are concerned. I refer to the *mother*. In a sense peculiarly high and holy, she is an angel to her child. And this by the appointment, the power, the usages, and the fidelity of nature.

She is such by the *appointment* of nature. By this I mean, that from the beginning, nature places the mother in such a relation to the child, that she only can afford the necessary ministrations. Here are vital functions, in which the very being of the child is involved. How affecting is this consideration to one who has firm confidence in the doctrine of the soul's immortality. And the fact cannot be disputed. Hence the assertion, that by the *appointment* of nature (by which I mean the appointment of God) the mother is an angel to her child. The ministrations of God's invisible, celestial messengers, in behalf of mortals, do not commence so early as hers. The infant passes under the watch and ward of angels from the mother's earlier keeping. The sacred treasure, with its immortal jewelry, is primarily entrusted to her custody; and by a Divine constitution of things, all the unwearied energies of her nature are at first spontaneously, and afterwards with the zeal of glowing affection, pledged to the execution of her trust. Thus by the appointment of the God of nature, she is an angel—a minister of life and its supports to her child.

And this she is secondly, by the *power* of nature; by which I mean, that as, according to the existing economy of nature none other can, so by the same economy, the mother does minister to the child. She is abundantly furnished for her office. This is proven by all the indications of nature. Her maternal affections, as already hinted, are unfathomable and inexhaustible. She is prepared to meet every demand upon her patience; every sacrifice of comfort, and ease, and reputation, and health, and at last, of life itself, for the sake of her child. There is no such love as hers among mortals—none so deep, so abiding, and so self-sacrificing; or if this be disputed, none certainly that runs back like hers to the fountain of being, taking its rise, as it were, at the throne of God, by whose command its streams flow out and become prolific of life on earth and in heaven.

But the economy of nature empowers the mother to minister not only to the physical, but also to the mental and moral neces

sities of her child. She is the first prophet whose mission is accredited, and the first whose oracles are heard and revered. See how the smiling babe, reposing on the bosom of maternal tenderness, fixes its gaze of deep attention on the moving eye and lip of its parent. Speechless as it is, it is even now gathering from the expression of her features food for its thought, and examples for its carriage. Her calm or passionate—her meek or haughty behavior, are already impressing its unformed mind and heart, with sentiments which wait for development in the progress of coming years. Her brooding fondness, as she sits day by day cherishing its young and growing life, is nourishing in its immortal affections the dove or the serpent—a heaven of holiness, or a hell of poisonous and destructive passions. So true is this, that there are few of the saved or lost who enjoyed in infancy a mother's protection, but will trace their felicity or despair in a future world to maternal fidelity or unfaithfulness. Such, by nature, is the *power* of the mother over the nursling of her heart. She is to it an angel of light, or a demon of destruction.

Thirdly; she is the same by the *usage* of nature. That is, in all nations and ages, the same indications of nature exist; and they seem to be universally respected. There was never a people so at war with nature and her dictates, as to disregard her monitions in this particular. Such a thing was not possible; because, if humanity in any age or nation became imbruted, even the beasts are subject to the same law. The dam instinctively feeds and defends its young.

Mankind in all ages have paid respect to maternal rights, and regarded its affections and its functions as holy. For early nurture and culture, the child is resigned by common consent to the sympathies and energies of her who alone is believed to have the resources, physical and moral, for so burdensome and wearisome a toil. She is not interrupted or hindered in her work, but contrariwise, is, by the silent suffrage of the world, designated as the nominee of nature to the holy office which she fills. Furthermore—fallen and depraved as the world is, it retains traces enough of its primitive constitutional features, to abhor a mother's disaffection to or her neglect of her offspring, as contrary to nature, and as indicative of a depth of depravity which no other act of sin and shame can equal. Thus, while the mother stands as the appointee of the God of nature to guard and cherish the physical and moral being of her child, the world spontaneously pays her homage, and dare not interrupt her. If she fail to execute the functions of her office, hers is the sin—her unfaithfulness shall be upon her own head. For that God who made her an angel to her child, gave none else a like commission, and even published to the world by the strong voice of nature,

that, of mortals, she alone was made the nurse and guardian of its life and immortalities. Thus by the very usages of nature, or of society under the dictation of nature, the mother is an angel to her child.

And this she is, lastly, by the fidelity of nature. By this I mean, that such is the state of her affections towards her child, that she would spontaneously and gladly endure the toil, and make the sacrifices necessary to a faithful execution of her trust. Whatever her maternal errors are, they do not generally arise from disaffection, or from a want of love to her offspring. How can they, when that love is the strongest passion of her heart? when she willingly foregoes pleasure and comfort and ease on her child's account? when she stands ready at any moment to expose or sacrifice her life to guard it? Surely with such feelings she would not wilfully expose her child in its person or its choicest interests to harm and ruin. No; nature, the parent of those glowing affections in the mother's bosom, which so tenderly embrace, and would so promptly guard her child at every hazard and sacrifice, has imparted to her a spirit of fidelity which we can never sufficiently admire. God has impressed her very constitution with a law which binds her to maternal fidelity, and renders it peculiarly proper to say she is guardian to her child. Why, then, in so many instances do we see the mother's efforts thwarted, and her ardent affections busied in vain, to guide her child so as to secure it from fatal misfortunes? This question is as interesting as the facts which suggest it are sad and distressing. In replying to it, I shall maintain the analogy with which I started, and still view the mother as a ministering messenger to her child.

We must reflect, then, that there has been a great revolution in heaven. In the beginning all the angels were holy. They were perfectly pure in affection and faithful in obedience. They were employed in the service of their Maker, and their bliss flowed from his approbation and smile. But it was so in the progress of his government, that a portion of them became guilty of defection from the law and the love of their Maker. They rebelled, and were driven from their thrones, and despoiled of their dominions. They were still angels, retaining, I suppose, faintly at least, all their original attributes, except moral purity, which gave place to the most malignant passions, and turned their new abode into hell. As angels, they still *ministered* in the kingdoms of God, but not beneficently, as heretofore—not to the good and happiness, but to the injury, and if possible, to the ruin of the creatures.

When this world was created, and man was formed to tenant it under the smile of God, these fallen angels attempted its ruin

In a measure they succeeded. They brought down the honor of our race, and laid it in the dust. This they accomplished by making man the agent of his own undoing—by leading him through treacherous persuasions to rebel, like themselves, against their Maker. Our rebellion produced in us the same moral effect which had followed in them their treachery to God. Our affections, which till then were as pure as the light of heaven, and benevolent as the purposes of its throne, became earthly, sensual, devilish. From that sad hour, grace which came to our fallen world through the death of Jesus, has operated to check these diabolical human passions, and over all willing and waiting hearts gains a perfect moral conquest, by which the subdued are made holy, and are employed once more as angels of light, in ministering to the needy of God's creatures. Others remain the servants of Satan, and in league with fallen, invisible spirits, are constantly inflicting evil and misery.

It follows, then, that there are two sorts of angels, good and evil, in the invisible and in the visible world. In the invisible they are separated, occupying different habitations called heaven and hell; but here they are distinguished simply by their feelings and conduct, not by outward appearance or classification. The good and evil angels in human form sustain, in common, the various public and private relations which belong to this world, such as result from constitutional compacts and civil governments, and from the more intimate alliances of domestic life.

Every human being is in his relations an angel of light or an angel of darkness. The magistrate, the teacher, the physician, the patron, the neighbor, the friend, the member of a domestic circle over which he exerts any power, are all good or evil angels, to shed a pure or corrupt influence in a limited sphere. With regard to the evil it may be observed, that Satan chiefly carries on his work of destruction in human souls by setting depraved mortals to ruin one another; he can appear to advantage in the form of man, because we do not instinctively dread or suspect our own species. And when he can approach us through those who are, as Eve was by Adam, especially loved and confided in, he is most sure of conquest. Now none are so fully confided in as the mother. Childhood is credulous, and its confidence is easily won even by strangers; but towards a mother that confidence is spontaneous and universal, approving all her acts and words, be they right or wrong. And so far as affection would warrant this confidence, it is not misplaced, since scarcely a mother can be found who does not desire the happiness of her child, and purpose to promote it.

But Satan does not destroy in his agents the natural affections. He rather strives to turn them to his own account. He blinds people

to the consequences of their conduct. He sweetens the poisoned dish, which he puts into the hands of the mother; and she, finding it pleasant to her own, ministers it with zeal to the taste of her child.

Of all evil angels on earth (I had well nigh said in hell), none are so injurious to the virtue and happiness of mankind as these fond, but infanticidal mothers. If their evil agency but killed the body, it were bad enough; but, alas! it destroys the soul. It nourishes an existence which many a child will deprecate as a curse for ever. And they themselves will be witnesses. An impious mother, moved by the instigation of the devil, can do more than all the world beside to make her child a demon. And she does it. She may never dream of such a thing, but she guides her little one to perdition: She is its pioneer to the pit. She is its angel, but, alas! she is a fallen angel. Ordained by Providence to train its young affections for the pure felicities of heaven, she betrays her sacred trust, and fashions the soul which owed to her its very being for the unutterable agonies of despair. How? Like Satan in Paradise, she chooses for it prohibited delights—fruits which God pronounced poisonous to the soul. First she gives it an example of indulgence. When that fails, she whispers to it the encouragement to partake. When it turns to flee under the strivings of God's spirit, she allures it back by soothing, deceitful words. With tones as treacherous as ever waked the echoes of the infernal dungeons, she guides the reluctant hand of her child, who plucks, eats, and is damned for ever. Well may she be called a **FALLEN ANGEL**.

The pious mother is an angel of light. She vigilantly watches every influence which approaches her child, averting the evil and invoking the good. With the pure and steady affections of devotion, she pleads in prayer for the new-born spirit which God has appointed her to guard and cherish. Her voice of devotion whispers to the fondling the name of Jesus, and the unwearied energies of her devotion lead the little one up the cross-bearing steepes of religion towards the throne and the bosom of God. Will angels be ashamed of that sister spirit? Will Jesus refuse to confess her in their presence? Will God be displeased to hear his well beloved son say to her, "Come, ye blessed of my Father?" Heaven is the proper home of such an one. Her sanctified spirit will be native to the regions which glow in the light of that holiness whose intense effulgence circles and pervades them for ever.

Well may we exclaim, **THE MOTHER!** O, the significancy of that word! It suggests to the reflecting mind a scene more sublime than exists in the circle of creation. Connect it and its influences with probation, eternity, heaven and hell, and you

will concede what I affirm. As to the faithful matron, who is the instrument of salvation to her child, angels might envy her. As to the godless mother, who is the instrument of her child's undoing, fiends themselves might fly her presence, accounting her too flagrantly vile to be received into the society of reprobate spirits.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BY MISS ANNE C. LYNCH.

WHY should we weep for thee,
Since thou hast gone, unsullied, back to Heaven ?
No stain on thy young spirit's purity,
No sin to be forgiven.

Love watched thee from thy birth ;
Fond hearts around thee tireless vigils kept,
And o'er thy tender soul the storm of earth
Had never rudely swept.

Thou'rt spared a fearful lore,
A knowledge all obtain who linger here :
The changed—the cold—the dead—were words that bore
No import to thine ear.

Methought I saw in thee,
Thus early, as I marked, by many a token,
A soul that might not war with Destiny,
A heart that could be broken.

But sinless, tearless gone,
Undimmed, unstained, who would not thus have died ?
For thee, then, let these vain regrets be done,
These selfish tears be dried.

Go to thy little bed !
The verdant turf is springing fresh and fair ;
The flowers thou lov'st shall blossom o'er thy head,
The spring birds warble there.

And while to shapeless dust
Thy cherub form is gently mould'ring back,
Our thoughts shall upward soar, in hopeful trust,
On thy freed spirit's track.

THE FINER FEELINGS.

No. II.

BY B. H. NAD. L.

ANOTHER of the finer feelings is modesty. This mingles to a greater or less extent with all the better feelings of the heart and mind ; and, indeed, the others are imperfect without it. It is the ground of the picture, and bears the same relation to the figures on the canvass that the grass of the field does to the flowers that rear their variegated petals above it. Modesty is not bashfulness—

We pity bashful men, who feel the pain
Or fancied scorn, or undeserved disdain.

But we cannot account their bashfulness modesty. The bashful man blushes without cause ; but

True modesty's a discerning grace,
And only blushes in its proper place.

Modesty does not consist in obsequiousness of manner, or humility of appearance. The most modest person may be so unfortunate as to have something in his bearing which may be easily mistaken for forwardness ; and the most presuming egotist may from design have a most lowly carriage, and a seemingly humble address. Modesty is equally incompatible with presumption and diffidence. The latter is too low an estimate of our powers, and degenerates into foolish timidity. The former is too high an estimate of our powers, and leads us to undertake matters to which we are inadequate. The word modesty is derived from *modus*, measure, and signifies a proper measure of ourselves—a true estimate of our own powers. A sensible man may not always be a modest man ; but a modest man is always sensible ; for without good sense, no man can know himself, and self-knowledge is essential to a correct estimate of our powers, which is modesty. When we say that every modest man is sensible, of course we do not mean that they are all equally talented. In this respect there is doubtless a great diversity. But every modest man, no matter what his talents, has fathomed his own depth, and measured the circumference of his own mind, and will therefore undertake with confidence what his powers are equal to, and avoid that which he knows to be too high for him. Diffidence will not thwart him in the pursuit of things attainable, and pride

cannot seduce him to attempt things impracticable. If others entertain incorrect opinions respecting his intellectual or moral endowments, whether the error be prejudicial or favorable to his reputation, he is thoroughly versed both in the faults and virtues of his own mind, and cannot be exalted by an error in his favor, or depressed by a judgment to his prejudice.

We have said that modesty mingles with the rest of the "finer feelings," and that they are imperfect without it. Is not this plain? For suppose a man to be capable of all the rest of the "finer feelings," and yet destitute of this proper measure of himself—suppose he think of himself more highly than he ought to think, he will be constantly exposed to disappointment, which will prevent the pleasure he might derive from the exercise of the rest of those feelings. Suppose he go below modesty, and think too humbly of himself—this will prevent his attempting those things to which his powers are adequate, and which are necessary to supply the actual demands of his mind. It will prevent the introduction of those nobler thoughts which are the essential food of the "finer feelings." So we see that modesty, as we have explained it, is not only a valuable and just emotion in itself, but is essential to the permanency and pleasure of all the nobler emotions of the soul.

I have somewhere read of an ancient artist, who, being required to paint a perfect female face, had the collected beauty of Greece brought before him; and as there was some particular feature in which each of his fair models excelled, he took from every face its greatest excellence, and combined them into one. From one he took a tress, from another an eye, from another a dimple, from another a lip, from another an eyebrow, &c. His picture at last needed but one more touch, and that was the simple and unaffected blush of modesty. He came to the last of his models, and requested her to remove the veil from her face; but her modesty revolted—she shrunk from the artist's scrutiny, and made her escape from his apartment. The picture was finished without her, and exhibited to the public; and while all were loud in their admiration of it, the artist alone seemed discontented. His friend inquired the cause of his dissatisfaction, and he replied, "I know the picture has merit, and that it would be easier to criticise than to excel it. But it has one capital defect." "What is that?" said his friend. He answered, "The blush of the maiden whose modesty would not suffer herself to be unveiled." Now suffer us to say that what the blush of the last maiden would have been to the artist's picture, modesty, or a proper estimate of our powers, founded on self-knowledge, is to the intellectual and moral character.

Another class of the finer feelings are those which arise from

the combined operation of the imagination, taste and genius. When the imagination is suffered to run lawless through the universe, uncontrolled by genius, and unchastened by correct taste, it frequently gives birth to images so monstrous that the well regulated mind cannot look upon them without pain. But when the powerful and inflamed imagination is guided by the shaping hand of genius, and its floridness mellowed by the shadings of taste, its pictures will enrapture by their splendor, without a sense of redundance, and charm by their delicateness, without the insipidity of tameness. This class of feelings belongs in the highest degree to the true poet, and may be imparted by him, through his productions, to others, in degrees corresponding to their respective casts of mind. These feelings have received, from the father of the British drama, the hyperbolical name of frenzy.

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
'The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

The poet's love of his art is his master passion; and when imagination bodies forth the forms for which he so ardently longed, and his pen turns them to shapes, the creation and contemplation of this imagery afford him an intellectual ecstasy, which, in the poet's language, is called frenzy. Nor must it be supposed that this ecstasy arises only from the description of the virtuous and the happy—the peaceful and the lovely. No, it is in the terrible and magnificent that his imagination is most at home, and most alive; and then is felt the full power of this delectable frenzy. When he describes the peaceful valley, paints its landscapes, adorns it with flowers, enriches it with abundant harvests, dots it with cheerful farm-houses, and enlivens it with groups of playful children, the unutterable tenderness which such associations are calculated to inspire, at once takes possession of his soul, and he yields himself up to the gentlest form of delight of which his mind is capable. But when he draws the Alpine hunter, in pursuit of his game, leaping upon the loose rock which trembles on the edge of the unfathomed mountain precipice, an ecstatic horror transfuses his bosom. When his theme is the limpid brook, caressing its pebbles, and giving verdure to its grassy fringes, his mind joins in with the gentle flow, and his feelings respond to the music of its little cascades. But when he has followed it until it mingles its waters and loses its murmur in the fall and roar of the mighty Niagara, how is his quiet imagination tossed into wild and grand commotion, and how are his sublime feelings heightened by the reflection that this father of floods is a concourse of

streams—a congregation of drops! If he sing of the calm midnight hour at sea, the bright stars, and the blue sky mirrored in the sleeping waters, what a ravishing image he has of all that is calm! But if it pleases his fancy to call out the winds of heaven, and to command Boreas, the trumpeter of the elements, to sound a blast in the ears of the drowsy sea, which shall awaken echo in her coral beds, the scene changes at once—the mighty sea becomes the arena of strife—the striving elements, the creatures of the same Creator, and servants of the same Master, are at war—the ocean's color changes from green to white—the rarified foam is driven upon the breath of the storm like drifting snow—the lights of heaven are veiled—the sailors rush hither and thither in alarm—the ship's death throes are upon her—her seams are creaking—her timbers dismembering—her crew drowning, and the elements, still ruthless, continue their rage, without an object upon which to expend it. The poet's eye sees, and his heart feels, the sublimity of this scene, and his sympathy for the crew whom his fancy has drowned is mingled with elevated thoughts of the grandeur of God. His horror of the sufferings which he was obliged to connect with his picture is lost in the pleasure of having created the storm, by the powers of his own imagination, given life to the description by his genius, and conformed it to the model of nature by his taste. Feelings similar to those enjoyed by the poet are experienced by the painter and sculptor, but certainly in a much lower degree.

* Near akin to the feelings of the poet are those of the true orator. The poet must have imagination, genius, and taste—to these the orator must superadd a good voice, ready utterance, graceful gesture, and self-possession. The poet's fruitful and inventive fancy may find "books in running brooks, and good in everything"—may clothe virtue in the attire of heaven—delight himself with the image of her purity, and allure others from vice into her paths; but he does it all on paper. He is a "speechless dialect—he sits in his garret and moves the hearts of men—he occupies a cramped position over a writing table, and moves them with his pen. Not so the orator. He leaves his study and stands erect in the crowd of human beings, adds the voice to the word, and the gesture to the voice, and communicates fire to both by his look. If he speak of thunder, you hear it in his tones—if he speak of lightning, it flashes from his eye—if he expatiates upon virtue, his smile approves it—if he discourse of tyrants, his tread crushes them, and if of liberty, his uplifted hands exalt her, and his bow adores her. Thus by gesture, tone, and expression, the orator makes his words to burn and his thoughts to breathe. But these are the orator's powers, not his feelings;

yet they relate to the subject, inasmuch as the orator's "finer feelings" cannot be produced without these powers.

But how shall we describe the orator's finer feelings? Let us use, as an example, the father of the American Revolution, the most gifted orator of Virginia, Patrick Henry. And from his eventful life let us select his effort before the Colonial Convention of Virginia, where he dashed in pieces the ensigns of a disgraceful peace, and shook the country with an invocation to battle. Behold him sitting with that august body! He has long marked the encroachments of British tyranny—his spirit has again and again kindled when remonstrance and prayer have been answered by insult—he has already resisted the stamp act, and with the cry of treason ringing in his ears, has thundered, "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, and George III. may profit by their example!" The other leading members of the Convention, like him, see and detest British tyranny, but, unlike him, they fear British power. They propose to reiterate their prayers and remonstrances—his noble and courageous soul disdains such submission. He rises before the Convention to support a motion which contains the first germ of the Revolution—he commences with the most courteous expressions of deference for those whom his conscience and patriotism oblige him to oppose. He calls over the wrongs of the colony—speaks of British chains, and rings them in the ears of the Convention—depreciates British power, and inspires the infant feebleness of America with the strength of hope—arms three million of freemen in the cause of liberty, and invokes the God of hosts to lead them forth to victory—declares the war to be inevitable, and says, with supernatural emphasis, "Let it come!"—asks if life is so dear, or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of slavery and chains—and, in conclusion, says, "I know not what may be the course of others, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

Now, during the first part of the speech of which we have just given an imperfect synopsis, the feelings of the orator were, courage suited to the emergency, pity for the wrongs of his country, indignation against the Parliament and throne of England, and contempt for tyrants, their chains and tortures, together with those indescribable emotions which always accompany the efforts of genius, and the coruscations of the imagination. And as the tide of eloquence rolled on, these feelings increased—increased with the expansion of thought, and thought expanded again with the increase of these delectable feelings. His courage gave unutterable firmness to his purpose—his pity, soft at first, became fluid in the shape of tears, the bright reflectors of the tenderness within—his indignation became patriotic revenge, and his contempt gave a scowl at the enemies of his country which seemed almost to an-

nililate their dreaded power. But still the burning tide of thought and eloquence rolled on, his feelings still increased in majesty, and power, and patriotism. There was majesty in his feelings, for his heart could not but imbibe the trembling bliss of his sublime conceptions—there was power in them, because he could not have these majestic thoughts, and give them utterance, without the consciousness of great intellectual energy—there was patriotism in them; and this drew every other feeling into the channel of his country's good. But still there was something necessary to complete his ecstasy, and that was success. And what must have been the character of his feelings, when, in the language of the bard, he found his oratory to be as the harp of "Orpheus, strung with poet's sinews, whose golden touch could soften steel and stones!" What must have been the frenzy of his delight when he saw his illustrious audience yielding to his wishes, and ready to rush to the battle! What must have been his feelings as the astounding conviction rushed upon him that this speech is the first flutter of the American eagle, the first effort to wrest the stars and stripes from the mouth of the British lion, the corner-stone of the temple of American glory, the foundation of a powerful nation, to which every land shall look as a model of government, a paragon of science, an example of morals.

I THINK OF THEE.

I THINK of thee in the night,
When all beside is still,
And the moon comes out with her pale sad light
To sit on the distant hill.

When the stars are all like dreams,
And the breezes all like sighs,
And there comes a voice from the far-off streams
Like thy spirit's low replies.

I think of thee by day,
'Mid the cold and busy crowd,
When the laughter of the young and gay
Is far too glad and loud.

I hear thy low sad tone,
And thy sweet young smile I see,
My heart were all alone
But for its thoughts of thee.

ON THE CULTIVATION OF THE MIND.

No. II.

BY THE REV. ROBERT LEE.

You will not suppose that by *much reading*, I mean the running over many books. This is not so much reading as dissipation: and instead of concentrating and training the intellectual faculty, that habit tends, beyond most others, to emasculate the understanding, both indisposing and disqualifying it for those severe exercises of attention and reflection, from which its health and expansion arise. An ancient author has well distinguished between "much reading" and "the reading of many books." And certainly he who has so read one good book, as to have impressed the facts contained in it on his memory; as to have fully comprehended the reasonings; as not only to have followed his author in what he has expressed, but also to have pursued to some distance those manifold cogitations implied in his discourse, or which it naturally suggests to a meditative spirit; for an author should be valued, not so much according to what he *has thought for us*, as to what he *has enabled us to think*; and the highest value of the best writers lies rather in what they *suggest* than in what they teach; for their books drain off only the *surface water* of their conceptions—the more copious and purer streams sinking beneath; so that none, without digging deep, can find those wells of living water. He, I say, who has thus thoroughly mastered and appropriated one good author, has made a greater step in the path of self-improvement, than if he had devoured the contents of a whole library, without reflection, or attempting to ponder, judge, or retain what he read. For in this case the mind is passive—in the former it is active: and it an unfailing principle, that power and skill arise not from *passivity* but from *action*. A child who has been taught to stand, or to take three steps by himself, has made a greater progress towards the art of walking than if he had been carried over the whole globe.

I am aware of the folly of prescribing any one method, as applicable universally. The infinite variety of circumstances, tastes, and talents, forbids such hedging up of the path to knowledge; and genius commonly, by a certain happy divination, discovers for herself the way that shall conduct her most directly to the point proposed. Yet, as genius is not a universal or even

a common gift; and as even when present she is not an infallible directrix; when, also, we see so much industry misapplied—as we sometimes do—so much labor bestowed in the unfruitful weaving of a Penelope's web; when men read much yet know little, or little that is worth the knowing—can talk but not judge—argue but not reason—are better able to defend any position than to discern what positions ought to be defended, or will repay the defence; when their minds are so ill stored, and so undisciplined, that self-communion affords them no pleasure and no profit,—so that they are driven to seek society without, however worthless; when men are so unstable as to be tossed about from one opinion to another continually, not knowing what to believe or what to reject—ending perhaps in that melancholy unfixedness which knows not whether to believe anything; surely it becomes a duty to warn all against that dissipation, of which those miserable mental diseases are the natural result. If you wish to know nothing, to do nothing, to be nothing, you will permit your fancy to rove whithersoever it wills, that is, you will indulge mental dissipation. “He that sows the wind, will reap the whirlwind.” He only that ploughs and sows within enclosures will find a harvest to reap. Labor bestowed upon the wilderness or the common is lost. And he that has little time to apply to the cultivation of his understanding, should be doubly solicitous lest any fraction of that little should be lost, but that all of it should be concentrated and husbanded.

The first and most necessary preparation for making advancement in knowledge is *the habit of attention*, or the power and custom of keeping one's mind fixedly and continuously directed to the matter before it, to the exclusion, for the time, of all other thoughts. This, to persons of active and fruitful imagination especially, is a most difficult attainment: hence, they are often outstripped in the race of knowledge by others of far inferior powers, to whom the very slowness of their parts presented less formidable obstacles in acquiring the habit of attention.

To generate and strengthen this power, nothing conduces more than the study of Geometry; which therefore should be pursued, at least to some extent, by all who have the opportunity. For though all the particular propositions should afterwards be effaced from the memory, the seeds will probably have been sown of a habit which can perish only with the mind itself. All studies demanding a close application of thought have the same tendency, though none, I think, in the same degree as that I have mentioned; which has this further recommendation, that it appeals to the understanding exclusively—the passions having here no liberty of speech. But you may exercise and improve

the habit of attention, in the common employments of life, as well as in studies expressly engaged in for that purpose. Whatever is before you, endeavor to make it for the time, as long as is necessary, the object of your undivided thoughts. This is the grand secret of acquiring intellectual opulence, as well as of success in the business of this world. He that does one thing at once, commonly does many things, and each well. Newton professed that he was conscious of no superiority to ordinary men in any respect except in the power of attention. He could keep his mind fixed on one point till he discerned what he sought.

He that thinks it necessary to have a formed or final opinion on every question, yea on every important question, will often be compelled to profess what he has not investigated; and, if he be honest, to retract his professions; which can never be done but at a considerable expense of reputation. It is the part of a wise, as well as of an honest and truth-loving man, to hold his judgment in suspense till he has well examined: and such a person will regard it equally an offence against candor and rectitude to arrive at a decision after having heard what can be said only on one side of a disputed point, as if a jury should return a verdict before they had listened to both of the parties. Yet this is the sort of investigation which satisfies a large proportion of mankind, even in regard to most important matters. They form their opinions first, as passion, interest, or authority dictates; and, ever after, their ears are open only to those who defend that which they have chosen to believe. How else shall we explain the remarkable fact that opinions are often found as hereditary in families as features or disease? A sentiment descends through many generations from father to son like a wart or a scrofula.

This unfortunate and highly censurable proceeding is one great spring of heats and factions—as men almost always maintain with more keenness and passion, what they have received from authority, than what they have examined for themselves, and of the grounds of which they feel assured.

It is not only a part of prudence, but is essentially involved in the maintaining a pure conscience, that we exercise caution and deliberation in forming and avowing opinions, which when once professed, the pride of consistency, and the shame of confessing an error, may drive us pertinaciously to adhere to, notwithstanding many secret misgivings. By a premature avowal of opinions, also, persons often connect themselves with parties, and pledge themselves to a course of conduct, which corrupt and degrade their moral sense; for no situation can be conceived more miserable, as few are more debasing, than for one who is dubi-

ous and lukewarm, to have linked himself with those who are forward and zealous, being troubled with no doubts or hesitations.

The truths of mathematical science are supported by an evidence that has no degrees of strength, and admits of no contradiction; so that to question them would betray a defect of understanding. But in metaphysics, morals, politics, theology, and many other sciences, the evidence which supports the different positions varies in degree from the highest moral demonstration, down to the lowest probability, where the weight of arguments on both sides appears so nearly equal, that the inclination of the beam either way is scarcely to be discerned. The former are *truths* or *verities*, the latter *opinions* or *probabilities*. Between these two, as there is an immense difference—not in themselves indeed, or absolutely, every proposition whatever being either true or false, yet in the kind and amount of their evidence—so there should exist in our minds a clear distinction between the two. For our several judgments should bear a certain proportion to the amount of evidence which supports them; and to pronounce positively where the reasons are weak, is as much an infirmity of the judgment as to hesitate when the proofs are strong.

It is of consequence to distinguish between *verities* and *opinions*, also, because the greater number of controversies respect not the former but the latter. And it is a sad illustration of the weakness of our understandings and the strength of our passions, that the fiercest contests often turn upon the most tenebrous points, the heat and the light being inversely as each other; and parties often hate each other the more intensely the minuter and dimmer are the grounds which separate them. But, surely, we ought neither to wonder much nor to feel very angry, if, where the road is so intricate, and the light dim, some persons wander a little out of the way. And we ought not to consider him who cannot see the point of a hair as decidedly blind as another who cannot distinguish a house from a tree. Our not perceiving the difference of the two cases would prove that our own blindness was greater than that of either.

We must also learn to separate between those *logomachies* of which the world is full, but which require for their settlement little more than that the disputants would suffer themselves *so far to cool* as to explain what it is each party really means to say, and those questions which are mere curiosities not worth determining either way; it is important to separate in our minds between *these*, and such differences of sentiment as are of grave moment in themselves, or pregnant with consequences whether for good or evil. A wise man—no less than a wise nation—will

not go to war without asking not only whether he have truth and right on his side, but also, whether the subject in dispute will repay the expense of the warfare? A barren rock in the midst of the ocean should not summon the world to arms.

Nothing more disqualifies for the attainment of truth in all those questions, in the solution of which our highest interests are most deeply concerned, than that party spirit to which, from the nature of our institutions, and other circumstances, we are so greatly exposed at present in this country, and of which only the most conscientious and vigilant self-inspection can keep us free—nor even this without aid sought from Him who is the Truth. Almost every opinion forms a party, which has, or thinks it has, an interest in maintaining it; and this calls up an opposing party, which fancies it has an opposite interest. And so all leaders find more followers than the truth, whose party is commonly the smallest. For nearly all turn either suitors or advocates in the cause, and almost nobody is left to serve as jury.

I may here be permitted to remark the danger, especially to young and ardent minds, of indulging much in the reading of controversial books, or of otherwise suffering yourselves to breathe, yet more freely, a controversial atmosphere. Controversies, I am aware, are by many held to be the great means of discovering and diffusing truth. For my own part, I cannot assent to this opinion without very great limitations; for it is not easy to conceive how that which so fiercely excites the passions should help the judgment in drawing those conclusions, which she cannot draw accurately without calmness and deliberation. Probably it will also be found, in fact, that controversies have commonly shut more eyes than they opened, and that those which they shut once were closed for ever. Disputations and heats between communities and parties have generally the same consequences as debates between individuals,—each of the disputants leaves off more closely wedded to his former sentiment than he was when the argument commenced, the rude shaking which his notions suffered having only caused them to strike their roots more deeply in his mind. And they who profit at all are such as keep themselves so far aloof as to be without the influence of the epidemic—it being as difficult for a mind suffered freely to breathe that *miasma* to remain unfevered and cool, as for our bodies to continue in health living where a pestilence rages.

Not to speak of the tendency of a large proportion of controversial books to inflame the passions, to corrupt the taste, and to generate rather anger and hatred, than that *love* which is, after all, the only medium through which the pure rays of truth can enter the “eyes of our understanding;” such books furnish, with

few exceptions, the direst and least pleasing of all reading, as well as the least instructive. For as Mr. Coleridge has somewhere well observed, "Most controversies are only the contest of half truths." And no writers commonly build the truth so far from the perpendicular as controvertists do, who cannot afford to look fully and broadly at the truth, being constrained to squint perpetually aside towards *the cause* which they are engaged to maintain.

The weakest minds are in greatest danger from this influence, as the least healthy bodies are most liable to be attacked by epidemic diseases. "When a man," to use the words of Bishop Sanderson,* "is very earnest, but withal very shallow; readeth much, and thinketh that he knoweth much, but hath not the judgment to sever truth from falsehood, nor to discern between a sound argument and a captious fallacy."

Besides the danger of dogmatism and bigotry, there is an opposite mischief arising from the same source, yet greater even than this, and which I feel confident has been experienced in innumerable instances. An individual, hearing how much may be said on both sides of most questions, and how many reasons, apparently of almost equal strength, may be urged in favor of opposite conclusions, conceives a doubt whether there be in nature any distinction between truth and error—begins to suspect that truth may be only the sentiment of the majority—or to despair, at least, of his ability to find it under such an accumulation of opinions; and so he gradually collapses into a scepticism which regards all beliefs with equal indifference—the man hardly knowing what he believes, or whether he believes anything. Mr. Pope has intimated this was his own state of mind in regard to the respective claims of the Romish and Protestant churches. And it is said of Tostatus, that at his death he had heard and read so many opinions, he did not know which to rest in at last. "*In multitudine controversiarum non habuit quod crederet.*"

With reason, therefore, Lord Bacon classes controversies among the *diseases of learning*. "For, like as many solid substances in nature do putrify and corrupt into worms, so it is the property of good and sound knowledge to putrify and dissolve into a number of subtle, idle, and, as I may say, vermiculate (wormy) questions, which have indeed a kind of quickness and life of spirit, but no soundness of matter or goodness of quality. Wherefore it is not possible but this quality of knowledge must fall under popular contempt—the people being apt to contemn

* "Judgment in one view."

truth upon occasion of controversies and altercations, and to think they are all out of the way, which never meet."

It will probably be found, in the history of the human mind, that an age, distinguished for its addictedness to questions and controversies, has been generally succeeded by another equally remarkable for a sceptical spirit, and for a contempt of the subjects themselves, however important, with which those disputations were connected.

We are as much under obligation to yield our understandings to truth, as our affections to goodness or our wills to rectitude; and he is a rebel against the law of his moral being who has suffered any cause to be dearer to him than that of truth. Truth, no less than goodness, is every man's interest, how much soever the passions may deny it. He that labors to deceive himself or others is only industrious in perpetrating a fraud upon the common fund of happiness, his own and theirs. Such an one is to be detested as the vilest of swindlers, because what he purloins is the most valuable of property. He is worse than the forger of base coin; for he adulterates the currency of thought, he vitiates the exchange of mind. We are bound to be of but one party, "of the truth," "children of light."

To this end purity of mind is so essential, that without it the highest form of truth, or real knowledge, cannot be attained on those subjects which concern us most. "While we lodge any filthy vice in us, this will be perpetually twisting itself into the thread of our finest spun speculation; it will be continually climbing up into the bed of reason, and defile it. There is a benumbing spirit, a congealing vapor that ariseth from sin and vice, that will stupify the sense of the soul. This is that venomous *solanum*, that deadly nightshade, that drives its cold poison into the understandings of men." On the other hand, to quote the words of our great philosopher, "*Veritas* and *bonitas*, truth and goodness, differ but as the seal and the print; for truth prints goodness, and they be the clouds of error which descend in the storms of passions and perturbations."

It is useful for us also to remember, that, even in the most favorable circumstances, we can acquire the knowledge of but few things, and of these few imperfectly. It is little of the kingdom of knowledge that ever was conquered or possessed by one mind, a universal monarchy being permitted to any one of the sons of men no more over the intellectual than over the political world. And while we should entertain a just sense of our own mental infirmities and fallibility, and a deferential and candid consideration for the opinions of other men, we should also reflect, that even in those cases in which we maintain the truth, our opponents may be less in the wrong than we. For he who has a

right temper with a wrong opinion is less in the wrong than he who has an erroneous judgment with humility, candor and charity.

We must beware of idolizing knowledge itself, as if it were the final and grand attainment at which we should aim. It may be loved and desired too much, which proves it is not the chief good; for *that* cannot be either admired or pursued in excess. There is a lust of knowledge, as well as a lust of wealth and of power, and it has introduced many sins into the world besides the first. "Wisdom consisteth not in knowing many things, nor even in knowing them thoroughly, but in choosing and in following what conduces the most certainly to our lasting happiness and true glory. And this wisdom cometh from above."* We may know much, and yet know nothing as we ought. Knowledge which ministers to vanity is not more salutary than food given to one who is in a fever, whose distemper it feeds. There is a knowledge that puffeth up, making its possessor vapory and fantastical; whereas charity edifieth; it buildeth up the soul in true wisdom and substantial happiness. "If any man love God, the same is made to know by him." "The greatest error of all the rest," says Lord Bacon, "is the mistaking or misplacing of the last or farthest end of knowledge; for men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge, sometimes upon a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite; sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight; sometimes for ornament and reputation; and sometimes to enable them to victory of wit and contradiction; and most times for lucre and profession; and seldom sincerely to give a true account of their gift of reason for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate: that knowledge may not be as a courtesan, for pleasure and vanity only, or as a bond-woman, to acquire and gain to her master's use, but as a spouse for generation, fruit, and comfort."

"There are some," says St. Bernard, "who would gain knowledge for the mere sake of knowing, which is a base curiosity; some would know, in order that they themselves may be known, which is a base vanity; and some would have knowledge that they may sell it, that they may gain, by their power of talk, money or honors, which is a base greed. But some also desire knowledge that they may edify others; and this is charity; and some that they may edify themselves; and this is prudence."

Imagination is the creative power or exercise of the mind. She unites the forms of nature in new combinations according to her own will. Fancy is her younger sister and handmaid, who builds no stately palaces or solemn temples,—these rise

* Lander, "Imaginary Conversations," "Bacon and Hooker"—one of the finest compositions in the English language.

under the plastic hand of her elder sister,—but she crowns all things with garlands, and renders them fragrant with her own perfumes, and sheds on them her richest light. A mind rather addicted to decorate what is old, than showing capacity to produce new forms of thought, is distinguished for *Fancy*, not for *Imagination*. *Imagination* is an architect—*Fancy* is a painter and gilder. *Imagination* causes the marble to breathe, and *Fancy* crowns it with chaplets of flowers. Taste, again, is the imaginative faculty in the critical attitude: she then sits in the chair of judgment, appreciating and relishing (or the contrary) the productions of the *Imagination*.

To those persons who think the culture of this power is little other than a work of vanity, I would reply, that it is an element in that mental constitution with which our all-wise and gracious Creator has endowed us, and we may not suffer the talent to rust, or suppose we are innocent though we bury it. It has been given us; and this is reason sufficient why it should be used and improved. Nor have I any apprehension that considerate persons will dissent when I take much higher grounds, and affirm, that the imagination is not only a source of high and pure pleasure, but a grand instrument of progress and amelioration; and that, not only in reference to the condition of man on this earth, but also in connection with his highest relations and prospects as an heir of immortality.

The understanding seizes only on those grosser forms of truth which are revealed to us in this twilight of our "obscure sojourn." *Imagination* dilates the eye of the mind, to collect and concentrate those few rays of light which descend to us from a higher sphere, glimmering through the thick intervening clouds, whose skirts they fringe with glory. The *Imagination* it is that stretches forth her hand to grasp those ideas of the infinite, the eternal, the perfect, of which terrestrial things, instead of embodying the forms, are rather negotiations and opposites. That homely fare which nourishes the understanding cannot please or satisfy her: neither will she patiently trudge with understanding upon the ground; but, having angels' wings, she soars even to the third heaven; neither is there any depth towards which her adventurous pinion will not descend; and she feeds on manna, her nourishment is angels' food. Hence poets have generally been esteemed a higher type of men; and in the conceptions and languages of ancient nations, they are identified with prophets, to whose eye the material veil is rent, so that they see the visions of God.

The triumphs of the understanding itself are more intimately connected with the exercise of the imagination than has often been observed or acknowledged; for though she does not of herself

subdue the provinces of Science, she indicates their position; and, as a pioneer, she opens up the roads by which the powers of Understanding march to their victory. When Newton wrote, indignantly, "*hypotheses non fingo*," he did not mean to deny that the Copernican system, till he demonstrated it, was an hypothesis; or that imagination first suggested what reason afterwards confirmed. For, if Understanding be the ballast of the soul, and Conscience the helm, Imagination is the sail, without which there may be steadiness and safety, but little speed, and no adventurous voyages across the wilderness of unnavigated oceans to add new worlds to the old kingdoms of knowledge.

* * * * *

DEITY.

BY MISS M. E. BAKER

God fills the earth; and he is all abroad,
 Over the azure heaven, when the bright sun
 Gives light, and life, and gladness unto all.
 He mingles with the pale light, when the moon
 In her chaste beauty, shines from her blue course
 Among the stars, over a slumbering world,—
 When summer's sea is tranquil as the beam
 That rests at midnight on her quiet breast.
 He comes upon the tempest's dark'ning wings;
 And 'mid the fearful rush of the loud storm,
 He sends athwart the gloom the lightning gleam;
 Points out the passage for the deadly bolt,
 And bids it where to spend its furious rage.
 He paints the bow that gilds the passing cloud,
 And colors the red meteor of the night;
 He is upon the whirlwind's awful form,
 And in the breeze, that plays amid young flowers.
 Beneath the shades of noiseless solitude,
 Where light of sun and moon hath never shone—
 Where not a sound has broken on the depths
 Of rock-bound cavern since creation's dawn,
 A Deity in solemn grandeur reigns.

God moves upon the ocean;—he awakes
 The storm that swells the bosom of the deep.
 'Tis he sends forth the flash that lights the gloom
 Of midnight storm contending with the waves.
 He speaks—the tempest ceases at his voice,
 And foaming waves are cradled to repose.
 God paints the flow'ry vales that ever bloom,
 In fadeless beauty, beneath sunny skies,

Where the mild air for ever fragrance breathes,
 Birds ever chant, and summer always smiles.
 And he sends forth the wintry clouds and storms
 O'er regions covered with eternal snow.
 Over the great ones of the earth he reigns—
 O'er thrones, o'er principalities, and powers ;
 And, humble child of want and poverty,
Thou art beneath the shadow of his wings.
 God pours the fount of life, that warmly flows
 In the pulsating heart ;—he paints the blush
 Of glowing beauty on the cheek of youth,
 And kindles the mysterious light, that beams
 In diamond lustre, from the speaking eye.

He waits beside the lowly couch of death,
 And even then, in man's most trying hour,
 When darkness gathers o'er the swimming eye,
 And the worn spirit, struggling for release,
 Trembles beneath a weight of *suffering* clay,
 Ev'n then, his presence thrills the virtuous heart
 With such sweet rapture, such excess of joy,
 That as the spirit passes to its rest,
 It leaves the smile of triumph on the cheek
 Of deadly paleness ; and the tear of joy,
 Trembling upon the lid, for ever closed.
 Beyond the light of heaven's remotest star,
 Where the swift comet, in the course immense,
 Of lingering ages, darts no wandering beam
 Of its ethereal light—where entity
 Trembles upon the verge of chaos drear,
 A Deity, in glorious grandeur, dwells ;
 Creating joyful worlds or kindling suns,
 And launching systems through the gloomy void.

O'er hell God frowns in vengeance on his foes,
 Above the fearful night, which hath no moon,
 No star of light, or hope of coming day.
 Would he but change that frown into a smile,
 Quicker than thought the brightness of his face,
 With a refulgent glory would break forth
 Upon the passing shadow of despair,
 And the sweet harps of heaven at once awake
 Their thrilling tones of harmony sublime,
 And mingle the sad murmurs echo'd back,
 As past away hell's last expiring groan ;
 And trees of life and flowers of paradise
 Spring up beside the starting founts of life,
 As past away with melancholy moan,
 The foaming billows of the fiery lake,
 And hell at once be heaven, with all its joys.

God reigns in heaven, and from his azure throne
 Beams the refulgent glory of the day
 Which hath no twilight, even, night or dawn ;
 And round the throne millions of deathless souls,
 On harp, and lute of immortality,
 Wake songs, for ever thrilling, ever new.
 And these celestial hosts and earth's redeemed,
 Behold his face without a *dimming* veil,
 To obscure its glory, or a moment hide

The glowing brightness of that beaming smile,
From which the cheek reflects immortal youth,
The eye unfading lustre, the glad soul
Eternal sunshine and immortal joy,
And all heaven's rich variety of scenes,
Unfading beauty, and unwithering spring.
There zephyrs, breathing heaven's undying strains,
Playing amid the flowers that wither not,
Shaking celestial odors from their leaves,
Bear melody and fragrance all around.
No cloud obscures the sky, no howling storm
Cometh in fury to the crystal sea,
That mirrors deep heaven's golden palaces.

O then! since God is in and filleth all,
Let all be vocal with the praise of God.

Sun! brightest luminary of the sky—
Thou, who hast travelled forth in light, and strength,
And beauty, on thy shining course thro' heaven,
Since he commanded light, and thy bright car,
In beaming grandeur, roll'd o'er earth's first day,
Whilst thou art giving life and light to all,
In thy refulgence beam the praise of God.

Queen of the night! join with thy paler rays
The stars that keep all night their watch above,
And with your chaster light shine to his praise,

Ocean! thou dark, unfathomable world
Of waters—'tis beyond the powers of man
To still thy murmurs, or control thy rage.
The storm, contending with thy mighty waves,
But strengthens thee, and adds magnificence
And grandeur to thine own sublimity.

Ocean, roll on, in thy deep wide career,
But let the music of thy moonlit waves,
And deep-toned thunder of thy billows, join
In praise of him who called thee, and thy voice
First broke creation's stillness, as thou didst
Come forth, what thou art now and shalt remain,
Till he proclaims thy doom, and thy proud waves
Roll back in gloomy grandeur whence they came.

Let the cool breeze, that on its light wings bears
Fragrance and melody at summer eve,
Join with the storm that sweeps the trembling earth,
And in wild fury rushes o'er the deep
In praise of him, whose chariot is a cloud
Impelled by the wild fury of the storm.
Let the loud peals that rend the vault above,
Join with the solemn silence of the night
In praise of him who thunders when he pleases.
Let earth's ten thousand sunlit mountains join
The deep, dark, voiceless caverns in his praise;
While torrent joins with the distilling dew
Of summer eve, and mountain cataract
Thunders to the low music of the rill,
And zephyr joins with whirlwind in his praise.

THE BIBLE.

BY PROFESSOR C. SMITH.

THE character, origin and influence of that mysterious volume, commonly denominated the Bible, has elicited the wonder, employed the scrutiny, and baffled the skepticism of the curious and doubting of all ages. And as with speculative admiration we survey the past, we do not wonder that a book so exalted in character, mysterious in origin, vast in influence, and incalculable in its results upon individual, social and national character, should have been subjected to the severest ordeal of criticism; but that it has been deemed worthy of such scrutiny, by the candid, the discerning and intelligent of all enlightened nations, is only a proof of its intrinsic worth. Divest the Bible of the charm and mystery of inspiration,—take from it the sanctity and obligation of its precepts,—forget the eternity it reveals and immortality it illumines, and *still*, adjudged merely as a work of science and literature, what can it not claim?

What gems of science e'er can vie
With those which in this treasure lie?

Independent of its divine origin, what are the merits of the Bible as a history? To this department of science we are wont to refer all that is valuable in the collection and arrangement of facts for the guide and improvement of man. It devolves upon the historian to furnish the data of such phenomena and transactions as have affected the vital interests of mankind in the past, and as may prove of lasting utility in the future. The historian we value in proportion to his accuracy in the detail of facts. History we prize according to the importance of those facts. Apply this rule to the Bible, and how does it enlist our esteem and challenge our reverence! For where is the record of events so important in their nature, or sublime in their results? By whom are detailed occurrences with that native simplicity, apparent integrity and beautiful harmony, as beam from almost every page of the Bible?

The fathers of history, it is true, have rendered untold benefits by their labors, and for it we cheerfully award the brightest halo of imperishable fame to their memories—but what one of their products does not bear the most evident marks either of doubt or exaggeration? What historian does not verify that a predilection for preconceived opinions and local interests biasses the mind,

and warps the decisions of the understanding? Where the history that does not cover the vices and blaze the virtues of its subjects? True, we are not to look for perfection in the historian, nor would we accuse him of designed deception even in his oft over-colored sketches of narration; but when we compare his, with the stern integrity and uncorrupted principle of the Bible, they appear but as the faint, *feeble* traces of poor mortality in contact with the pencillings of divine Majesty.

The narrative of the Bible may be said to be "*sui generis*," entirely peculiar to itself; and while it carries us forward delightfully in the track of the narrator, we are insensible to that so common fault of histories—"a crowded recital of facts, or a tedious detail." The Bible abounds in conciseness, precision and perspicuity, rarely found in any history.

Again, there is an adjustment of circumstances (which, when rightly executed, has well been termed the charm of history), that cannot fail to present the most favorable and commanding view of the great principles of the sacred volume. The narrator, be he inspired or not, presents the main features of his subject to the eye of the mind in bold relief. Like a skilful artist who traces upon the canvass the more striking features of the human countenance so prominently that they are sure to secure the eye of the beholder, while the less important are so gracefully traced, fitly apportioned and delicately shaded, as to impart a singular beauty to the whole: so the Bible presents its truths in such a manner, that the all-essential may be read by him who runs, while the less important are so embodied, connected and interwoven, as to add a divine lustre and shed a heavenly radiance around the entire book. Where all other histories are silent, the Bible is most full, and hence to the scholar most invaluable. It overleaps the narrow limits of time and bounds back to the ancients of eternity. It unlocks the secret arcana of the skies, and discloses the hidden things of the past with their attendant mysteries. It leads us back to the time when earth was in chaos, and reveals the circumstances of its origin. At one period it presents the world in scattered fragments; at the next, carpeted with beauty and loveliness; and at the third, teeming with life; when, lo! the morning stars sing together, and all the sons of God shout for joy. It treads upon ground which no other history has dared to explore, and presents the facts with which it is so richly fraught, not only in consonance with reason, but also attested by all the advances of science. For while the Author of the Scriptures fixes the time when the earth was balanced, its mountains settled, rivers channelled, and oceans bounded and stayed, science dates from a period when a change must have come over this planet, similar to that described by Moses.

From the creation of the world it makes known to man his own creation, and explains *that harp* of a thousand strings. Thence it proceeds in beautiful simplicity with one connected chain of events; the most remarkable ever recorded in any history, and joined with the vital interests of mankind. So that we may well exclaim, in the words of the poet—

"Wondrous Bible,
If not inspired, thy pregnant page hath stood
Time's treasure! and the wonder of the wise."

SWEAR NOT.

"Swear not at all: neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool."

O! SWEAR not by your God, vain man!
The mightiest strength is frail;
Thy longest life is but a span—
A brief, a mournful tale.

Be from thy lips hosannas heard,
Nor oaths nor songs profane;
Remember He hath said the word,
"Take not my name in vain!"

And swear not by the holy heaven!
It is the Almighty's throne;
Nor by the burning stars of even,
For they are all his own.

O man! arise at early day,
Look on the glorious sun;
Swear not! but bow thee down and pray
To him—the Holy One.

Swear not by the earth, the beauteous earth,
The footstool of his power!
He gave its every glory birth,
In the primeval hour.

List to the proud rebukes that roll
From ocean, earth, and air;
Let the deep murmurs move the soul
To worship—not to swear.

O! swear not by the blessed One,
Whom God the Father gave—
His well beloved and only Son,
A sinning world to save.

But weep that thou so oft has bent
A worldly shrine before;
Turn to thy Saviour and repent—
Depart and sin no more.

And swear not by thine own weak name !
 For thou art but the slave
 Of pain and sorrow, sin and shame,
 Of glory and the grave.

Thy boasted body is but clay,
 Born of the dust you tread ;
 And soon a swift approaching day
 Shall lay thee with the dead !

THE MOTHER.

BY REV. EDWARD THOMSON.

'Tis a name that charms the savage ear—that softens the warrior's heart—it is the sweetest name on earth, save "Jesus." How strong a mother's love ! How her eye watches at the cradle of her fading babe ; and when it dies, how does her heart plunge ! Let an angel tell. I have seen her at the coffin, taking her last farewell—lingering, and kissing the cold clay, and kissing it again, and placing her cheek to its marble brow, and breathing between its livid lips, and refusing to give it up, until torn away by friendly hands ; and I have almost prayed that she, too, might die, and follow the bright and beauteous little spirit to heaven.

In the circle to which I belonged, when a tenant of the nursery, there were three rosy boys, one younger and one older than myself. The youngest, by a wonderful precocity of intellect, became the central orb—the family favorite. He had a body and soul cast in a superior mould. He was one of nature's little noblemen. In our petty disputes, he was umpire—in our sports, he was president—and on the reception of common presents, he was distributor, always reserving to himself the least share. The poet has said—

"The flower that blooms the brightest,
 Is doomed the first to fade—
 The form that moves the lightest,
 In earth is soonest laid."

Thus it was in our family. My eldest brother and I still live ; but William—"sweet William"—sleeps in the family vault—across the deep. But how shall I describe the anguish of my mother's heart as she bent over the little sufferer's dying couch ? O, God, I cannot ! Long after his remains were deposited in the "narrow house," she wept by day, and in the vision of the night her spirit entered the paradise of God, and ranged through

all its beauties in distress, not caring to see a single rose, or lily, or carnation, until she found her own "sweet William" blooming there.

How *enduring* a mother's love! When all other earthly affections are forfeited and withdrawn, a mother's love still burns. When man has hardened his heart, and crimsoned his hands; and when every eye turns from him, and every heart sickens at him, and every man is impatient to have him removed from the earth, of which he has rendered himself unworthy, a mother's footsteps are heard at the door of the dungeon, and a mother's lips bear the burning message to the wretched culprit, that there is yet one heart that can feel for him, and one tongue that can pray for him. I have often thought it was well that Sarah's faith was not tested as Abraham's. I fear that her heart would have burst when Isaac, ascending the mountain, said, "Here is the wood, and there is the knife, but where is the lamb?" There is, perhaps, no passage in the Bible that affords more consolation to the penitent than that in which God's love is represented by a mother.

Mother! How many delightful associations cluster around that word!—the innocent smiles of infancy, the gambols of boyhood, and the happiest hours of riper years! When my heart aches at the world's wickedness, and my limbs are weary, and feet bloody, travelling the thorny path of life, I am accustomed to sit down on some mossy stone, and, closing my eyes on real scenes, to send my spirit back to the days of early life. I rock my cradle, and sing my lullaby, and play with my dormouse, and watch my goldfinch, and catch my rabbits—I walk the streets of my native city, and gaze at the show-windows—I walk around the "walls," and look over the green—I listen to the band, and see the nodding plumes and glittering bayonets of the marshaled host—I hear the shrill bugle, and view the prancing cavalry—I go down the dock-yard and view the shipping—I walk along the sea shore, and gather shells and pretty pebbles to fill my pockets—I dip "poor Tray" in the ebbing tide, and laugh to see him swim—I prattle with my brother, and kiss my sweet sister—I feel afresh my infant joys and sorrows, until my spirit recovers its tone, and is willing to pursue its journey. But in all these refreshing reminiscences my mother rises. If I seat myself upon my cushion, it is at her side—if I sing, it is to her ear—if I walk the walls or the meadows, my little hand is in my mother's, and my little feet keep company with hers—if I stand and listen to the piano, it is because my mother's fingers touch the keys—if I enter the King's Tower, and survey the wonders of creation, it is my mother who points out the objects of my admiring attention—if a hundred cannon pronounce a national salute, I find myself

clinging to her knees. When my heart bounds with its best joy, it is because, at the performance of some task, or the recitation of some verses, I receive a present of a tree, or a horse, drawn and painted by a mother's hand. There is no velvet so soft as a mother's lap, no rose so lovely as her smile, no path so flowery as that imprinted with her footsteps.

Mother is a name connected with all my useful knowledge. When I trace a pure thought to its infancy, I find it in my mother's arms. When I follow a refreshing channel of truth to its source, I find her, like Moses in Horeb, smiting the rock from which the fountain flows. I trace my earliest *religious impressions* to my mother's lap. I well recollect the tearful, prayerful anxiety with which she taught me of Jesus, and salvation, and heaven, and the sweet hymns she used to sing at my pillow. If I have a good principle in my mind, or a holy emotion in my heart, I trace it to my mother. Cherished recollections enshrine our Lord's prayer in my mind, so that infidelity never had power to invade its sanctity. The hymns my mother used to sing come over me like sounds from the upper world. When I hear one I lose my philosophy, and tears unbidden steal down my cheek. I can recollect when God laid his afflicting hand upon me. Who, then, was first at my pillow in the morning, and last at my couch by night? My mother. If I heard one at the hour of midnight carefully open the door, and steal softly over the carpet to my bed-side, and draw aside the curtains gently, as though an angel touched them, I knew who it was; and as she put her head down to my pillow, and whispered, with subdued emotion, "What can I do for you, my dear boy?" my struggling brain radiated a more genial influence over my body, and every little nerve seemed to recover a temporary health; and when my eye was becoming glassy, and my muscles were moving without the will, and my limbs were growing cold, and the silver cord was loosening, and the golden bowl breaking, there was one who could not leave my chamber—whose sunken, sleepless eye, watched over me; and when, at last, physicians had exhausted their resources, and had given me up, there was one who forsook not my pillow, and, as she whispered in my dull ear, "Edward, I have not yet given thee up—I have yet a remedy, and a blessing from God for thee," the fainting heart beat up new courage, and all the little pulses woke up, and the chilled limbs grew warm, and I yet live—a monument of a mother's love. I have sometimes thought that, should I ever become a lunatic, I should be an idolator, and drawing my mother's image, kneel down before it. Lay me down (said the poet), when I die, upon the grass, and let me see the sun. Rather, would I say, lay me down to die

where I can see my mother. Let the last sensation which I feel in the body, be the impression of her lips upon my cheek, and let the last sound my departing spirit hears be the voice of my mother, whispering "Jesus" in my cold ear. Mother, shouldst thou pass to thy rest before me, I'll steal, at midnight, to the cemetery, and kneeling on thy grassy couch, I'll sing that sweet hymn I first learned from thy lips—

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign."

"HOPE ON, HOPE EVER."

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

As! that will she, "hope on, hope ever."—
'Tis woman's nature! what can sever
The hope that springeth fresh and green
Rath from her heart? though oft is seen
Threat'ning to blight its blossoms *there*,
The fierce sirocco of despair,
It can but blast with partial pow'r
The imperishable flower!

"Hope on, hope ever,"—yes, when wo
Teaches the heart, alas! to know
All is not cloudless in the sky
That love paints to the young bride's eye,
That sorrow dims its sun awhile,
And *many* tears succeed *one* smile,
Still looks she to a hand on high,
"A helping hand," those tears to dry!

"Hope on, hope ever"—oh the same
When fever, with devouring flame,
Prostrates the babe she thought in love
Had been sent to her from above.
God searcheth that sad heart, and sees
Submission to his dread decrees;
Lo! in his breast compassion waxeth,
And he the bow of death relaxeth.

"Hope on, hope ever"—when at last
Earth's "bridge of sighs" is safely past,
Then hope its primal tints resume,
Verdant in amaranthine bloom;
The hope the chasten'd Christian feels
When Heaven's Majesty reveals
To the initiated eye
The glories of eternity!

INTELLECTUAL PHILOSOPHY.

THIS science is often classed among those which are allowed to be of the least practical use. No study or pursuit may claim to be exempted from the test of utility. I would not circumscribe the jurisdiction of the tribunal which unfolds and applies the law involved in the venerable *cui bono*? but rather extend it. I would submit to its examination and judgment divers customs and practices which, in the language of Lord Brougham applied to a royal duke, are "respectable by courtesy," but without any other claim to toleration. It is one of the most promising signs of the times, that the law of utility—the law of reason—is beginning to diffuse itself over the region of human affairs, so long usurped by caprice and wilfulness, and trampled down by the rabble multitude of instincts and passions.

The objections to Intellectual Philosophy, as a general study, are comprised in these two :

1. That it has no settled principles ; and
2. That it is incapable of any useful application.

My estimate of this science is entirely different from the one implied in these objections. In every view—in the nobleness of its subject, the certainty of its conclusions, and the universality of its practical applications—I am disposed to concur with those who assign to the philosophy of the mind a high place among the most useful branches of knowledge. In one respect it must rank above them all. It involves the ultimate principles of all other knowledge. The laws of the intellect, as constituted by the God of Truth, form the standard of all belief, and the data of all knowledge. But to the objection of uncertainty.

For my part, I have never found, within the legitimate bounds of this branch of knowledge, the clouds and darkness which some have imagined to rest upon it. In every subject, human knowledge has its limits. Its circle is bounded on every point by mysteries. Our most certain knowledge is connected with the incomprehensible. In short, our understandings are finite. Within the space to which our faculties are limited, we shall find interminable series of certain truths, and truths of the highest moment : beyond we shall find nothing but delusion and error. Mental philosophy, just as every other science, has its field of facts ; and this field is bounded on its whole frontier by the dim unknown. Beyond this frontier, Imagination may sport her shadowy forms, but Knowledge finds no object. It is admitted that we can know nothing of the mind but its operations ; these are the proper, the *sole* objects of the philosophy of the

mind—just as the phenomena of matter are the proper objects of physical science. We know nothing, and can know nothing of matter, but the phenomena it offers to our observation, and the laws which regulate their succession. We can know nothing of mind, but the *facts* of thought, feeling, and will, and the laws of their succession. Modern writers on intellectual philosophy discard all attempts to search beyond this well-defined field of facts.

The utility of this science will be illustrated by considering its great extent, and close connection with several studies of acknowledged importance.

Mind and its operations form a subject of no less extent than that part of the universe which falls under its knowledge. Mental philosophy follows the mind in all its operations—these are its subjects. Though limited to facts, it has a field of indefinite extent. It presents, indeed, a larger share for investigation than that portion of external nature which lies within the limits of its knowledge. Its operations are not confined to the sphere of actual existence. It forms creations of its own. It combines the elements of nature into new forms. It embodies the principles of its own being in fictitious characters.

"The beings of the mind are not of clay;
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray,
And more beloved existence."

It is the mind thus occupied about the things of nature, and its own creations, which forms the subject of intellectual philosophy. Is there, among created things, a worthier subject of study? Is there one which it more concerns us to understand?

Another reflection presents, in a strong light, the great extent and usefulness of the philosophy of the mind. Man is the great subject of literature. What is history, but the development of humanity? The mastery of the past—the spell which calls up buried generations. What does it reveal to us? Beings who have thought, and felt, and acted like ourselves. History shows us our common nature, in an infinite variety of circumstances; and all the characters it hands down to us, are embodied illustrations of the principles which exist in our own minds. Our sympathies with the race are strengthened by the recognition of our common humanity in all its individuals. What is poetry, but a delineation of human thought and emotion? And by what principles do we judge of the truth of delineation? By referring it to the laws which regulate the succession of our thoughts and emotions. The principles of enlightened criticism are laws of the mind. Criticism is a branch of mental philosophy. The productions of the poet and writer of romance must be framed agreeably to the laws of the mind, or the performance is faulty.

Man, intellectual and moral man, is the great subject of literature. In proportion as the elements of his intellectual nature are revealed—in proportion as light is thrown upon the unfathomed depths of human emotion—we shall be supplied with the materials of a richer and a nobler literature. I am unable to discover any soundness in the theory which regards the infancy of civilisation as the period most favorable to poetry. I can never believe that the worship of the beautiful declines with advancing intelligence. I cannot appreciate the theory that imagination must lose its vigor when new and boundless materials are offered for its use. I cannot believe that the principles of human nature which form the staple of the highest poetry, were ever more deeply felt in the movements of the world than they are at present. I can find nothing in the past which justifies the conclusion, that there was ever a period when the exhibition of all that is beautiful and great in character would have been better appreciated, or met by a deeper or a wider sympathy. I think it cannot be disputed, that the best English poetry of the last half century owes much to the successful cultivation and general diffusion of mental philosophy. It is blamed by some for its metaphysical character. The censure amounts to this; that it has passed beyond the common-places which, in the view of those whose souls are fashioned in the mould of custom, circumscribe poetical propriety. A better mental philosophy, and new principles called into action, and new fountains of emotion opened by the events of the times, have given a higher character to our literature, a character which answers to the wants of the age. And mental and moral philosophy is receiving back from our popular literature a rich harvest of materials and illustration. It would be hard to say that the philosophy of mind and morals owes less to the intuitions of genius preserved in our lighter literature, so called, than to the investigations embodied in scientific treatises. "Every poem," says Mackintosh, "every history, every oration, every picture, every statue, is an experiment on human feeling, the grand object of investigation by the moralist. Every work of genius in every department of ingenious art and polite literature, in proportion to the extent and duration of its sway over the spirits of men, is a repository of ethical facts, of which the moral philosopher cannot be deprived by his own insensibility or the iniquity of the times, without being robbed of the most precious instruments and valuable materials of his science. Moreover, letters, which are closer to human feeling than science can ever be, have another influence on the sentiment with which the sciences are viewed, and the activity with which they are pursued, on the safety with which they are preserved, and even on the mode and spirit in which they are cultivated :

they are the channels by which ethical science has a constant intercourse with general feeling. As the arts called useful maintain the popular honor of physical knowledge, so polite letters allure the mind into the neighborhood of the sciences of mind and morals."

In this view, I cannot but regard the psychological complexion of our more recent literature, as one of the truest indications of the advancement of a higher and more spiritualized philosophy.

Mental philosophy has been depreciated, because it has no tendency to promote the external prosperity of individuals and communities. This objection would be of weight, if our welfare consisted wholly, or chiefly, in external possessions, and if the perpetual absorption of all the energies of intellect and feeling in the pursuit of these possessions was the right state of a human soul.

It is most true, that the minds of men are, by the force of circumstances, by constant occupation about the objects of the senses, materialized, as it were. Our very language has the impress of materialism upon it. Habits of thought, acquired by constant attention to external objects, have been more or less carried into all our inquiries concerning the mind. There are frequent attempts to explain the operations of mind by laws collected from an entirely distinct department of nature; attempts to assimilate two classes of phenomena which have nothing in common. Hence the doctrine of *philosophical necessity*, as some have taken the liberty to call the theory which binds the every act of every intelligent existence, in an inexorable chain of necessary causes and effects; a theory which blots out of existence the innate activity of mind, and substitutes the passiveness of matter in its place. We must attribute to the same cause, the early and continued occupation of the mind about external objects, the extreme difficulty which most men experience in forming any distinct conception of the phenomena of mind, independent of some illustration borrowed from the material world. There is much involved in this indistinctness of all conceptions relating to the spiritual world. May I not say that it has an incalculable influence on the morals of the world? With these dim, uncertain conceptions of everything relating to the mind, as a distinct and independent existence, what practical hold can the conviction of its immortality acquire on human belief?

"Debaased by sin and used to things of sense,
How shall man's spirit rise and travel hence,
Where lie the soul's pure regions?"

Has it not faculties to converse with the spiritual and the immortal—to break the bonds which tie it down to earth? Shall

the soul be the fettered slave of the material forms on which it stamps the proofs of its creating and disposing power? That which comprehends the laws, and controls the phenomena of passive matter, has the better claim to be considered a distinct and independent existence. It is worthier to be studied. It is the primary being; matter the secondary and subordinate. I believe there is much truth in Mr. Alison's theory of taste, which regards material forms as beautiful only as they are significant of agreeable qualities of mind. Matter, in all its arrangements, discourses eloquently of mind; and this is its highest function. To the mind debased by constant occupation about the objects of sense, material forms themselves lose their high significance. He alone who feels within himself the workings of an immortal spirit, can sympathize with, and in some measure comprehend, the kindred intelligence and love that speak out from the visible world.

If the mental phenomena were made an object of early attention, I see no reason to doubt that they would soon become as distinct objects of conception as any external thing. Their distinctive character, their entire remoteness from all similarity to any other phenomena, would be so obvious as to remove all danger of confounding them with anything external. And I see no reason to doubt that if the mind were distinctly, habitually, regarded as the subject of a class of phenomena essentially different from any object of sense, we should as firmly believe in its continued existence, and the uniformity of the laws which make the reward and punishment of its acts a part of itself, as we believe in the continuance of the laws of nature in general.

Another beneficial effect of the general study of mental philosophy, would be a better application of the principles of inductive evidence in the affairs of life. When Bacon explained the true principles of philosophical inquiry, he did but make known the natural progress of the understanding in the acquisition of knowledge. He showed clearly that the observation and comparison of facts is our only means of gaining a knowledge of nature. How incalculably have mankind benefited by the application of this truth in our physical inquiries! But this truth is but a fact in mental philosophy—it is a law of the human mind. It is observed in our physical inquiries; and to this we owe all the progress which has been made in the physical sciences. But there are inquiries and reasonings of a not less important character, in which the truth is only to be reached by following the same principles of evidence. I speak of the formation of opinions touching the characters of men, and the measures and acts of men in official stations. Here is a department of inquiry of peculiar interest in a republican state, in which the laws of reason, the true rules of

evidence, are very indifferently regarded. The principles of the inductive philosophy are not well obeyed in this department of inquiry, where the welfare and the peace of mankind require that they should be most carefully observed. Our public addresses and periodical essays, published ostensibly to convince and persuade, too frequently degenerate into common railing, or unmeaning panegyric. Sweeping conclusions, that disdain the support of specific facts, are quite as common, perhaps, among our men of conventions and newspapers, as they ever were among the alchemists. Yet it would be difficult to prove that sound conclusions are of less moment in the inquiries relating to the behavior of men, than in the inquiries into the nature and composition of salts and metals. I cannot doubt that a more general cultivation of mental philosophy would, in some degree, restrain the extravagances which set all its principles at defiance.

The practical applications of intellectual philosophy have one marked difference from those of the physical sciences. The latter, though cultivated by a very few persons, diffuse their benefits among all. All participate in the advantages of improved machinery, and other applications of physical knowledge. But the applications of intellectual science are mostly personal. Each individual must himself possess the principles, in order to reap the chief benefits of their application. There is, however, one practical use of mental science which sheds its richest blessings on those who are little able to comprehend its principles. I mean the art of education. This art has certainly received great improvements within a few years past. It has been more nearly adapted to the natural progress of the intellect. But how much more is to be done here!

These speculations have been continued too far, to allow of more than a hasty glance at the connection between the sciences of mind and morals. The latter is the sequel to the former. The knowledge of our intellectual and moral faculties is the foundation of natural theology, and of all religion. It is likewise the foundation of the doctrine of the essential equality of man. Does not man now begin to feel that his fellow man has claims upon his sympathy and his efforts, that former ages never thought of? And to what is this owing? Chiefly, I apprehend, to the better perception of the capabilities of every human mind. And here I conclude in the words of one of whose great talents our country is justly proud—who, better than any living writer, has illustrated the utility of intellectual science, and its connection with the best hopes of man:

“I esteem it no small benefit of the philosophy of mind, that it teaches us that the elements of the greatest thoughts of the man of genius exist in his humbler brethren; and that the facul-

ties which the scientific exert in the profoundest discoveries, are precisely the same with those which common men employ in the daily labors of life. * * * The true view of great men is, that they are only examples and manifestations of our common nature, showing what belongs to all souls, though unfolded yet in only a few. The light which shines from them is after all but a faint revelation of the power which is treasured up in every human being. They are not prodigies, not miracles, but natural developments of the human soul." G. C.

Detroit.

A SISTER'S THOUGHTS OVER A BROTHER'S GRAVE.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

I.

He sleeps in peace! Death's cold eclipse
His radiant eyes hath shrouded o'er;
And Slander's poison, from the lips
Of woman, on his heart no more
Distils, and burns it to its core.

II.

He sleeps in peace! The noble spirit
That beamed forth from his living brow,
Prompt, at the shrine of real merit,
With reverence and with truth to bow,
Is, by false tongues, not troubled now.

III.

He sleeps in peace! And while he sleeps,
He dreams not of earth's loves or strifes,
The tears a sister for him weeps;
He knows not that they're *not* his wife's:
His thoughts are all another life's.

IV.

I hope he knows not that the hand,
Once given to him, is now another's:
I know the flame that once it fanned
Had all gone out. I know, my brother's
Last thoughts were of my love and mother's

V.

I hope he knows not that his child
Hears not, nor knows, its father's name
Keep its young spirit undefiled,
And worthy of its father's fame,
O Thou from whom its spirit came!

VI.

Thou Father of the fatherless,
The mantle that my brother wore—
The robe of truth and faithfulness—
Keep, for his infant, in thy store:
My brother hath left nothing more!

VII.

That mantle! Men had seen him throw
It amply round him, ere it fell:
Peace, brother, 'tis as white as snow;
No one of all on earth that dwell,
Can stain what once became thee well.

VIII.

In peace thou sleepest: through the bars
Of its dim cell thy spirit fled;
And now thy sister and thy stars
Their tears of dew and pity shed,
Heart-broken brother, on thy bed!

THOUGHTS IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

To DWELL upon the lordly mountain's brow,
To love the proud community of pines,
And the society of water-falls;
To gossip with the merry birds that build
Their air citadels upon the tops
Of the sky piercing minarets of rock;
Or, half-enraptured, watch the far-off storm,
What time the crinkled lightning writes its creed
Upon the sable canvass of "old night,"
And the terrific thunder's sounding bass
Doth shake the great rotunda of the sky!
To commune with the lordly forest-kings,
That stand, a great and valiant brotherhood,
Upon their rocky and cloud-girdled thrones,
Scarred with the lightnings of a thousand storms,
And bending 'neath their load of royalty;

To mark the flight of the dark hurricanes,
That meet upon the ever-sounding sea,
To hold conspiracy with the fierce crew
Of hungry breakers, and devouring waves,
That drench the gasping mariners, who yell
Upon the masts of princely argosies;
This is the soul's most perfect happiness;
For there is that within us which doth hold
No fellowship with earthly vanity,
But seeks a greater, grander element,
Where it may taste that high sublimity,
Which elevates, refines, and warms the heart,
And fills its chambers with proud imagery,
And excellence, and beauty, all divine!

FATHER! these are thy works! I see thee here,
In the great wilderness, and I have marked
Thy pathway on the cloud-compelling storm,
And I have seen thy awful majesty
In the tree-twisting whirlwind, and have heard
Thy deep voice in the dying thunder's roar;
And therefore, in this great and glorious fane,
Father! I would for ever worship;
Whether the soft wind's flute-like harmony
Runs through the reeds at night-fall, and the stars
Look down into the streams, and the great sea
Offers to thee its hymn; or whether thou
Dost bid the dreadful lightning wink in heaven,
And call the trembling thunder from its couch,
What time the mountains echo back the crash
Of its vast palaces, and the high dome
Of heaven reverberates the awful peal!

Oh! ever let me be a worshipper
In temples so magnificent; for here
Religion sits upon the eternal hills,
And the imperial mountains, and doth make
Her great divan amid the cloistered gloom
Of ancient wood; or pillowing her head
Upon the bosom of the thunder-cloud,
Investeth Night with great magnificence,
And grander makes the long-contested wars
Of the loud-roaring storms, that fright the stars,
And vex with rage old Ocean's mighty soul;
And she doth plant her foot upon the breast,
When the hoarse-sounding hurricanes have woke
The anger of the mighty monarch waves,
And lifting up her queenly head in heaven,
Doth smile to hear the solemn thunder roll
Along the concave of heaven's echoing dome!

THE MOUNTAIN COTTAGE

THE natural scenery of Scotland is celebrated, wherever the name of that beautiful country is known. But after making all proper allowance for early prejudices, I believe that there are many parts of our own country whose scenery is inferior to none in the world. He who has stood on the heights of the Catskill, or admired the shores of our northern lakes, or wandered over the often abrupt and broken mountains which extend from Canada to Connecticut, or trod the sublime scenes which stretch along the great valley of Virginia, needs not to be informed how many and diversified are the beauties of our native land. Many of these scenes are at a great distance from each other; they have never been celebrated in story or song; they stand wild in their native dress, and too little known to be admired. I confess myself an admirer of the sublime and beautiful works wrought by the fingers of Deity, and scattered over our land; whether exhibited in the wild world of waters as they leap down the cataract, or in the majestic river as it rolls its mighty burden of waters in silence through the lofty forest, or in the swelling hills, and spreading vales, watered by a thousand rivulets.

For the purpose of enjoying some romantic scenery, on a warm afternoon in June I left the little village where I had been residing, for a solitary walk. It was in the southern part of New England, about a dozen miles from Long Island Sound. After roaming from hill to hill, now gazing at the fertile plains covered with the richest garments, and now looking at the dark blue waters at a distance, with here and there a white sail slowly moving upon their surface, I found myself among the wildest works of Nature. I had wandered over a mountain covered with timber of different kinds, so steep that it could with difficulty be climbed by seizing the bushes which grew on its sides, and now found myself in a gap between two ranges of steep mountains. Delayed on the hills in search of minerals, it was not till near sunset that I came into this gap, sometimes known by the name of "the Den." It is a fearful place, extending several miles, with high and steep hills on each side, separated just wide enough to admit a foaming stream between them, while their dark shaggy tops seemed to scowl, as if in disdain, at the waters that were dashing at their feet. The stream is dark and deep, now whirling in eddies ere it bounds and dashes over opposing rocks, and now silently and sullenly moving along, as if indignant at the obstacles which stand in its way. There was a little path along the side of the river, trodden chiefly by single

persons, though sometimes passed by a team. Besides this, you could see no traces of man. The frowning pines sighed on the top of the mountains—the rocks reared their eternal breast-works—the savage stream dashed along in its pride, and all around was solitude. It was just sunset; there is an indescribable stillness attending the setting of a summer's sun, which every feeling bosom notices. He threw a veil of gold over the heads of the aged pines on the hills at my left, and sank with a stillness that seemed like a stop in the wheels of nature. It seemed as if the wild flood murmured with a less hoarse voice at this moment, and the heron on its banks forgot his screaming. I might not have remembered this moment, had it not, in a measure, prepared me for what followed.

About a mile from the entrance of "the Den," was an opening on the side of the eastern mountain, and nearly half way up its summit stood a small but neat cottage. It was in the midst of woods, save a place cleared around it for a little barn, a garden, a sheep-cote, and the little winding path which led to the door. The small habitation, the garden, &c., were not only neat and in good repair, but I noticed that they even had something like ornament; for a lovely honey-suckle was creeping over the mossy roof, and some beautiful flowers were waving in the garden. Though somewhat surprised at seeing these signs of life, I soon recollected that this must be the habitation of James Orwell, "the mountain cottager," whose character I had lately learned, and in whose history I had taken a lively interest.

James Orwell, whose house I was now approaching, was a native of Scotland. He had come to this country some fifty years before, in the hope of becoming rich. This country was then new, and he had little experience that was of any value. During the revolutionary war, he had a little shop in a village near the sea, where he traded on a small scale. He had acquired a pretty property, when the village was burned by the enemy, and in an hour he lost all his earnings. This stroke was heavy to one who had placed his whole heart upon property, and the more so, as it was unexpected. For a time he was cheered by the hope of remuneration by government, but this hope was soon dashed and he was discouraged. He gradually became morose and disgusted with mankind; and with a wife whom he had lately married, and an infant son, he retired to the lowly retreat where his cottage now stands. Here he had lived unmolested, for more than twenty years, having little to do with the world, save when he went to the neighboring village once a fortnight, to dispose of the wooden dishes which he made at home. He was unsocial and rather repulsive during all this time. But about three years ago his wife was suddenly taken

sick, and in a few days died. 'At the time this event took place, there was a revival of religion in the next village. The old man invited the neighboring minister to attend the funeral of his wife. It was then that the minister endeavored to soften and sympathize with him; and there are but few whose hearts will not soften at such a season. He gradually gained his confidence, and more gradually drew his attention to the great subject of personal religion. At the time of his wife's death, the old man had an only daughter with him, then about fourteen years of age. His only son had the restless disposition of his father; and at the age of fifteen, had left his home and gone to sea. Before the close of the revival, the good pastor had the pleasure of numbering the hardy Orwell and his daughter among the work, and of rejoicing that these sheep upon the mountains were gathered into the fold of Christ. From this time the appearance of the old man was greatly altered. Instead of sauntering over the hills on the Sabbath, and selecting the best maple trees of which to make his wooden dishes, he was now seen going regularly to the village church, with his cheerful daughter hanging on his arm. Every Lord's day he was seen in season at his seat, dressed in his threadbare drab coat, with his silvery hair hanging in ringlets over his shoulders. His neck was surrounded by a red silk handkerchief; a black vest and pantaloons, and a smooth-worn cane completed his dress. As the people saw how great was the change in the old man, how devout was his attention to the duties of religion, and saw his daughter sitting by him, and both mingling their notes of praise in the sanctuary, they all felt that there must be something in religion. I said that from the time of the death of his wife, the old man and daughter were both regularly seen in their humble seats on the Sabbath; but for a few Sabbaths previous to my visit at the cottage, they had both been missing; and the reason was known—because the daughter had been too unwell to go out.

Possessing naturally a slender constitution, she had of late been drooping; and people of the village who loved her much on account of her amiable qualities, all shook their heads with a sigh, and declared they feared that she was not long for this world. Her first symptoms were those of a cold; but it was soon discovered that she had a fixed cough; and the little burning hectic spot which played over her cheek in the early part of the day, told that the worm of disease was preying at the vitals. Yet this mountain floweret was wasting so gradually, that many of her friends hoped it would recover and flourish. The father looked upon the decaying form of his child, and saw that her days were marked by the finger of death, and that she could not pass their limits. From the hour of her close confinement,

he scarcely ever left the side of her bed, as if by paternal kindness he wished to ease the last moments of the spirit which he could not detain. The daughter saw that she could not live; but she looked upon the disease which was fast conquering the body, as a deliverer who was to lead her from captivity to glory. When her father was by, she was cheerful and apparently composed; yet when he was absent, a tear was often seen to stand in her eye, as she looked out of her window upon her little garden before the house, and thought how lonely she should leave her poor father. The father, too, seemed occasionally to have the same reflections, as he gazed upon the sunken face of his child, with an earnestness that showed how much he felt.

They talked of their little earthly plans, as if each was unwilling to realize that they were soon to be separated. Thus week after week went by, every hour of which left the moments of her life still fewer, till the afternoon on which I visited them, when it was believed that her last hour had come.

Thus much I knew of the inhabitants of this little dwelling, ere I entered it. On entering, I found the daughter lying in one corner of one of the two small rooms which the house contained, on a neat small bed, at the foot of which sat the disconsolate father. The good clergyman was sitting at its head. After a needless apology for my intrusion, I became a silent spectator, and felt how great was the privilege. The pastor was in close conversation with this lamb of his flock, which was about to leave him, and he was conversing about her departure. When he ceased, there was a silence for a few minutes.

"Just raise my head," said the dying girl, "and let me look out of my little window once more." Then turning to her minister, she said with feeling, "notwithstanding our troubles, there are many delights in our world. There is my poor flower garden—it will soon be grown over with weeds; there is the river—it will continue to run and murmur as if I were here. I hoped I would see the sun once more before he set, but he is already behind the mountain; then there are my two poor pet lambs, that I have fed so long—poor things, they will not have any one to love them, and take care of them as I have done; oh, it is hard to leave all these—but hardest of all to leave my poor father! Oh, what will he do when I am gone; who will take care of him when he is sick, and love him as I can? Oh, my dear father, I hoped that I should do all this, and repay some of the many, many kindnesses I have received from you! But the will of God be done!" "I pray that it may be," said the old man, "though I am stripped of all my earthly comforts. But compose yourself, my dear child, God will provide for me while I stay—it will not be long before I follow you—I am almost ready to be

taken. I thought that I could never meet this hour; but God gives me strength according to my day."

"Your father shall never suffer," said the minister, "and God will deal kindly towards him. You are exhausted, and had better be quiet a while."

"But, father, I had forgotten one thing—it is my poor brother Henry; he may not be alive now—and if he is, he is not thinking of us. I cannot remember much about him, but I have often prayed that he might return to you in your old age—that we might both live to see him; but more have I prayed that God would make this wanderer his child. Should he ever return I wish you to give him my Bible and hymn-book—there they are, they both have his sister's name in them; tell him it was my dying request that he should read these places where the leaves are turned down; and tell him that he was made for eternity—to repent and prepare to follow me. Oh that we might all meet in heaven! Now, Mr. S., I wish you would pray with me, for I am almost gone; pray for my poor brother—for my father—that my brother who is far away might return to him. Oh, pray that Christ would receive my soul, for I have done with earth."

The clergyman opened the Bible, and read that consoling portion of scripture which is recorded in the fourteenth chapter of John; when we knelt by the bedside, and he fervently addressed the throne of mercy.

While we were engaged in this sacred duty, the door softly turned upon its hinges, and a fine, well-dressed young man came in. He looked wild at first, but by the time the prayer was finished, the whole scene before him was fully explained. We arose from our knees, and no one spoke. The stranger was standing and gazing in a kind of stupid surprise; he looked at the old man, and then at the daughter, and his eyes filled with tears.

"It is my Henry," said the old man, stretching out his aged arms, and unable to rise. "My father, do you live and do you yet remember me?" and in a moment he was in his father's arms. The sister gave a hectic sob and fainted away, but when she revived, her hand was within that of her brother. "My dear Charlotte, I did not expect to find you so sick, but we will nurse you up, and you will be well again in a few days." "You deceive yourself, my dear Henry, I have but a short time to live; but I am glad to see your face once more. Oh, I feel that I have now a new tie to bind me to earth, but it must be broken. Oh, Henry! it would be a dreadful thing to die, but for the hope that I am a Christian, and the Christian can never die. How long is it since you left us, Henry?" "It is six years this spring; you were then a little girl, and I hoped when I kissed you and my

poor mother, when we parted, that we should all meet again ; but one is gone, and my sister is just going, and I must still be a stranger below, and friendless." "Not friendless, Henry, if you put your trust in God ; he will be your friend, and we shall meet again in heaven." "It is all the hope I have left, my sister." "It is ; then are you a Christian, Henry ?" "I am a great sinner, and a poor Christian." "You are ? Oh, Henry how happy shall I die ! But I wish you to promise me one thing ; promise that you will stay at home and take care of our poor father, after I am gone." "I will." "Now," said the fainting sister, "am I happy ; but Mr. S.," said she, turning to the minister, "will friends in heaven know each other ? It seems as if I shall want to know my brother more." "We shall all be happy and be as the angels in heaven," said the minister.

"Tell me, brother, where and how you became a Christian, for I greatly desire to know."

We all drew our chairs near the bed as the young man related the various situations in which he had been placed, since he left his father's dwelling. How he had been a very wicked wanderer, from one part of the world to another, alike regardless of home and his Maker ; how at length he met with a missionary in the east, who had taken great pains to instruct him, and by whose means he had been brought to reflect on his ways and prospects. This Missionary had given him a Bible, which had been his constant companion ever since. After his hopeful conversion he had made several profitable voyages, and brought home his wages to his poor parents to comfort them in their age. He had not heard anything from them since he left the little cot on the mountain ; but often, as he sat at the top of the mast, or clung to the yards, had he prayed earnestly for his friends at home. He concluded his interesting narrative with many tears, partly out of joy that he had been so distinguished by the mercy of God, and partly out of sorrow that he had found none to comfort, but his aged father. We were greatly affected at his narration, but still more so as we turned to the dying Charlotte. A smile of joy and hope was still playing over her features, but her heart had ceased its throbblings and was cold in death. She had listened to her brother's voice till the blood ceased to flow in her veins, and so peacefully did the spirit leave its tenement that we knew not the moment of its departure. We saw the body calm and placid, as if laid in slumber, while the soul had gone to its everlasting rest.

THE PLACE OF REST.

"This is not your rest."

I AM weary of life, I am tired of the earth,
Of its dark, dark sorrows, and boisterous mirth;
Of its changeful scenes, its uncertain joys,
Its woes that frown, and its pleasure that cloy,
Of its dreams that delude the youthful breast;
Would I could find me a place of rest!

I sought in its lands beyond the sea,
Where the flowers come forth in brilliancy,
Where spreads the brightest and sunniest sky,
But, alas! I found that the flowers must die;
That clouds would o'ershadow the heaven's blue breast,
And I left it—for me 't was no place of rest!

I returned again to the place of my birth,
But a change had come over its cheerful hearth:
Some now were wand'ers afar o'er the wave,
Some were at peace in the lonely grave;
There were still kind hearts that were not estranged,
But except their affections, all things were changed!

There were voices beloved, but their tremulous tone
Told of the years that were over and gone;
There were brows scarce touched by Time's darkening wing,
That looked like the lingering flowers of spring!
There were smiles, but they shone only over decay,
Like the fading light of the dying day!

There were heads, with whose sunny, clustering hair
Were mingled the early snows of care;
There were eyes, but in place of their once bright hue,
A mist of tears bedimmed their blue:
Oh, I brooked not to look on those altered things,
And I stayed not there my wanderings!

I went to fair cities, and in the crowd
I mingled awhile with the gay and proud;
I strove to be happy, I strove to smile,
But the days passed heavily on, the while;
And though every hour with mirth was fraught,
It bore not within it the peace I sought.

I fled away into solitude—
I hoped to find quiet by mountain and wood;
But, alas! when the spirit would use its wings,
And mingle with grand and glorious things,
'Tis fettered by clay to its earthly sphere;
Rest there was none for my bosom here!

I sat me down 'neath the midnight sky,
The bright stars sparkled like gems on high;
Before me lay the mighty deep,
Still murmuring on its troubled sleep;
And I thought, as I gazed on its heaving breast,
There is indeed *no* place of rest!

But there came a still small voice through the gloom:
"Thing of the dust! return thee home;
Is it thine to repine at the will of Him,
Before whom yon glorious stars are dim?
Pray that thy sins may be forgiven,
And hope for thy final rest in heaven!"

M. A. B.

CHRISTIAN RESPONSIBILITY.

BY GEORGE WATERMAN, JUN.

If an inhabitant of some other world should be permitted in his flight through the universe to visit our globe, his feelings at the sight which would be presented to his view, might be more easily conceived of than described. He would see an entire world of immortal beings in revolt against Jehovah—whose attention was engrossed about the things connected with their short residence here, to the almost complete exclusion of their eternal state. His sympathies would be excited immediately in their behalf; and with feelings of deep solicitude he might be led to inquire if no remedy had been provided for their otherwise inevitable ruin. For the first time, the story of the incarnation is related to him by some attendant spirit. He hears with feelings of astonishment and admiration. He is amazed at the infinite condescension of the Redeemer, and at the carelessness and want of interest manifested by those whom he came to save. With mingled feelings of wonder and pity he seeks the reason and the consequences. But no celestial inhabitant can give him a satisfactory answer to that most important of all questions, *Why do sinners reject the offer of a Saviour's love!* In his unchecked flight through the universe of God, he had passed the great prison-house of despair, and heard the lamentations of its hopeless inmates. And now, when he hears that they arose in part from those, who, having neglected this offered salvation, were suffering the just penalty of their disobedience, we may conceive him inquiring with intense earnestness, *Cannot I bear*

some part in telling those who are yet within the reach of mercy, the glad news of salvation? With a speed which leaves thought far behind, he wings his way to the Eternal throne, and with the deepest reverence and submission prostrates himself before the Ruler of the universe, and makes known the desire of his heart. His zeal and benevolence are approved by Jehovah; but he is told that this work had been committed to human instrumentality, that the glory might appear entirely of God.

And here we may well pause and ask ourselves, Is this true? Has God indeed committed this work to mortals? Are the professed followers of Christ engaged in an enterprise which is denied to angelic minds? How great the honor! How awful the responsibilities! Who can estimate them? What mind is sufficiently strong to compute them? What science shall we call to our aid? Where shall we seek for the responsibilities of the Christian Church at the present day? Shall we summon the whole celestial hierarchy to answer the momentous question? It is into such things that they desire to look. Shall we ask the regions of the lost? A deep wail of unutterable wo is our only answer. Shall we go to the heathen world, and there ask the responsibilities of those in Christian lands? Our question rings through the massive halls of their crowded temples, and re-echoes from their lofty domes, or from the shady heights of their sacred groves. But answer there is none, save the deep groan of the dying Pagan, or the shriek of the funeral pile. But ere the sound has died away upon the breeze, a voice from the eternal world declares, "*Such responsibilities can only be measured by the worth of the soul.*" To know its value we must know the constitutional susceptibilities of the human mind to pleasure or pain, even in this world; and then we must lift the veil which separates time from eternity, and follow the immortal spirit to its last abode.

The susceptibilities of the human mind to pleasure, even in this life, are almost infinite in extent and variety. Who can tell the amount of happiness which may spring from memory and imagination—from reason and conscience? even in the present state of existence. Said a justly celebrated divine in a late discourse, "If all the pleasures of all the inferior animals which have existed since the creation, could be concentrated upon one, with the aggregate of all their capacities for enjoyment, yet the human mind, even in this world, possesses the capacity of a much greater amount, and of a much higher order." If this be true, what a field does it open to our view! But let us attempt to follow this immortal mind into eternity. There these capacities for enjoyment will be ever on the increase—its every faculty expanding, and expanding, and expanding, so long as the throne of God

shall last, or immortality endure. As the undying spirit passes through one age after another in the infinite series of eternity, it will arrive at a point in which its susceptibilities of happiness will far exceed those of Gabriel at the present moment; and then it still has an eternity before it to expand and increase—for ever approaching the infinite capacities of Jehovah without the possibility of ever attaining them. What a thing is the immortal mind!

In heaven the means for the gratification of these susceptibilities are commensurate with the susceptibilities themselves—increase with their increase, and run parallel with the existence of the soul. Its every want is anticipated and provided for; and its capacity for enjoyment, and its real enjoyment, will increase in geometrical progression throughout the unending cycles of eternity.

But the susceptibilities of the human mind are as great to pain as they are to pleasure. In this scene of existence, happiness and misery are only relative terms—they are mingled emotions—

"For every bitter hath its sweet,
And every rose its thorn."

But in eternity all will be happiness, pure and unalloyed; or all will be misery, dire and unmingled. In the world of despair those ever expanding susceptibilities to pleasure will only meet with an eternal disappointment, while those to pain will feast for ever upon the repast supplied by unending remorse. Could we with Milton enter the walls of the eternal prison—

"High reaching to the horrid roof;
And thrice threefold the gates; three folds of brass,
Three iron, three of adamant rock,
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
Yet unconsumed,"

and there view the misery of the lost, we might be able to form some idea of the worth of the soul. There death eternal reigns. There—as portrayed by the ancient bard of earth—

"Far out it thrust a dart that might have made
The knees of terror quake, and on it hung
Within the triple bars, a being pierced
Through soul and body both; of heavenly make
Original the being seemed, but fallen,
And worn and wasted with enormous wo;
And still around the everlasting lance
It writhed convulsed, and uttered dreadful groans,
And tried and wished, and ever tried and wished
To die; but could not die."

How dreadful the portraiture! Yet how far does it fall below the more dreadful reality!

The period will probably come—though perhaps far off in the vista of eternal years—when each lost spirit will endure at every moment, more misery than all the collected and concentrated wo which now invests the world of despair. And even then a

miserable *eternity* is still in prospect. Verily, what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and in the end lose his own soul?

Do Christians feel these things to be living realities? Do they burn with intense anxiety for the immediate salvation of all over whom they exert an influence? Do they realize that the influence of their examples may instrumentally seal the eternal happiness or misery of some whom they hold most dear?

When the Church, both ministry and people, shall feel the full weight of the responsibilities which rest upon them, and put forth corresponding action—then will revival follow revival in quick succession throughout the length and breadth of the land. Efforts will be put forth for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom such as have not been since the days of primitive Christianity. The wealth of the Church will be consecrated to the great work of glorifying God in the salvation of souls; and the angel having the everlasting Gospel to preach to the nations of the earth shall be heard flying through the midst of heaven, while close behind him shall be heard the sound of another crying with a loud voice, "It is finished—the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever." And the grand chorus of the celestial choirs shall burst forth in louder and sweeter sounds than ever before, "Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." And earth, redeemed and sanctified, shall re-echo the sound, "Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

THOUGHT.

BOUNDLESS, illimitable! who can trace
 Thy varied journeyings through the realms of air?
 Thou mock'st each barrier of time or space,
 And fliest on swiftest pinion everywhere!
 By thee we track the past, long ages gone,
 Lost in the dark abyss of buried time,
 Or strive to pierce the future, dim unknown,
 Or soaring upward, seek the eternal clime:
 We revel 'mid the stars, in the high dome
 Of God's own glorious temple, richly spread;
 Make, 'mid their shining hosts the spirit's home—
 Among their living lights, where seraphs tread!

But thou hast earthly roving, boundless Thought!
 O'er the wide world thine eager wing is flying;
 To vine-clad realms, where fragrant winds are sighing,
 To fairy-haunted grove or storied grot,

Thither thou lead'st us; hoary mountains, piled
 High in the clouds, broad lakes, and rivers fair,
 And green savannahs, stretching vast and wild,
 We know them all, by thee borne swiftly there!
 The lava-buried cities, ancient Rome;
 Judea's queen, so honored, so debased,
 Where He, the man of grief, vouchsafed to come,
 And through her streets his path of sorrow traced;
 To these we speed us: what can stay thy flight,
 Ethereal essence?—swift as flash of light!

And yet a power more dear is thine, O Thought!
 By thee, long-parted friends together meet;
 Though seas divide them, by thy magic brought
 In close companionship again; how sweet
 To speak kind words of sympathy; once more
 To linger, spell-bound, on some long-loved face,
 Again each faded lineament retrace,
 Till faithful memory all their charms restore?
 The lonely mother, at her cottage hearth,
 Shudders to hear the storm go rushing past,
 And, as in fitful and demoniac mirth,
 Shrieks forth, in trumpet-tones, the maddened blast,
 While roars the tempest, roll the blackened clouds,
 She seeks her sea-boy's form, rocked in the spray-wreathed shrouds.
 M. N. M.

SOCIETY.

It is an interesting and useful exercise, to observe the peculiar features of any age, or the character of any people. Its value is chiefly to be estimated, not by the mere gratification it affords to a curious and inquiring mind, but by the lesson it teaches, for the improvement of the character, and the proper selection of the means of attaining immediate happiness, and ultimate good. This is the great end of History,—which has well been called "Philosophy teaching by Example." We shall read History to but little advantage, if we do not gather philosophy from these examples. Of how little moment is it to the purposes of knowledge, to be acquainted with the exploits or the statistics of a nation! We are most interested in learning the character of the people; and as retributive justice is often administered in this world, to the clear perception of mankind, in ascertaining how far the fate of the nation may have been determined by its character.

But it is of much greater importance to gain a correct idea of the character of our own age, and particularly of the condition of

our own country. And without being too philosophical, we propose to survey the world around us, glancing at the most prominent features of the age and of the society in which we live and move; pointing out defects, not for the purpose of finding fault, but to show what we are, that each may judge for himself what we should be.

It is very common to boast of the superiority of our own age; and veneration for antiquity is fast giving place to a complacent regard for that which we see, and part of which we are. This is very excusable, if it be well grounded. Human nature has, certainly, made great progress towards its destined perfection, and the times demand the utmost vigilance, lest the spirit that is now awake be suffered to languish, or to lead in a wrong direction. We may be permitted to rejoice in the assurance, that our lot has been cast in times of peculiar prosperity, and "that our lines have fallen in pleasant places." If we look around us, we shall find much that is good, though blended, perhaps, with much that is evil.

Among the principal features of the present age, there is one which distinguishes it as the age of Books and of Reading—a feature which indicates the increased employment of the intellectual faculties, even if they be not directed to the most useful objects of attention. Intellectual education has, comparatively, become an object of general and intense interest, and intellectual pursuits are fast taking precedence of all others. The gladiatorial shows of the ancients, and the tournaments of a later period, were not conducted with more spirit and interest, than are the more human and exalting contests in the arena of mental strife, which occupy the attention of our own times. This is the era of the triumph of mind. The political errors of the old world, which debased the character and enslaved the minds of the people, are yielding to the steady and irresistible influence of the spirit of intelligence, which is the life of freedom and happiness. And he who is not too poor to give a *penny* for the thoughts of the wise men of this and every past age, can readily apply himself to wisdom and knowledge. The popular character is fast being incorporated into the governments of Europe, and exercises a reciprocal influence upon the intellectual condition of the mass of the people. The spirit of our own government, especially, comes powerfully in aid of the prevailing tendency of the age. We are distinguished for our legislative, as well as rational freedom. The bold and prominent feature of our system of civil polity, and which is essential to its preservation, is the free and equal exercise of individual rights;—and all the intellectual resources of our people are called into action, by the privilege and the necessity of actual co-operation in the great work of self-

government. The democracies of olden time owed their preservation to their narrow limits, and the rudeness of ancient simplicity. With us the case is far different. Wisdom and morality are the stability of our institutions, and we hope the period of our grand climacteric is yet far distant. Our civil liberty must depend upon the education of our citizens,—and so long as morality is the basis of our education, we shall have little reason to fear for its permanance. Either from a conviction of this truth, or from the gradual advancement of human nature under the fostering care of salutary institutions, a great and increasing improvement in the education and refinement of our people is clearly apparent.

We have said that the present age may be considered as the Age of Books—and the distinction will be obvious to every one. Indeed, the great multiplication of books is a stumbling-block of offence to some; and it would really seem that the facilities of acquiring information are sufficient to excite a reasonable apprehension of danger to the minds of the rising generation. The various, easy, and entertaining forms, in which ideas are presented to the mind, may create a habit of mere reception, without any exercise of the reasoning powers. Reading may become a mere pastime; and ready acquiescence be substituted for searching thought and discriminating judgment. We are in danger of becoming superficial readers, grasping at more than we can manage. We may catch a sprinkling of literature, in lieu of knowledge. Human nature is prone to indolence and ease; and we have a strong temptation to allow others to do all the work for us, and sit down quietly and carelessly, to drink in the mingled and copious draughts which have been so profusely prepared for the mind.

It is not intended, by these remarks, to discourage any one from availing himself of the means of intellectual improvement which the times afford; but by throwing out a few suggestions, to awaken a careful vigilance, lest by a too eager desire to possess all, we fail of attaining the advantages of any.

But the most prominent feature in the character of the age, is the absorbing principle of *utility*, which is the favorite philosophy, and seems to direct all the energies of the people. Ours is the age of physical science, of practical philosophy, of calculation and gain. It is emphatically the age of railroads and steam-engines. Ingenuity and talent, of every description, are exerted too much in the cause of bodily comforts and luxuries,—in the promotion of commercial interests, and of easy and rapid locomotion. The attention is almost entirely engrossed with the common-place subjects of thought—the dry details of profit and loss. Notwithstanding the vast improvement of society in its intellectual character,

too much value is still attached to wealth. It has been suffered to have so great an influence in fixing the estimation of individuals in society, that it has become the principal object of ambition to the enterprising spirits of our day. Hence those pursuits only are encouraged, which tend to promote its acquisition. The fine arts and works of taste are very much neglected—and genius receives too little encouragement, if it chance not to be employed in some money-making or labor-saving invention. People of fortune, instead of fostering the growth of native talent, by a liberal patronage and the cultivation of their own taste, after they have exhausted all the sources of pleasure which their habits and feelings render them capable of enjoying, sigh for some mental gratification, and complain of the dulness of the age that cannot afford anything to interest them. While those who are ploughing earth, sea, and air, to reap a harvest of wealth, refuse to add their mite for the support of literature or the fine arts, lest when they count their heap, they should find it one grain the less. It is a very common excuse with such, that they cannot afford to sustain any but works of *usefulness*. Now,—besides that it is not true that they cannot afford it, for the same persons will spend double the amount solicited, upon the shadow of a chance of remote gain, or to gratify a whim in the way of business,—they wholly mistake the character of the objects which claim their favorable notice, and have a very narrow notion of the subject of usefulness. Every encouragement afforded to the fine arts and works of taste, adds so much to the refinement of society; and he who favors their growth, does no more than cast his bread upon the waters, which, after *not* many days, will return to him again. Every dollar devoted to this object takes so much from the mass which goes to swell the amount of vice and misery, encouraged by the gratification of animal pleasures. And it is as clear as a mathematical demonstration, that the more you foster a taste for literature and the fine arts, the more, in an equal ratio, you destroy the love of sensual gratifications—the more you chasten and elevate the character. And it becomes those who deny their *utility*, to consider that the time may come when all their treasure will not suffice to purchase food for the mind; and when, all their capacity for the grosser pleasures being gone, and their eyes weary with gazing on their glittering stores, they will either suffer the horrors of *enmity*, or, like an unused blade, will rust ingloriously.

These considerations need enforcing upon our community, for there is a sad want of taste and public spirit in relation to these objects. People are too much in the habit of asking themselves what good such a thing will do them? “Will it feed or clothe me—or advance the interests of my business? If not—I’ll not trouble myself with it!” Now, this forcibly brings to mind

Falstaff's Catechism of *Honor*. "What is honor? Can honor set a leg? or an arm?" etc. "No! Then I'll none of it." We protest against this rigid application of the principle of *utility* to everything. It has become the bed of Procrustes to every object of human enterprise,—to every suggestion of genius. It is a mean, debasing and dangerous principle, narrowed as it is into a bargain and sale strictness. We want more liberal and elevated views of men and things,—of the nature and object of our existence. It is too late in the day for men to live as if they thought the main purpose of life was, "to eat, and drink, and sleep, then sleep, and drink, and eat again." We have reached an age when it becomes especially necessary to cultivate the rational faculties, and the fine sentiments of our nature, with particular reference to their influence upon our national as well as individual condition. And it is in this view that we would urge the subject most strongly upon the minds of our readers.

We do not deny that the doctrine of *utility*, in its proper acceptance, is favorable to the main interests of our country; but we maintain, that by the narrow notions which are entertained on this subject, a cold and heartless character, and sordid views of human nature, will inevitably result. The youth of our day need not be warned, that utility is not confined to those pursuits that aim directly at the accumulation of riches, and the gratification of physical wants. It is a sad mistake, surely, and one that will retard the progress of human nature towards the consummation of its high destiny, to imagine that mere objects of sense should command our most earnest attention. There are other and higher views of man. Whatever tends to exalt and refine his intellectual and spiritual nature—every art which displays the secret springs of action that govern the mind and the heart—whatever develops the subtle ties which connect man with nature and his fellow-men, deserves a deeper and far more engrossing attention. Why should not the sympathies of the heart, and the warm and holy aspirations of the mind, be zealously cultivated? Why should the germ of a transcendent excellence be suffered to lie inert in the mind, to burst forth at once into full display, in a future state of existence, instead of being nourished into a gradual development, to tinge this world with some portion of the hue of another and a better?

The age is too *unpoetical*. The cold and calculating spirit of business, of discount and interest, induces the opinion, which is far too prevalent, that poetry is only a mere toy—a pastime—an embellishment; that it is the exuberance of a mind remarkable for luxuriance of growth, rather than for strength or manliness—that it paints the fancies of a heated imagination, but none of the realities of life. But it is not so. It is true, poetry as well as

romance, does indeed call fiction to its aid; but though absorbed in the one, you only *dream* of the life you would enjoy; there is in the other "a sober certainty of waking bliss," not to be found elsewhere. The true value of poetry is little understood. It wakes into life and action all the finer sensibilities of our nature, and unbosoms those deep and glowing feelings which mark the true excellence of human kind. The soul of poetry is "the divinity that stirs within us," and there must be some powerful, perverting force, if its effect be not to elevate and refine the thought—to exalt and spiritualize our nature. The poetic fire may indeed be kindled on unholy altars—the stream in which the muses bathe may have little of the purity of the Castalian Fount;—yet the virtue has not gone out of the fire, and if the water be polluted, the spirit is there, and like the inflammable gas that rises from the troubled pool, has a clear, visible manifestation. What though, like Byron, the poet exhibit a mind shrouded in his own dark imaginings—a heart scathed with the lightning of passion—temper and feelings wrapt in gloom, or harrowed by a whirlwind of fury and hate? A spirit still gleams from the shroud. The fire which scathes, can also light up incense to the skies. The whirlwind which harrows and desolates, can also purify—and the power which raised the storm, can also bring quietness and peace. The same creative power, which, in a mind perverted by vice, or by severe wrestlings with untoward fortune, conjures up demons of envy and hate, will, in a mind of natural bearing, exhibit its proper manifestations. It will soften the heart with its tender appliances, summon those fine and hidden energies which prompt our nature to its own elevation and enlargement, and develop those sources of happiness, which to the selfish and sordid are wholly unknown.

Nothing more strongly tends to hallow and refine the social affections, than the cultivation of the poetical sentiment, and it is in this view that we consider the want of it in our day a great evil. The state of society, and of course the character of mankind, and particularly of females, who regulate the *modes* of society, is too artificial, and the system of education now in vogue is, we believe, lamentably false and pernicious. The designs of nature are thwarted by the cold and heartless system of *expediency*, in the narrowest sense of the term, which is, as we have said, the favorite philosophy of the day—a system which substitutes vanity and egotism for the principles of moral rectitude—makes the possession of accomplishments an object of far greater value than the attainment of wisdom—eradicates, or at least stifles the fine emotions of the heart, to make room for the chilling ceremonials of fashionable intercourse, and the slender attachments of interest and convenience. The romance of character—the poetry of life, is extinct. The principle of railroads and steam-engines is now

applied to the human understanding and the human heart. The days of chivalry, we know, have long since gone by, and we do not mourn their loss. But we may regret that some portion of the generous spirit which was then suffered to become madness, could not lend its warmth to the character of our age. The artificial manners—the cold formality—the lisping ceremony, and studied etiquette, which have begun to characterize our fashionable society, are sufficient to throw a deadly chill over the best feelings of the heart. Despotism has induced a habit of trimming the heart, as well as the dress, to suit the meridian of a place; and the free and undisguised expression of feelings which are the glorious distinction of our species, is compelled to shrink before the assumed courtliness of a prevailing *mode*. A degrading censorship is established over the heart—fine sensibility is worse than effeminacy, and elevated thought is stigmatized as the ravings of poetry. If one throws off these restraints of society—if he suffers his warm, exuberant fancy to bear him beyond “the smoke, and stir, and turmoil of the world”—“to take the prisoned soul and lap it in Elysium”—he is roused from his reverie by “How romantic!” Nor is this all. The same repining spirit lays its unhallowed censure on the expression of domestic affection; and the sneer of fashion has perhaps severed many an attachment that might have blessed the parties for life, and added much to the charms and the moral character of society.

The system of female education, although it has latterly been the subject of much care and improvement, is still in many respects radically wrong. Young ladies are taught to view life as a game, in which those who make the most show of *accomplishments*—that mischievous word—will secure the best chances of success. And so they will, in their view of it. But what is success? A good establishment in marriage. And here lies the mischief. Interest and expediency come in to check and chill the current of domestic affections—to make connubial attachments a trade, in which those who make a bad bargain, are almost sure to wed misery and grief. We have not, it is true, female adventurers, as in Europe, trained to seek, and by every art secure, an alliance with wealth and fashion. But we have the same system of education, which, though not yet carried into so enlarged a practice, perhaps only waits the more mature growth of the country for its full development.

This may sound harsh to many of our readers; but these things are so, and we are not the first to notice and censure the error. Female writers, both in our own country and in Europe, possessing eminent talents, and a praiseworthy zeal in the cause of social improvement, have given to the public useful works on this subject, particularly addressed to their own sex. “Characteristics

of Women"—a work republished from the London edition not long since in this country, from the pen of Mrs. Jameson, an English lady, who has acquired an enviable reputation by several works evincing great talent—is of this description. Although calculated for the meridian of London, it will answer very well for our own. The age demands, and we hope will appreciate, the services of such distinguished writers as Mrs. Jameson. She has not only, by her sound, and ingenious, and eloquent criticisms, unfolded many of the almost undiscovered beauties of Shakspeare—which of itself is a sufficient recommendation of the work—but, prompted by the pride of sex, and a benevolent regard for the interests of society, she has shown what women may be, when disenthralled from the tyranny of fashion and custom. Her work should be read by every mother in our country. The author has commented with much force and beauty upon that artificial and forcing system of education, which sends young ladies out into the world, entirely unfitted for the domestic duties, and with tastes, feelings, and notions unadapted to the enjoyment of domestic attachments. This system, as we have remarked, is not confined to English society. We have melancholy proofs of its prevalence in our own country. We are fast borrowing the corruptions of the old world, and among the worst, and most dangerous, is the false and unnatural system which we are interweaving with our old-fashioned, home-bred notions. Society will grow corrupt, as it grows artificial—as we import the cast-off manners of decayed kingdoms: and we have more to fear for the purity of our institutions from this cause, than from any other evil with which we are threatened. We say then, that a system of education and a mode of society that tend to loosen the domestic ties—to substitute interest and convenience for the cement of sympathy, harmony of character, and well-tryed affection, are the prolific source of corruption and social misery.

It may be thought, perhaps, that we are not only conjuring up dark visions, but that we have indulged in rather severe animadversions on that "sex whose presence civilizes ours." Let those who doubt the truth of our assertions, or the soundness of our conclusions, look around and observe the evidences of both in the large cities of our country, wherever what is called "polished society" may be found. Let them look at the false glitter—the empty show—the gaudy misery, and costly extravagance, that take the place of domestic comfort and economy. Let them consider the undue estimation of wealth, the adventitious circumstances of fortune, and the cold, calculating system of education, based upon such notions of expediency, and they cannot but acknowledge that we are more than half right. We disclaim, however, all intention of casting the odium of this state of things

upon the fair sex, or resting the chief blame upon mothers and governesses. Yet, as female education has such a vast influence upon society, the remedy must be first applied by them. *Men* should learn to think less of wealth and outward show. They should not wed their souls to gain, but devote more of their time to the cultivation of the mind and the social affections. Let them treasure the household virtues, and be satisfied with reasonable enjoyments. They will then be enabled to live with less cost, and to train up their sons in habits of economy and virtue, and in the exercise of the highest qualities of our nature, and their daughters in those domestic habits and feelings, and in the exercise of those natural sentiments of the heart, which will fit them to sustain the duties of the humblest station with dignity and contentment, or to adorn the highest, with those graces which ennoble and refine the character.

We have been betrayed into a long, and it may be, a tedious article, by a wish to place this subject before the public in such a light, that it may arrest the attention of some one better qualified to discuss it fully. It will be a sufficient guerdon, if we shall have the means of eliciting an examination into some of the errors of the day. We are not inclined to condemn, or to exult in the detection of faults. We would nothing extenuate. Writers in our country are too much addicted to the habit of praising everything national. There is abundant cause for self-gratulation; it is true, in a survey of the best features of our civil and social condition; but our very admiration should induce us to be vigilant in detecting, and zealous in reforming, all the errors that prevail, that the evil may be removed, and the good made better. We ought to rejoice with fear and trembling. With this view, we have, while glancing at the peculiar advantages of our present condition, taken occasion to point out some of the defects of our social system. We have endeavored to show, what we fully believe, that, while the age is distinguished for the progress of intellectual cultivation, the narrow principle of *utility* or *expediency*, which has given a direction to thought, and a *mode* to society, is calculated to debase human nature, and is fatal to the best interests of society. And we have urged the necessity of teaching the rising generation, that *utility* comprehends not only what tends to the development of physical resources—to the increase of wealth, and the promotion of sensual gratification; but that whatever elevates the thought—refines and purifies the affections—calls into life and action our sympathies with each other, and with nature, in all her manifestations—whatever, in any degree, ennobles the character—comes within the legitimate limits of that principle, and claims the peculiar attention of rational and moral beings. K.

SUMMER FRIENDS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

I

SUMMER birds! summer birds.
Whither have ye flown?
I was your dear companion once,
And now ye leave me lone!
Beneath the wide boughs of the tree,
Before my father's door,
I used to sit all day to hear
The notes I hear no more!

II.

Summer brooks! summer brooks!
Whither do ye glide?
How pleasant was my grassy couch,
Your merry waves beside!
My life was like your current, then,
And smooth and swift it ran;
There is no type in summer brooks
For slow and thoughtful man.

III.

Summer dells! summer dells!
Oh, are ye still the same,
As when of old to your retreats,
In wayward mood I came?
The turf is still as soft and green,
As gently falls the shade:
And so 't would be, though in the grave
This form were lowly laid.

IV.

Summer flowers! summer flowers!
Where are the odors sweet,
Brought by the cool and wafting airs,
That stole the summer heat?
I never see your petals now
Wet with the early dew;
Alas! my fresh and morning hopes
Have faded, flowers, with you!

V.

Summer friends! summer friends!
The careless, light and gay,
Ye too, with fortune's sunny looks,
Like birds, have flown away;
And like the brooks, and dells, and flowers,
That I so loved to see,
Remain within your happy homes,
And never dream of me!

A HYMN OF THE SEA.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

THE sea is mighty, but a mightier sways
His restless billows. Thou whose hands have scoop'd
His boundless gulfs and built his shore, thy breath,
That moved in the beginning o'er his face,
Moves o'er it evermore. The obedient waves,
To its strong motion, roar and rise and fall.
Still from that realm of rain thy cloud goes up,
As at the first to water the great earth,
And keep her valleys green. A hundred realms
Watch its broad shadow warping on the wind,
And in the drooping shower, with gladness, hear
Thy promise of the harvest. I look forth,
Over the boundless blue, where joyously,
The bright crests of innumerable waves
Glance to the sun at once, as when the hands
Of a great multitude are upward flung
In acclamation. I behold the ships
Gliding from cape to cape, from isle to isle,
Or stemming towards far lands, or hastening home
From the old world. It is thy friendly breeze
That bears them, with the riches of the land,
And treasure of dear lives, till, in the port,
The shouting seaman climbs and furls the sail.

But who shall bide thy tempest; who shall face
The blast that wakes the fury of the sea?
O God! thy justice makes the world turn pale,
When on the armed fleet, that, royally,
Bears down the surges, carrying war to smite
Some city, or invade some thoughtless realm,
Descends the fierce tornado. The vast hulks
Are whirled like chaff upon the waves; the sails
Fly, rent like webs of gossamer; the masts
Are snapped asunder; downward from the decks,
Downward are slung, into the fathomless gulf,
Their cruel engines, and their hosts, arrayed
In trappings of the battle field, are welmed
By whirlpools, or dashed dead upon the rocks.
Then stand the nations still with awe, and pause,
A moment from the bloody work of war.

Those restless surges eat away the shores
Of earth's old continents, the fertile plain
Welters in shallows, headlands crumble down,
And the tide drifts the sea sand in the streets
Of the drowned city. Thou meanwhile, afar,
In the green chambers of the middle sea,
Where broadest spread the waters and the line
Sinks deepest, while no eye beholds thy work,

Creator ! thou dost teach the coral worm
 To lay his mighty reefs. From age to age,
 He builds beneath the water, till, at last,
 His bulwarks overtop the brine, and check
 The long wave rolling from the Arctic pole
 To break upon Japan. Thou bidst the fires,
 That smoulder under ocean, heave on high
 The new made mountains, and uplift their peaks,
 A place of refuge for the storm-driven bird.
 The birds and wafting billows plant the rifts
 With herb and tree ; sweet fountains gush ; sweet airs
 Ripple the living lakes, that, fringed with flowers,
 Are gathering in the hollows. Thou dost look
 On thy creation and pronounce it good.
 Its valleys, glorious with their summer green,
 Praise Thee in silent beauty, and its woods,
 Swept by the murmuring winds of ocean, join
 The murmuring shores in a perpetual hymn.

 SONG.

 BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL, ESQ.

I.

O ! come, loved spirit, come to me—
 My heart, my heart invoketh thee :
 Though dark and cheerless broods my night,
 Thy presence fills it all with light.

II.

O ! come, loved spirit, gently come—
 O ! make beside my heart thy home !
 Look on me with endearing smile—
 That look shall all my woes beguile.

III.

O ! be thou ever, ever nigh—
 Bend on me thy complacent eye :
 Then shall my heart swell up to thee,
 My soul be large, my spirit free.

IV.

Bear me away, through sun and star,
 To worlds of softest light afar :
 Then bid my wearied eyelids close
 On pillowed flowers, in blest repose.

1844
1845
1846
1847
1848
1849
1850





No. 4.
Nasturtium Officinale.
Water Cress.

40

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE REV. JOHN SUMMERFIELD.

BY THE REV. DR. BETHUNE, OF PHILADELPHIA.

"THE portrait of Summerfield, though much too healthful, is perhaps the best likeness imitative skill could give of that most apostolic young man. It is impossible to impress upon canvass or steel the holy sweetness, which they who had the privilege of knowing him, remember irradiating his pale, worn features, when he talked of the love of Jesus from the pulpit, on the platform, or by the fireside. Much less can the cold pen describe the charm of his eloquence, so simple that you could discover in it no rhetorical art, or of his manner so mild, and from bodily weakness often so feeble, that the entranced hearer knew not how he was so deeply moved, or so irresistibly carried away. The secret of his power was undoubtedly his sincerity, his earnest delight in the truth as it is in Jesus, and his zeal to win souls from eternal death for his master's glory, and also, the peculiar efficacy with which the Holy Spirit, who inspired that truth he loved to preach in such pureness, unfeignedness and charity, accompanied the labors of one so devoted to his work; whose course on earth was to be so brief.

"His discipline, by the Providence of God, was severe. Like the apostle Paul, 'he had a thorn in the flesh,' a painful and, as he had reason to believe, an incurable disease. He knew that his life could not be long. With eternity ever before him, 'he endured' as seeing him who is invisible.' To him, as he 'died daily,' the world's applause and the pleasures of this life were little worth. He was continually looking at 'the things which are not seen and eternal.' He felt that there was nothing left for him, but to crowd into his few remaining days as much usefulness as was possible through the permission of God upon whom he relied. The usefulness he desired, was the best usefulness, the edification of saints and the conversion of sinners. The means he employed were the very best means, the pure word of the Gospel, 'the wisdom of God, and the power of God.'

"It is said, 'he was a man of *prayer*,' but he was in no less eminent degree a man of the BIBLE. He appeared to lose himself entirely in the preacher. He was free from what is frequently little better than tricky conceit, 'textual' divisions. He struck immediately at the main thought. He gathered his argument from the connection, or that of parallel passages. It was his text preaching, rather than himself. His language was very

scriptural, his definitions and his illustrations were, with scarce an exception, from the Bible. He may not have been a classical scholar in the stronger sense of the term, though it was not difficult to detect a familiarity with good authors, and an occasional reference to their elegance in his style, but he hallowed all with that 'unction from the Holy One,' which can only be received on our knees before 'the living oracle.' With little of their quaintness, he had all the naturalness (the naturalness of a better nature) that characterizes the older English divines. Every sentence of his that I remember, is pure Saxon, the English of our beloved English Bible. He turned his sweetest passages, or gave them epigrammatic point, by a scriptural phrase at their close. The flock of Christ, under the guidance of the stripling shepherd, were led in the green pastures and beside the still waters where his own soul had been fed. They felt safe under his instructions, for they saw the land-marks which God had set. His metaphysics were not labored and abstruse, for he found his philosophy, sitting at the feet of him who preached his Gospel to the poor.

"Summerfield was too honest to check the exclamations that rose flowing from his heart to his lips, at the gracious wonders of divine truth. Like the ardent Paul, the name of Jesus, a sight of the cross, a glimpse of the glory that shall be revealed, made him cry out in subdued and holy ecstasy. Or, as the thought of souls perishing in sin pressed upon his soul, he would break his order with an earnest ejaculation. 'Would to God!' 'O that God!' 'God grant!' were frequent from his lips, not carelessly, but with an emphasis of devotion none could doubt. Indeed, he not only prayed before he preached and after he preached (for he went to the pulpit from his knees, and to his knees from his pulpit), but he seemed to be praying while he preached. Prayer was so much his breath, that as Gregory Nazianzen says of the true Christian, the breathing went on whatever he was doing, not hindering him, but necessary to him. The hearer felt that it was the preacher's heart, as well as his mind and voice, that was talking to him; and that that heart was invoking blessings for, while it pleaded with, sinners and saints.

"He had also an easy wit, which upon fitting occasions played gracefully, but never sarcastically. He was too kind-hearted to be sarcastic, too devout to be jocose.

"The first time that I heard him (and perhaps the second time he spoke here in public) was on the anniversary of the American Bible Society, then an infant institution. I recollect the venerable President, Elias Boudinot, leaving the chair to seek some repose from the excitement too severe for his aged frame. The speaker who preceded Summerfield was a divine then and long

afterward highly esteemed and admired for his strong sense, his elaborate finish, and his Ciceronian dignity. His address was truly a masterpiece, profound in argument, accurate in logical analysis, and very impressive in its conclusions. A clerical gentleman (since gone to his rest), who was kind enough to take an interest in a lad like myself, was frequent in his expressions of delight and admiration; calling my attention to his gesture, his pithy sentences, and his elegant elucidation. The orator closed amidst murmurs of applause, and the chair announced 'The Rev. Mr. Summerfield from England.'—'What presumption!' said my clerical neighbor; 'a boy like that, to be set up after a giant!' But the stripling came in the name of the God of Israel, armed with 'a few smooth stones from the brook' that flows 'close by the oracles of God.' His motion was one of thanks to the officers of the Society for their labors during the year; and of course he had to allude to the President, then reposing in another part of the house; and thus he did it:

"When I saw that venerable man, too aged to warrant the hope of being with you at another anniversary, *he reminded me of Jacob leaning upon the top of his staff, blessing his children before he departed.*'

"He then passed on to encourage the society by the example of the British Institution. 'When we first launched our untried vessel upon the deep, the storms of opposition roared, and the waves dashed angrily around us, and we had hard work to keep her head to the wind. We were faint with rowing, and our strength would soon have been gone, but we cried, "Lord, save us, or we perish! *When a light shone upon the waters, and we saw a form walking upon the troubled sea, like unto that of the Son of God, and he drew near the ship, and we knew that it was Jesus; and he stepped upon the deck, and laid his hand on the helm, and he said unto the winds and the waves, "Peace, be still; and there was a great calm."* Let not the friends of the Bible fear, "God is in the midst of us." "God shall help us and that right early." In such a strain he went on to the close. 'Wonderful! Wonderful!' said my neighbor, the critic, 'he talks like an angel from heaven.'

"The next time that I heard him, was in the John Street Church. The only method by which I could see him, from among the taller crowd, who filled every accessible space, was by climbing like Zaccheus, not a tree, but a huge church stove, that stood in the north-eastern corner. I can give you no part of the sermon, but I well remember a fact that will show the intense power he had of riveting the attention. We had all been crowded in the church at least an hour and a half before the time of service, and among those in the front of the gallery

opposite to me, was a group of the most fashionable women then in New York; one of whom was remarkable for her beauty, but still more famous for her wit, that defied all restraint of time, place, or person. Before the service commenced, she was endeavoring to change her very uneasy position for one more comfortable, but in vain. French hats and Methodist bonnets were jammed closely in almost inextricable confusion. Miss F—'s posture was still most painful; but the moment Summerfield began to preach, her eyes were riveted upon him, and with her lips slightly opened, and at the same time twitching convulsively, she listened without moving until he ceased; when she heaved a deep sigh, as if only then permitted to breathe. What effect, other than this, the preaching had upon her, it is impossible to say, but wherever Summerfield was to speak she was to be found. May we not hope (for she has long since gone to her account) that some seeds were sown in her heart which are now bearing fruit in heaven?

"Preaching one morning in the Allen Street Methodist Church, upon Romans viii., 38, 39, he wished to define and illustrate Christian confidence; he did it in this way: 'You remember Peter, when he was imprisoned, chained between two soldiers. The church was praying in tears, wondering what would become of them if their strong champion was taken from them. The enemies of God on earth, and the devils in hell, were rejoicing, that they had Peter in their power. The angels in heaven, ever intent upon the mysteries of Providence in redemption, were sending down to see what the Lord would do with Peter. When heaven, and earth, and hell, were thinking of Peter, what were Peter's thoughts? What was Peter doing? *Peter was asleep!*' "The sermon for the deaf and dumb, as printed, is nothing like what it was when delivered, either in thought or language. Summerfield himself wrote it, but after it was preached. He could not catch his own 'winged words.' The pen trammelled him. One striking sentence, which thrilled through us all, is left out altogether. 'Turn away from these children of affliction,' said he, 'and when the Lord says, "Inasmuch as you did it not unto the least of these, you did it not unto me," *you too may be dumb, speechless in shame.*'

"He evidently took his fatal cold at the laying of the cornerstone of the Tract Society House, in Nassau street, from standing on the damp earth which had been thrown up to make room for the foundation. But that morning, at the meeting in the City Hotel, he had made one of his most delightful speeches. 'Thomas Paine,' said he, 'boasted that he would root up every tree in Paradise. Would to God that he had laid hold of the tree of life!'

"Such are a few instances of his eloquence. It was peculiar to himself. Sweet as was his voice to us then, it is sweeter now. May we all hear it in heaven! 'Though dead, he yet speaketh' in many hearts. There is one heart that can never forget him—the heart of the writer."

REV. JOHN SUMMERFIELD.

BY WILLIAM TAPPAN, ESQ.

I saw the Evangelist of God ascend
The holy place. He stood in the beauty
Of meekness.—He spake, and on my heart
Fell accents glowing with the prophet's fire.
I heard thee, mighty one! and was afraid,
Yea, trembling, listened; for methought no voice
Of mortal mould could thrill my bosom thus.
Oh, sweet as angels' music, were the tones
That breathed their gilead on the wounded heart;
Strengthen'd the weary—bade the broken come
To Siloa's fountain, and in faith be whole.
I wept o'er blighted hopes—but thou didst draw,
A willing captive, my admiring soul
With thee, to brighter regions, where the dream
Of full fruition lives, nor is unreal.
I feared Death—but thou didst deck the foe
In lovely garb; with softest beauty clad
I saw him beckoning to the narrow house
Of rest, where spicy odors balm the air,
And resurrection's halo crowns the dead.
God speed thee, favored one! Thy diadem
Is wreathed of gentleness, and thick bestrown
With pearls of nature's forming—they are tears,
Yea, tears of rapture, holy, and untold.

PARENTAL FAITHFULNESS REWARDED.

BY REV. HERMAN HOOKER, PHILADELPHIA.

A FEW years since I resided in the family of a physician of extensive practice, the parents of which were both well educated and devotedly pious. They had several children, and what was peculiarly remarkable, was, the subjection of every branch of this family to its proper head. The children were trained to feel, and they conducted accordingly—that they were never to hope to obtain anything by crying or complaint. They seemed to know it to be their duty, and sought the occasion, to prefer others to themselves; and while thus endeavoring to conform to the great rule of benevolence—seldom if ever disappointed—they were happy children—characterized by all that can command for youth respect and confidence. One day I said to the mother, a woman of strong and cultivated mind, “You are greatly privileged in your children. How is it, that their dispositions appear so kind, even, and contented?” “We are, indeed, happy in this respect,” said she, “but we owe it all to the grace of God. We have never had any other reliance for the safety and happiness of our children, even in this life, or for our enjoyment in them.” “Other Christian parents,” I replied, “who seem to possess the same reliance, have not the same happiness that you have.” I wished thus to draw from her some particular account of the manner in which she had trained her children; but she was not disposed to give it. Never were woman’s virtues more strongly marked, yet you could not perceive that she knew she possessed them; nor was she found inadvertently honoring herself, or so speaking against others, pointing out or lamenting their defects, that it could be inferred she thought better of herself than of them.

Not satisfied with her answer, and desirous of more particular information, I put the question distinctly to the father. His reply was, “I owe all that is good and happy in my children to the blessing of God on the efforts of my wife. She has truly trained them in the way they should go, and the promise has been fulfilled—they have not departed from it. Before they could speak or reason, she treated them as God’s, not ours—praying with them and for them; and as soon as they could speak and understand, she taught them their duty in such a manner as seems to have made religion to them a cheerful and lovely service. From the first she regularly made it a part of each day’s work, till they came to regard it as much a matter of course, and to look to it as

cheerfully as their meals." I had never before heard him speak so highly in her praise, and this did not seem so intended, though greater commendation could not well have been bestowed. I never heard him utter compliments to her or of her, on any occasion. I often wondered at this; for he appeared to love her much, as she also did to reverence him. There was none of that flattering language or gesture so often observed between married people, and which is so grateful to self-love. I have considered this as, perhaps, one cause of the peculiar character of his wife. She was not one who sought a religious reputation, or to be conspicuous. Her piety seemed not in her view to be worthy of remark. Had she been accustomed to praise, she might have thought herself deserving of such notice, and have acquired such a taste for it, and been so in the habit of looking for it, as to repine, if not openly complain, when it was withheld. Praise too often blights and dwarfs our piety. But her piety was something so natural, that though the want of it might be cause of blame, its manifestation in all its branches could not entitle to praise, or bear to be rewarded, without imposing new and greater obligations. The discharge of her whole duty was so congenial, a yoke so easy, a burden so light, that when contemplated as a small, a permitted return, for benefits received, it was itself a reward—her life from day to day; and to commend it, was to humble her and surprise her, as if with something opposed to the current of her thoughts and feelings. She has gone to her high reward. We may now praise her, not so much to honor her, as the religion she adorned. She was a noble instance of what WOMAN MAY BE. Her husband was a man of qualities stern and difficult to comply with, but he respected her; she held a sway over him, and was herself ever uncontrolled. His wishes were anticipated, his character was well understood, and thus she knew when to reason and when to yield, and was equally judicious in both. Compliance with the wishes of others was no frustration of her own; it gave her the consciousness of victory, and made her empire the more complete. She was devoid of that self-esteem which deems it an act of inferiority to be of service to others; and was best pleased with the happiness she conferred, regarding it as the only legitimate field and proof of woman's sway. All this was done so naturally, so evenly, as not to obtrude the idea of any study to please, any task in duty, but still to leave evident that charity which "seeketh not her own," and "never faileth."

During this conversation the father told me that he considered his little son, who died about a twelvemonth before, in his ninth year, to have become pious in his earliest years through the instrumentality of his mother. He had never had occasion to cor-

rect him—for he was a child of remarkable ripeness of mind, for his age—and so far as he could judge, he had been ready to think him almost faultless. As a single exception, he mentioned the following circumstance. He had established, as a rule with all his children, that he would certainly punish them for lying and deception, if for nothing else. On some occasion, when this son and a colored boy of his, were present with other children, mischief had been done. Suspecting the colored boy had taken part in it, he inquired of his son if he knew this to be the case. The child, with some embarrassment, said he did not. He still thought he must know, and, on the following day, he called him up, and again questioned. "Did you, my son," said he, "tell me the TRUTH?" Pausing a little, the boy cast himself upon his father, and with tears starting from his eyes, said, "No, papa, I DID NOT. The colored boy told me that if I informed you he would kill me; and I, through fear, promised him I would not." He had seemed unhappy ever since his father inquired of him; and his heart now sought relief in brokenness and contrition. The child's statement was found to be true in all respects. He was deeply penitent, and the father doubted if it was his duty to chastise him. He asked his son what he should do. "You must whip me, father, as you always said you should, or you will tell a lie," was the answer. He reasoned with him, and considering the peculiar circumstances of the case, offered to pardon. But this the child would not consent to have done, on the ground that his father would tell a falsehood, if he did not punish him. So earnest was his son in this view of the case that the father did not dare let him go unpunished, from the fear of weakening the child's confidence in his own rectitude. The boy himself went for the rod with which he wished his father to punish him, and took off his coat, and when the strokes seemed too light, complained of his father that he did not strike more in earnest. Such was the scene that the heart-broken father was obliged to whip him severely. When this was done, the first words of the child were, "Now, papa, forgive me, and pray God to forgive me."

How remarkable was the conduct of this child contrasted with that of children generally! They are satisfied if they can escape punishment, how greatly soever they may deserve it. They complain of their parents for correcting them; think themselves wronged, and often indulge in angry feelings. This child never needed to be punished again. He was a good child; he loved his Saviour; he never gave his parents pain; he loved others better than himself. In his last sickness his chief anxiety seemed to be the trouble he was giving his parents who watched over him. He could not rest at night unless they took their usual sleep. On the night of his death he begged his parents to retire

early, saying that he did not need them, and should rest better if they would do so. About one o'clock in the morning, he desired them to be called up; as they entered, he said, "I have sent for you to say to you that I am about to die, and go where my Saviour is. Do not grieve—do not be sorry. I am willing to die; be godly, and you will soon join me."

Such is the end of the good child; such is the reward of parental faithfulness. "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." There is a power in regulated, gracious affection, to pluck from death its sting, and from the grave its victory. There is a sense in which there is no death to the Christian—his dying is but a casting aside of imperfection, and a clothing of himself with immortality.

T I M E.

Hail, mighty potentate! whose right arm sways
 The sceptre of a power that has no bound,
 Save in the will of Him whose fiat lays
 All other empires prostrate, and the sound
 Of whose almighty voice alone can raze
 Their pomp, and power, and beauty to the ground:
 All mortal tongues their homage pay to thee,
 Whose empire ends but in eternity!

Where was thy earliest reign?—did the pale light?
 Of the first star mark where its course began?
 Or the unbroken darkness of that night
 Which brooded over chaos, ere the sun
 Was hung in heaven, or all the planets bright
 Around his brilliant orb their course had run?
 No tongue can answer—all the earth is dumb!
 Thou art, thou hast been, and thou art to come.

Thy rapid chariot wheels, unheard, sweep by,
 By careless man unnoticed, and unknown;
 Thy wingéd coursers like the lightning fly,
 And like its faded path thy track is strown,
 As when its vivid flashes rend the sky,
 And crush alike the hovel and the throne—
 The haughty monarch in his hall of state,
 And the poor beggar trembling at his gate.

Insignia of the empire, in thy hands
 Thou bear'st the everlasting scythe and glass:
 That glass, the waning of whose measured sands
 Numbers the fleeting moments as they pass.

That scythe which sweeps o'er earth's unnumbered lands
 And cuts down their inhabitants, like grass
 That falls beneath the reaper's hand to-day,
 And ere the morrow hastens to decay.

The faintest, gentlest whisper of thy breath
 Turns the fresh-glowing cheek of beauty pale,
 And to the stately pride of manhood hath
 A magic sound, that makes its vigor fail.
 To tottering age it speaks the voice of death—
 The fearful summons to his gloomy vale:
 The giant oak that long has braved the blast,
 Falls prostrate as the zephyr bears it past.

Yet mighty monarch! not alone in wrath
 Are shown thy matchless power and majesty;
 Not always desolation marks thy path—
 Not always death and ruin follow thee
 A cup of mingled good and evil hath
 Been ever in thy hand, and still shall be:
 They who have drank the wormwood and the gall
 Of deep affliction, know thy comforts all!

They who have struggled with the rankling pain
 That death leaves in the hearts of the bereaved—
 They who have put their trust, and found it vain,
 In friendship's strength; they who have been deceived
 By love's unfaithfulness—oft and again
 Have felt the wonders that thy arm achieved:
 Touched by thy healing hand, have blessed the balm
 That made the anguish of their spirits calm.

Hail, mighty potentate! whose strong arms sway
 The sceptre of a power that has no bound,
 Save in the dawning of that fearful day,
 When the last trumpet's overwhelming sound
 Shall rend the mighty veil of heaven away,
 And show the universe in flames around:
 Then *thou* shalt be no longer—earth shall see
 Thy finished reign merged in eternity!

ON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

THE mighty Lord who sits on high,
 Round whom the hovering angels wing,
 Enthroned above the starry sky;
 To whom the circling planets sing;
 Who, in his all embracing love,
 Sustains the sparrow in its flight;—
 At whose command the waters move;
 At whose word sprang from darkness, light;

Superior Power, who gave to man
 His own bright image at his birth,
 To rule the lower world—great plan!
 The Lord—not tyrant—of the earth,
 By the same fiat did decree
 A Sabbath day—a day of rest;
 No labor on that day should be;
 Such was Jehovah's high behest!
 A solemn day, reserved to all—
 A holy day—a day of peace,
 Which man and beast should disenthral,
 When all their toil and care should cease.
 God's gift to man!—He too did give
 "Good will," and with that gift, the tear—
 (Soft Pity's high prerogative!)
 The inward voice that makes to hear.
 And wilt thou, man! his wrath condemn—
 Each better, higher feeling still?
 To sufferings sad the brute condemn,
 Regardless of thy Maker's will?
 Say, wilt thou Heaven's own vengeance dare,
 To torture that thou should'st protect—
 The beast whom thou art taught to spare—
 Yet mercy for thyself expect?
 The beast lent kindly for thy aid—
 This thy return—to doom to pain?
 Who for thy slave was never made—
 Blind man! God's will thou dost profane!

W. L.

MY FRIEND'S MANUSCRIPT.

BE MRS. SEDGWICK.

"STRANGE that all who dwell in the Temple of Nature should not be worshippers of Nature's God! Strange that all who live in this beautiful world, should not remember that they are treading *His* courts, and be mindful to have clean hands and pure hearts." Such were, I conjectured, the thoughts of my friend, Henry Foster, as I found him one evening, just at sunset, leaning over his gate, and viewing the beautiful landscape which lay spread out before him.

"Stanley," said he, as I approached, "how is it that we all think so little of the mystery of our being, and are so little moved by the idea that we are inhabitants of the *Universe*? The child who builds his house of cobs, and digs his mimic wells, and the man for whom thrones are erected, and palaces reared, seem equally wrapt up in their own petty individuality, and occupied

with the little scene in which they move. We go through our daily rounds of pleasure or business—we watch the changes of the seasons—we interest ourselves in the concerns of the neighborhood, and now and then extend our observation beyond it—but we are as insensible as the trees themselves to the grand circumstances of our being. Grovelling in the dust, we forget that we are travellers in the skies—that our earth was perhaps one of ‘the morning stars’ that ‘sang together, when all the sons of God shouted for joy’—that ever since, it has held on its course in company with a heavenly host, sharing the benefit of the wonderful laws which regulate them, and making a part of their glorious community. There is to my mind,” he added, his fine eye kindling with enthusiasm, “something peculiarly grand and touching in the single fact of the mariner’s compass pointing always to the North Star, which seems to me intended as a proof that there is some invisible union between our world and the rest of nature : it is like holding a sort of intelligence—a mysterious communion—with its remoter limits.”

He would have proceeded, but he saw a smile on my lips, which checked him for a moment.

“Ah, Stanley, you think me a dunce—a madman!”

“You mistake entirely,” I replied, “shadows of thought like these have often flitted across my own mind ; and when, by the wand of your eloquence, you called them up—embodying and presenting them in clearness before me—I smiled as I should have done at recognizing an old acquaintance : we are indeed a dull race.”

“Yes,” replied my friend, “what our Saviour said to the Pharisees, when they wished him to rebuke his disciples for their loud tributes of praise, that if ‘these held their peace, the very stones would cry out,’ might be applied to us. We are mute, while everything in Nature hath a voice, and ‘day unto day uttereth speech.’ The mountains look forth a meaning, and the winds whisper it, while the woods wave in assent—it is painted on the clouds, reflected from the bosoms of the streams, breathed from the flowers, and sung by the birds—which is more full of high and holy import than the best thoughts of most of the race of man. What the Arab said when he was asked where he perceived the evidences of a God—that he traced Him by everything he saw, as he traced an animal by its footsteps in the sand—is one of the finest comments upon the book of Nature that was ever made.”

“And yet,” I replied, “though it is thus that the Deity holds intercourse with us, it is a symbolical language he uses, which though so significant, so beautiful, does not satisfy us like the living voice. There is a hand-writing on the wall of the firma-

ment, as distinctly visible as that which made the knees of Belshazzar smite together ; but in constantly beholding it, we forget that it was traced by the finger of God."

"I know it—I have felt what you express—and have often longed for a more intimate and direct manifestation of the Deity, like that with which He favored the ancient patriarchs ; but Moses was obliged to veil his face to the glory which was revealed, and to hide himself when the Lord passed by. Our flesh is the veil to us ; and I am inclined to think that God sometimes makes his presence felt as sensibly as our weak nature can bear, and finds means to speak to his children in tones of love or pity, sympathy or reproof, which penetrate their inmost souls."

Just at this period of our conversation, a little child of three years, her face flushed with health and happiness, came running towards us with a bunch of flowers in her hand. "Father," she exclaimed, "do look at these beautiful flowers. I must kiss you for them. I just got them off the bed you made for me." So saying, she sprang into her father's arms.

He pressed her in a long embrace to his bosom, and seemed a good deal touched.

"It is God, your heavenly Father, that makes the flowers grow, my darling," he said to her, "and I only give you the privilege of calling them your own."

"I am sure I think he is very good, then," she replied ; "I must be his good little child, and I won't cry because the flowers fade, as little Susan Bacon did."

She then bounded away again, her father following her with one of those looks which fasten on the object it pursues. When she was quite out of sight, he observed : "God speaks to me through that child ; through her he addresses me in language that sometimes melts my soul within me—sometimes rouses, strengthens, elevates my spirit. At her birth, I felt that she brought me a message from my Maker—that she was a blessing sent by a Father's hand—that through her, he bade me be mindful of my high calling as an immortal being—as an intelligent creature, to whom 'the inspiration of the Almighty had given understanding'—whose existence was now so linked with that of others, that there was no assignable limit to my responsibility ; and at the same time that I felt a new and oppressive conviction of duty, it was heightened by the encouragement with which it was accompanied. I looked upon my child, and felt that I could make any effort, practice any self-denial, in the cultivation of that virtue which would descend, by rightful inheritance, to her. Since her mother's death, I have of course felt all this more deeply ; I have no longer a divided heart."

Here his voice failed him—but in the exercise of a self-control,

which his excitable and enthusiastic nature rendered peculiarly necessary, he soon recovered himself.

"Stanley," said he, "pardon me; our conversation has insensibly led me to express myself upon subjects to which I do not often allude. But even in our comparatively short acquaintance, I have experienced so much of your sympathy—I have had so much familiar, agreeable intercourse with you, such as circumstances have for some time denied me from every other source, and have found such harmony in our tastes and sentiments, that I have often felt myself impelled to disclose my most secret feelings—and they escape from me as naturally as the pent up stream rushes out when the obstruction is removed."

Mr. Foster had resided in our village but little more than two years, and previous to that time I had never known him. When he came among us, he had recently returned from England, and brought with him his wife, then in a declining state of health, and a few months afterwards she died. He had few relations in this country, but was bound to it by the tie of birth. This fact I knew—but of the particulars of his history I was wholly ignorant, except as he would incidentally mention some of them in our conversations. After that which I have just detailed, he begged me to go in; we passed the evening together—and when I came away, he said to me: "I believe you do not, to this day, know much of my history; I have been amusing my lonely hours with recalling its prominent circumstances, and weaving them in the form of a narrative. I wanted to preserve some particulars which I feared might fade from my memory, if I should live to advanced life, and also to secure to my daughter some memorial of her parents, in the event of my removal from her by death, while her mind is yet in its infancy, and equally unable to comprehend the past, or retain her impressions of the present. Here is my manuscript; and though, when the idea first suggested itself, I felt a great repugnance to showing it, that is now overcome by the constantly increasing pleasure which I derive from your friendship, and the reflection, that when you know more of me, I shall have more of your sympathy. My life has been marked by no extraordinary circumstances—but I may venture to hope, that to a friend these simple reminiscences will not be altogether uninteresting."

I thanked him as well as I could, for so touching a mark of confidence, and hurried home as eagerly as if I had been going to see a long absent friend.

I read the manuscript with deep interest. The sacred deposit was left in my hands. My friend died, not many years after, and with the permission of his daughter it is now made public.

THE MANUSCRIPT.

"My paternal ancestors came to New England with its early settlers, but those on the maternal side did not join the infant colony, until a much later period. My parents resided in one of the New England villages, and had, by right of inheritance, sufficient property to secure their independence, and enable them to live very pleasantly. My mother gave birth to a large family of children; but all excepting my sister and myself—the two youngest—died in infancy.

"My sister was two years older than myself. She had a peculiar degree of refinement of character and purity of taste, accompanying an ardent imagination and a warm, generous heart. From my constant and intimate association with her and from our secluded manner of life, it chanced, perhaps, that I had always rather a sentimental, romantic cast of character—as much so as is consistent with great cheerfulness, and even vivacity. There was nothing melancholy in my temperament, but I loved to steal away and watch the moon rising from the summit of a noble mountain, which was one of the dear land-marks of home, and advancing in silent majesty to mid-heaven, and to roam in the woods and through the fields alone, in a sort of reverie, or with my darling sister, whose taste in these respects accorded with mine. I was fond of books, and, as a school-boy, never found it a task to study, except in the spring, when its soft winds first began to steal over us, and its gay sounds announced the approaching jubilee. Then I felt a sort of fellowship with Nature, which prompted me to forsake all things else for communion with her, and forget for the time that I belonged to a different order, in her kingdom, from the birds or the lambs.

"My mother was a woman of a devotional character—most excellent and exemplary; but her mode of conveying religious instruction was in conformity with the usage of the times, rather than with her own unbiassed judgment, and therefore very injudicious. She presented the image of the Deity to the mind; invested with the gravity and austerity of a judge, rather than with the tenderness and benevolence of a parent; she produced such a sentiment towards Him as is felt towards a friend who, though thoroughly excellent in character, is nevertheless cold in his feelings, and severe in his judgments. The effect of this mode of teaching was, however, somewhat counteracted for the time, by my own cheerful, confiding disposition, together with the thoughtlessness incident to the early period of life—while any doubts which might have arisen as to the justice of such a view of the character of God were prevented, by the feeling of entire deference with which I regarded a course of instruction that had my

mother's sanction, for whom I felt a respect amounting to reverence.

"She was of a timid, tender nature—distrustful of herself. She *cherished* a self-condemning spirit. She was so thoroughly conscientious—she had such a sense of duty, and such a low estimate of her moral capacity—that the responsibilities which must always weigh upon a reflecting mind became too momentous to be sustained without injury to her health, which was greatly impaired many years previous to her death.

"Sometimes, in looking back upon my early life, I reflect with pain upon my frequent indulgence, in her presence, of a merry, vivacious spirit; and then again, when I recollect how sometimes my childish pranks and gay conceits would chase away the melancholy of her countenance, and light up a smile there, that smile gleams on me as a bright and beautiful light in the gloomy distance, 'the dusky regions of the past.'

"As we emerged from childhood, my sister and myself had a private teacher, whose mode of instruction was in many respects judicious. It inspired us with a love of general literature and useful knowledge. We had both a decided taste for poetry and classic lore, and I have thought that there might have been something in the peculiarly picturesque situation of our father's house, and the beautiful scenery that surrounded it, which had a tendency to cherish a taste of this kind, and to inspire a love of Nature, and an intimate feeling of companionship with her, which have never forsaken me, and which have constituted a great deal of the happiness of my life. Even in the intelligent part of creation, an exterior of loveliness is an attraction whose influence is always felt. Unless there is something engaging to the eye in the beings who surround us, we are apt to disregard them, until chance reveals a hidden merit; and why may it not be thus with Nature, that when she presents herself to our daily and familiar observation, in purest loveliness, we feel a charm—a tie that binds us for ever?

"Of my scholastic attainments I had nothing to boast; and at the age of fifteen, I was sent to one of the best schools that had yet been established in our youthful country. It was only a day's ride from our village, but I suffered a pang at parting, that those only can know who have lived so entirely at home as to sympathize with the feeling which I had, that I belonged to the soil, and that it was like being plucked up by the roots, to tear myself away. The spirit of youth is, however, proverbially elastic, and mine did not long yield to this depression. I soon found myself in a new scene, whose novelty was not its only recommendation. The gentleman to whose care I was intrusted, and in whose family I lived, was one of those benevolent, fatherly

men, whose presence alone is sufficient to constitute a *home-scene*; and I had the good fortune to be associated with some young men who were fine-spirited, intelligent lads. I became an ambitious student, and the sunshine of my life was unclouded, except by occasional intimations, conveyed in my letters, of the increased ill-health of my mother. I have since wondered that these did not disturb and alarm me more. I can only account for my infatuation from the fact, that before having had any experience of the serious afflictions of life, the youthful spirit is nearly as insensible to the possibility of their occurrence, as is the child, just learning to walk, to the dangers which attend it at every step.

"At length, however, toward the close of an afternoon, when I had retired to my room for the purpose of writing to my mother, I heard the rumbling of a wagon in the yard, and was directly informed that a man in the kitchen wished to speak with me. My heart instantly began to beat with violence, and my limbs to tremble, though I hardly knew why. But when, in going down the stairs, I caught, through the open door, a glimpse of a well-known face—that of a faithful domestic of my father, who had lived with us until his hair had become grey—I was unable to proceed a step farther, and sank upon the floor. I shall never forget the good creature's sympathy. He passed his arm around me, and raised me up with one hand, while with the other he brushed a tear from his eye. 'Mr. Harry,' said he, 'we will set directly off, and can ride some ways to-night, so that you may yet see your mother, and get her blessing.' As he said this, I sprang to my room, and in five minutes we were on our way home.

"As soon as I was seated in the wagon, I opened a letter which he handed me from my father, saying that my mother had been suddenly seized with a paralytic affection, and that its symptoms were of a very dangerous nature, but that still he did not utterly despair of her recovery. The travelling was very bad; with all the exertion we could make, we did not reach home till the hour of twilight the next evening—and daily as that hour still returns, it brings with it a tinge of the peculiar sadness, which marked it then.

"As I approached our little village, I heard the bell, which, according to a common practice in New England, is tolled to announce the departure of the spirit from its house of clay. Whether it be a relic of popery I know not: I had supposed it was of puritanical invention, intended as a means of giving additional effect to the impression of such events, until I afterwards found that it was customary in the mother country. Be that as it may it sounded to me, on this occasion, like my own death-knell.

"When I reached the house, I sought instinctively my sister's room, where I found her in convulsions of grief. We threw ourselves into each other's arms, and sobbed and wept together, until, after the first agitation was over, we began to realize that we were united again, after a long separation, and to feel that there was blessing even in mingling our griefs. Before we parted for the night, we repaired to our mother's room. I had never seen but one person after death, and there were some circumstances associated with the recollection which inspired a feeling of such dread as had prevented my ever looking at another—but it was not sufficient to counteract the heaven-directed impulse which first sends the infant to its mother's breast, and afterwards, as the moral and intellectual wants of its nature are developed, still guides to her as to the fountain whence all wants are to be supplied, until at last, when the soul of the mother had fled, it prompts the child to hang lingeringly over her remains, as if to be with her was still the only solace.

"Death sometimes wears an expression which seems as if in mockery of life—but here it had no victory. The countenance was sweet and heavenly, as if the soul, in departing, had lingered there, and left a trace of itself. It was marked by a look of holy serenity, on the memory of which my mind has often reposed, and stilled its inquietudes, when it would find rest no where else. I passed in the chamber of death nearly all the two days that intervened between that time and the funeral. What I felt when dust was committed to dust, I will not attempt to describe. Whoever has buried a beloved mother, has known something of the soul-stricken feeling—the heart-chilling sense of desolation and irremediable loss—which comes over the child when he turns his back upon a mother's grave.

"There is something in the relation of mother and child which nothing else can ever supply. It is a tie that commences with our birth, is nourished with the milk which gives us sustenance, and the feeling of its value and endearment 'grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength.' It is more *intimate* than the paternal tie, for the mother's province is with her children. She lives for them alone. She is seldom or never absent—she is their fixed and perpetual centre. She views their character, and interprets their conduct, with more indulgence than can be expected in any other relation—an indulgence which is more correspondent to the idea we entertain of the protecting tenderness and benevolence of the Deity, than anything else that we ever experience. She feels for them as for a part of herself. The most disinterested beings have some portion of individuality; a mother seems to have none, when she views herself in connection with her children.

"After my mother's death, my father thought it indispensable that I should return to complete my year at the school. When I first went there, it was with the purpose of fitting myself for college; but at my own and my sister's earnest entreaties, my father now consented that, at the expiration of the year, I should be placed in a law office in our immediate vicinity. I studied hard, that I might be better able to dispense with a collegiate course, and returned home with a sufficient store of Greek, Latin, and mathematics in my head, to answer all necessary purposes, and save me from mortification. Of course, I now attached myself more than ever to my sister. She was almost my only associate, and we were constantly pursuing some course of reading together, so that to her skilful, judicious guidance I am indebted for following those paths of literature, where the richest treasures are to be gathered. My mother's death had given to this world, and to everything that surrounded me, a different aspect. It was the first serious sorrow I had ever experienced, and a deadly one. It converted into sources of anxious reflection many things which I had before regarded as mere matters of course. I never thought of murmuring at the dispensation from which I suffered so severely: my early training had subdued my mind into a habit of considering that whatever is, is right—which often is mere habit, I believe—just as much as the unenlightened submission of the lower orders of creation to its lords. But I began to feel my mind disturbed by the amount and the various forms of evil that existed in the world—by the reflection that so many beings seemed formed only to suffer and to die; that so many were necessarily trained up and confirmed in vice, before they were old enough "to choose the good and refuse the evil." Books of history and travels occasioned me more unhappiness than amusement. To read of the horrid abuses and iniquities that have been practised among mankind ever since the world began, and to know that even at the present comparatively enlightened period, such an immense proportion of human beings were without the lights, either of knowledge or religion, occasioned with a feeling, that it was difficult to reconcile all this with the paternal character of God; and to think of the Supreme Being as divested of that character, was to make the universe worse than a blank. The inquisition—the slave trade—despotism, in every form, oppressing the free heart and spirit of man—and above all, the necessary entailment of vice upon generations, as they rise successively, where vice and ignorance prevail—to see too, how few, even in Christian lands, make of virtue and religion much more than a name—how selfishness wraps up the heart, and passion debases the nature of many who profess the Christian name—

these things occasioned me such uneasiness, that I might say with the Psalmist, "my soul was disquieted within me."

"I did not communicate my feelings to my sister, because I could not bear to disturb the repose of her mind. My father was a great deal absent from home, and though of an affectionate disposition, had a reserve about him which was unfavorable to that free, confiding intercourse which ought ever to subsist between parent and child. So I kept all these thoughts within my own breast; but was unhappy at the feeling of estrangement from God which they occasioned. I did not cease to pray to him, and my constant petition was, "Help thou my unbelief." Had I early received such impressions of the Deity as may and ought to be conveyed to the mind of a child, by judicious instruction, I believe these harassing thoughts would never have disturbed me; for though many of the ways of providence must for ever be shrouded with inscrutable mystery, an enlightened faith in his goodness is seldom shaken.

"I sought for traces of the image of the Deity in his children; but we were surrounded by farmers, whose mode of life is more favorable to the "sobriety of virtue" than to its striking exhibitions, and the disgust which I sometimes experienced at the hollow-heartedness and hypocrisy of some, more than counteracted the satisfaction I derived from the unaffected simplicity and goodness of the rest. I sought as eagerly for everything that would have a tendency to restore what had before been my habitual confidence in my Creator, as a fainting man seeks for something with which to revive his drooping nature. Nothing cheered me so much as to find eminent examples of goodness, whether among the poorer or the more wealthy classes of society. I was in the habit of accompanying my sister in her visits, which were many and frequent, to the poor, and was delighted with occasional exhibitions of the power of the religious principle in sustaining the spirit, when every other support had failed. I remember particularly, one poor invalid, who had been reduced by a complication of diseases to such a state of infirmity, that even the bed—the last resource of suffering humanity—was often no resting-place for her; and for months together, she would be obliged to take all the repose she could get, in a sitting posture, leaning her head upon a table. She was, in one sense, alone in the world—being the last of her family—and she was supported by the contributions of a few ladies who rescued her from the poor-house. Yet in this condition, which would be deemed utterly cheerless, she was one of the happiest persons I ever saw—full of spirit and animation. Praise was always on her lips, as in her heart. She would say, that to be one of God's creatures, and capable of comprehending the relation she bore to him—to have

a place on his earth, to be an object of his care, and to hope for the immortality that had been brought to light, were privileges worth more than all the sufferings that could be inflicted. 'Truly said the Apostle,' she would exclaim, with great earnestness, 'this is eternal life—to know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.' What are the evils of this earthly scene, to those who feel that they have laid hold on eternal life? If my father chastises me, it is in mercy.

"'Still,' I said to myself, 'supposing all this were a delusion, might it not have the same effect upon the mind as if it were reality?' And then again I replied—'No: if this faith were not of heavenly origin, it would partake of the perishable nature which stamps everything earthly; it would contain the elements of its destruction; and when everything conspires against it, it would fall as falls the tower under which a mine has been sprung.' Thus my mind has vacillated—sometimes swayed by one set of feelings and opinions, sometimes by another.

"I now examined, for the first time in my life, with careful scrutiny, the evidences of Christianity, and they seemed to me perfectly satisfactory. Then I considered that our Saviour was exhibited to us as a transcript of the Deity, and that he was full of tenderness and benignity, such as made him weep over the sorrows of his friends, and exercise his sublime power in behalf even of the humblest beggar. In thus making an investigation for myself, I was able to throw off some shackles which had fettered and galled my mind, and to remove some of my worst difficulties. I found, too, that even when my mind was in its most unsettled state, if I chanced in my reading to come across any sneers at a religious faith—at rational sentiments concerning the being and providence of God—it revolted with disgust; and it was then I would discover, that I still clung to those persuasions which before I seemed ready to renounce. I remember in reading Voltaire, the idea which he somewhere implies that the Deity deems us too insignificant for his notice, offended me very much. I felt that it was contradicted by my own experience of the bountiful provisions made for man's happiness and improvement—'and after all,' I would say to myself, 'what can poor ignorant mortals do, but judge by our own experience? I know that I have within me the elements of happiness, if I choose to make use of them as such, independent of any outward circumstances, and that happiness has extensively prevailed within the small limit of my observation. This world, perhaps, could not be otherwise than it is, if intended as a state of trial and probation; and it is certain that from him to whom little is given, little will be required. For the rest, it is matter of faith, such as Abraham exercised when he doubted not the reasonableness of the

command which required him to offer up in sacrifice his only son—to confide, with the humility and teachableness of a child, in the wisdom and goodness of that Being ‘whose ways are past finding out’—and that this was the great faith upon which the Bible so much insists, I became more and more persuaded. Still, I would sometimes long for a clearer manifestation than such as is obtained ‘by looking through a glass darkly,’ and my doubts occasionally returned.

“About this time, it was my happiness to become acquainted with one, the influence of whose character and example had more effect in establishing and confirming my mind on the only sure foundation, than all things else. He was a man of a most enlightened, independent, and upright mind: his character was marked by a purity that seemed uncontaminated with anything worldly; he was one of the few in whom the image of God is not defaced. His heart, too, was full of benevolence that had the activity of a vital principle, and dispensed its life-giving influences as freely and noiselessly as the sun and dew. These qualities were moulded together by religion ‘unto the measure of the Christian stature’—for he had a firm, practical belief in the religion of Jesus, and a perfect reliance on the benevolence of the Deity.

“Soon after he came to reside in our village, I was transferred to his office, that I might have the benefit of his eminent professional excellence; and as his manners were particularly kind and encouraging to the young, I had every opportunity of knowing him intimately. I was never with him a day without perceiving that his conceptions of moral duty were of the most elevated kind, producing in his mind a genuine love of Virtue, who was not only his hand-maid, but his twin-sister. He was, moreover, without the stimulus—to which even religious minds are not entirely unsusceptible—of sectarian popularity; for, differing from the prevailing faith of the community in which he lived, he gave offence, and was the innocent subject of much uncharitableness and censure. These things, however, never disturbed his serenity, nor excited, apparently, a single unhallowed emotion; on the contrary, he exercised the greatest indulgence towards the faults and infirmities of those from whom he differed, and who thought that intolerance was a virtue.

“I was very much impressed with this feature of his character, upon an occasion which I thought would afford him a welcome triumph. There was in our village another gentleman of his profession, a Mr. Bond, whose talents were respectable, and who, notwithstanding he was opinionated and self-complacent, had acquired considerable influence in society. On a public occasion when a question which concerned the religious interests of the

people was discussed, my friend contended for some broader and more liberal principle than Mr. Bond approved, who therefore took this opportunity to assail him in the coarsest manner, attributing to him a secret, unfair method of using his influence, of which he was no more capable than the sun is capable of diffusing darkness. His uniform self-command, however, enabled him to preserve his equanimity under this pelting abuse.

"Some time after, this same man, so ready to suspect others, was himself detected in dishonorable conduct, connected with his professional pursuits, which came to the knowledge of a full court, and which nothing but the greatest indulgence on the part of his brethren, and their unwillingness to disgrace a man whose parentage was highly respectable, and whose standing had until then corresponded to it, could have induced them to overlook. For some days, the affair was matter of public discussion, and though I heard it talked of in my friend's presence, not one remark upon it ever escaped from him, nor did any significant expression of his face reveal what he might have forbidden his lips to utter. I thought of him, who, when he was reviled, reviled not again.

"Such a man must of course acquire extensive influence. He was a good deal in public life, and a large community were fixing their eyes upon him with admiration, respect, and high anticipations of his future usefulness. I remained with him four years: he was ardent and assiduous in every pursuit, and far too intensely occupied, for his health.

"Upon an occasion of unusual excitement and labor in an important case, in which he had been retained, he became suddenly and dangerously ill; there seemed a total suspension of his powers, which was attended with dangerous symptoms. These increased, until it was apprehended that to us he was already as one that is no more—that the spirit would pass without any parting recognitions: but, a few hours previous to his death, he revived; and to my latest day I shall bless God for having been permitted to witness the scene that followed. His mind, which before had completely sunk under the effect of disease, roused from what had seemed the sleep of death, and in its strength burst for the time the withes and cords of mortality with which it was bound; nor was he in the least dismayed by the sudden conviction that death was upon him.

"The King of Terrors seemed, like an executioner awed by the dignity of his victim, to suspend his function until the last adieus were uttered. Calmly and joyously did the spirit review its past career, and contemplate its future destiny; and the satisfaction which at such a moment the consciousness of his past fidelity to his master evidently imparted to him, seemed to me

like a voice pronouncing this to be a beloved son. He no longer saw through a glass darkly; the veil of mortality seemed to be lifted from his eyes, and immortality to dawn upon him. All this was the more striking, as he had none of that enthusiasm which makes the imagination excitable. His strongest feelings were the result always of deliberate conviction; the religious principle was thoroughly woven into his character; he had ever lived in a sense of dependence upon, and communion with his Maker and Saviour. The perfect repose of *his* mind in death, upon the same principles that had abided with him through life, when, too, the suddenness of the summons furnished the greatest possible test of their value and sufficiency, since it deprived the soul of all opportunity to marshal its forces, and array itself for the great victory it had to accomplish, conveyed to my mind a new and powerful conviction of their truth, which nothing has yet been able to remove.

"Long and bitterly did I deplore his loss to myself personally, though I was but one among many, very many others, who wept and lamented over him. Such a man is like a beacon-light in the moral wilderness of the world—and the brightness which it diffused fell on my soul.

"Soon after this, my beloved sister was married, and my father being engaged to a lady for whom I had conceived a dislike, I could not bear to think of remaining at home under these circumstances. I therefore determined, with my father's consent, to accept an invitation, long since received, to visit a bachelor uncle of my mother's, after whom I was named, who resided in England. I took leave of the living and the dead, in going from the home of my youth, and with a sad heart proceeded to the place of embarkation. We had a prosperous voyage: the ocean, which I had never seen before, was to me a new and glorious revelation of the wonderful attributes of the Deity; and though grandeur and might were the prevailing features which it disclosed, I was ever discovering traits of tenderness, too. Among these, were the very circumstances of man's familiarity with the mighty deep—the ease and safety with which he traverses and makes it subserve his various interests. Even the beautiful color of its waters, and the rich hues with which it was occasionally dyed—the fish, too, swimming joyously about in their native element—seemed to me like so many circumstances intended to relieve the oppressed sense, and reveal the tender father in the mighty God.

"I received from my uncle—whose only inmate, besides domestics, was a maiden sister, and who had long been separated from all the rest of his family—the kindest welcome. He had naturally very warm affections, but from his isolated manner of living, and his want of objects to excite them, they had become

so dormant that he was himself hardly aware of their existence.

"My arrival seemed soon to awaken them in all their force. I had the good fortune to produce an agreeable impression upon him, and he listened with intense interest to all that I told him, as well of our country, as of his relatives who had settled there. Having been so long unused to the pleasure of society and sympathy—his sister being, both from taste and habit, exclusively devoted to housewifery—he now enjoyed his intercourse with me, as a man whose appetite has long been destroyed by the unhealthy state of his system, enjoys its restoration. He soon began to manifest an anxiety to secure my stay with him as long as possible; and ascertaining by his inquiries the peculiar circumstances that decided me upon coming to him, and the facts that I was just twenty-one years of age—had finished my legal studies—been admitted to the bar—and expected to commence practice immediately upon my return—he said to me that he hoped I would not be in haste to leave him, nor anxious about securing, through my profession, the means of support, as it was his intention to settle upon me immediately a portion of that estate, the whole of which he had always designed should be ultimately mine. I was touched with his kindness, and did not hesitate to accept it. I spent my time, in the year that ensued, either with him, or in making excursions into different parts of England—that island queen, to whom, in her robes of perpetual verdure, and her look of laughter and loveliness, might be applied with slight exception, what has been spoken of one of Fancy's creations :

"Say, to delight this wondering earth
Does she among us mortals roam,
Who from the blue deep took her birth,
Her nurture from the sparkling foam?"

"My uncle lived in a retired country-seat, and there was but one neighbor with whom he had much intercourse. This was a man of strongly-marked character, and great peculiarities, who had been twice a widower, and whose present family consisted of several sons and one step-daughter. Being introduced to them, I soon discovered some circumstances of similarity in my condition and that of the young lady, which heightened the interest that her appearance and manners had previously excited. The disagreeable impressions of her step-father, which his somewhat unreasonable and domineering treatment of her mother had produced on her mind, were increased to positive dislike, in consequence of his persevering determination, in spite of her manifest aversion to such a step, that she should unite herself in wedlock with one of his sons by a former marriage. The poor girl had no escape from the disagreeable circumstances

of her situation, but in an occasional visit to a married daughter of her step-father's, who had too much generosity and delicacy to join in compact against her happiness. In the course of some months, I had an opportunity to see a good deal of her, and found her all that I had been led to imagine from her first appearance—warm-hearted, intelligent, delicate, and sensitive. When her father, who was likewise her guardian, discovered my increasing interest in her, he made use of a prejudice which he really felt against all Americans, as a pretext for requesting my uncle that I might not come to his house again. This, of course, produced a separation between the families; and a prospect of a total suspension of our intercourse—since all those facilities were removed, which seem almost indispensable to a delicate female—brought the matter to a crisis at once. I found means to declare my attachment, and the answer which I received filled me with the raptures of a successful lover.

"My uncle soon informed his neighbor of the state of affairs between us, which made him more violent than ever in his dislike to me. He still forbade me his house entirely, and so unpleasant was our situation rendered, that I listened with less reluctance to the proposal of my uncle, who really took a great interest in the affairs of the 'young folks,' as he called us, that as 'the girl' was yet a minor by some months, I should travel a year on the continent, and then she would be at liberty to act for herself. 'T is a pity,' he added, 'that you should not see all that is to be seen, on this side of the water.'

"I knew that this was quite a sacrifice on my uncle's part, and felt that he had continually new and strong claims upon my gratitude.

"In having an opportunity to see more of the world, I was happy to find, that though I of course perceived an admixture of good and evil—the tares sown plentifully with the wheat—yet that the traces of a father's love and beneficence were everywhere manifest to me. I realized, more than ever, the significance and truth of the sentiment, 'Earth, with her thousand voices praises God;' yes, with her thousand and ten thousand voices. Nature's beautiful and imperishable monuments recorded an inscription to Him who reared them—a *Deus fecit*; while the wonderful works of Art bore witness with what a generous portion of his own intelligence the Creator had endowed his creatures—and assimilated them to himself. It was more and more evident, too, that the moral nature of man, where it had not become debased, was stamped with his image. I have elsewhere preserved in my journal the particular impressions made upon my mind by different objects and scenes, and will not here repeat them. Meanwhile, the letters which I constantly received

from the chosen of my heart gave new impulse to all the best susceptibilities of my nature. This was the holiday of my moral existence.

"On my return, I found her on a visit to her sister, at whose house, a month or two after, we were married. My uncle was very desirous that we should become members of his family. We could make a part of the establishment, without feeling that we burdened it. Here, then, we lived in the most retired manner, and had ample opportunity to ascertain our mutual resources.

"My wife had been carefully trained by a most judicious and enlightened mother; both her intellectual and moral nature had been richly cultivated; and in the school of adversity her character had acquired a stability and maturity, which were very uncommon for her years. She had a lofty sense of duty, an energy of purpose, and at the same time a modest estimation of herself, which form the happiest combination in the female character. She had, too, a most enlightened piety, the observation of which tended to confirm the lately-acquired steadfastness of my faith—and she loved me in the characteristic manner of her sex—that is, with entire devotion.

"We passed nearly two years in unvarying happiness. We were occupied with our own improvement, and interested in promoting the happiness of those with whom we were inmates; nor was the welfare of the peasantry in our neighborhood indifferent to us; and I flatter myself their condition was essentially and permanently improved, by the knowledge and religious instruction, disseminated, by our means, among them, and particularly among their children.

"The birth of our daughter, at the close of the second year of marriage, awakened a new set of feelings, and opened a new sphere of duty. Our cup of happiness, which before was full, seemed to overflow: but alas! it was not long before it became infused with bitter drops. My wife's health visibly declined, and we became excessively anxious on her account. After waiting, for some months, the effect of time, and of the various remedies which skill could suggest and tenderness apply, I wished very much to try the effect of a voyage—and was led by this circumstance to turn my eyes to my own country again. I felt an irresistible longing to tread its soil once more—to embrace my much-loved sister—and to claim for my wife and child those generous sympathies of her nature, which had constituted the pride and happiness of my early life. She had been constantly in the habit of corresponding with me, and I had never lost for a moment the memory of her love. My poor father, too! I hoped that I might do something for him.

His marriage had proved, as I apprehended, most unfortunate; his gay young wife had persuaded him to exchange his country residence for a city life, and our beloved home was sold into the hands of strangers.

"My uncle did not oppose my plan. 'Something must indeed be done for our dear Louisa,' he said, 'and its natural you should wish to be in your own country, and among your own friends again. Your father, too, has a claim upon you, which far supersedes mine. I have always regretted that I did not go to America before I became so firmly established here, and think it the best place on earth for a young man to establish himself. I will not, then, be so selfish as to detain you here. I am old, and have not long to sojourn on earth, and my good sister and I will, with God's permission, finish our journey together.'

"I was deeply affected by my uncle's magnanimity and kindness on this occasion, and assured him that I would hold myself in readiness to return to him, should anything occur to make him particularly desire it.

"My wife had no strong tie to England, save that which one always feels to the soil in which are the graves of those one loves. In consequence of her lonely and isolated condition, at the time our acquaintance commenced, she clung to me, not only as the heart clings to its dearest possessions, but as it fastens itself to one only hope or treasure; and she was ready to say, 'Thy people shall be my people.' She participated too, in my desire that she should see my sister, and felt that her society would be a great addition to our happiness.

"It was late in the fall, before all things were ready for our departure. Our voyage was long, and attended with some untoward circumstances, which affected sensibly the feeble frame of my wife. When we arrived in America, the first tidings we heard was that my sister, in consequence of her husband's ill health, had gone to pass the winter in the South of France. I will here add, that she has remained on the continent with him ever since. I have received recent intelligence of her husband's death, and of her intention to come and live with me. Her faithful bosom will be as a haven of rest to a weary mariner.

"This was a great disappointment—a shock to both of us; nor had the wan and altered aspect of my father, whom I saw a few days after, any tendency to cheer the gloom which it occasioned. I now felt that I was a stranger, homeless and almost friendless, in my native land. I signified to my father my wish to procure for the winter a comfortable residence in some retired country village. He had seen our present resi-

dence advertised. I first hired, then purchased it, and have never left it since. My sister left no family behind, and my father, I knew, preferred seeing me anywhere else rather than in his own house.

"During the dreary winter that ensued, our child was our only solace and amusement. With an aching heart, I watched the hectic hue on my wife's cheek, 'like the unnatural red which autumn plants upon the falling leaf,' growing brighter and deeper, and her parched lips betokening the withering away of the vital principle. She lingered through the Spring, and I hoped that in the month of June I should travel with her, and that her drooping nature might at least be revived a little by the freshness of the season—but even this was denied me.

"She expired the latter part of July. She was able, until just before her death, to take short rides, and to walk a little about our own precincts. 'It is a privilege,' she would say, 'to have lived so far through this beautiful season—to see Nature dress for you so sweet a home. My grave will be near you, and you will visit it, Henry, and you will take our child there, when she is old enough, and teach her whose it is—and then you will point to Heaven, that her thoughts and hopes may soar thither.'

"When she uttered sentiments like these, there was a holy calmness and authority in her manner, which suppressed the agitations of my nature. It was like the voice which said to the tumultuous waves, 'Peace, be still!' and hushed them into silence. She was remarkably cheerful through all her sickness: the heavenly tranquillity of her mind was never disturbed, except occasionally, when her lip would quiver, and a tear from her eye, as some touching display of loveliness in her child awakened the strong desire to live and watch her 'mind's development'—some circumstance occurred to make her mind dwell with unusual tenacity upon the idea of leaving it motherless. It was her constant endeavor, however, not to indulge such reflections. 'Jesus Christ took little children into his arms and blessed them,' she would say, 'and that blessing rests on them still.' Their angels do always stand before the face of my Father who is in Heaven.'

"She was constantly speaking of her mercies. When the season of flowers came, some little children of the neighborhood, who, in the few months that we had lived near them, had already experienced her beneficence, and learned to love and almost venerate her, constantly brought her their little offerings, and one day when a handful of roses had been thrown upon her bed, she smiled and said significantly, 'My bed is strewn with roses.'

"Even in her sleep, she not unfrequently indicated the constant state of her mind, by singing in her former sweet, musical

voice, which now seemed only lent her for the moment, words and notes of praise—and when she finally slept the sleep of death, it was as when a child falls asleep in the lap of its parent.

“SHE is gone!—but her presence dwells with me, and nothing can destroy the faith I feel, that I shall yet see her, eye to eye and face to face. I thank my God for having given me one of the loveliest of his creatures, to be so long the companion of my pilgrimage. If I had every possession on earth, nothing but my child would yield me such a revenue of happiness, as I constantly derive from the treasures of my memory.”

A SOUL'S WANDERINGS.

My soul goes forth alone, to tread once more
The pathways of the past; she will not seek
The sunniest heights that claimed her love of yore:
Her thoughts are calmer now, her hopes more meek;
But like a wild, leaf-buried stream, along
A quiet valley singing, so she glides,
To the faint music of her own grave song,
Through scenes where many a tranquil pleasure hides.

She casts away the chains of later years,
The worldly lore that time, alas! must bring
In our despite; she flings aside all fears,
As the lark shakes the rain-drops from his wing.
Back to the shadowy land of childhood now
She gaily hastes, and once again arise
Visions of rapture from the earth below,
And floods of gladness greet her from the skies.

She is a child again! For her the wind,
The sun, the clouds, the myriad stars, are things
Of daily wonder still; she yet can find
A hidden music in each sound that brings
But common thoughts to us; for her the breath
Stirring the autumn leaves has power to lull
The very thought of pain and grief; and death
Is but a shade to make life beautiful!

She is a child again! The sycamore
Waves its green boughs around her; far away,
Along the upland slope, the “May-trees” pour
Their breath upon the wind, and from their grey
And rugged branches fling a snowy shower,
As if to mock the winter that is passed; the bee
Hums in the gladness of the noontide hour,—
The voice of birds flows down from every tree.

My soul moves onward from that dreamy land,
Yet bearing thence such wealth as shall not fail
To cheer her after hours. I see her stand
To gaze once more. Oh, Life, how dim and pale
Thy later glories seem to that one glance
Of childhood, when at last we feel that ne'er,
Through all the future brings of change and chance,
We can again be all we have been there !

GO FORTH INTO THE FIELDS.

BY WM. J. PARODIE.

Go forth into the fields,
Ye dwellers in the city's troubled mart !
Go forth and know the influence nature yields,
To sooth the wearied heart.

Leave ye the feverish strife,
The jostling, eager, self-devoted throng ;—
Ten thousand voices, waked anew to life,
Call you with sweetest song.

Hark !—from each fresh-clad bough,
Or blissful soaring in the golden air,
Glad birds, with joyous music, bid you now
To spring's loved haunts repair.

The silvery-gleaming rills
Lure, with soft murmurs, from the grassy lea,
Or, gaily dancing down the sunny hills,
Call loudly in their glee !

And the young wanton breeze,
With breath all odorous from her blossomy chase,
In voice low whispering 'mong the embowing trees,
Woos you to her embrace.

Go—breathe the air of heaven,
Where violets meekly smile upon your way ;
Or on some pine-crowned summit, tempest-riven,
Your wandering footsteps stay.

Seek ye the solemn wood,
Whose giant trunks a verdant roof uprear,
And listen, while the roar of some far flood
Thrills the young leaves with fear !

Stand by the tranquil lake,
Sleeping 'mid rocky banks abrupt and high,
Save when the wild-bird's wings its surface break,
Chequering the mirrored sky ;—

And if within your breast,
Hallowed to nature's touch, one chord remain,
If aught save worldly honors find you blest,
Or hope of sordid gain—

A strange delight shall thrill,
A quiet joy brood o'er you like a dove ;
Earth's placid beauty shall your bosom fill,
Stirring its depths with love.

O, in the calm, still hours,
The holy Sabbath hours, when sleeps the air,
And heaven, and earth, decked with her beauteous flowers,
Lie hushed in breathless prayer ;

Pass ye the proud fane by,
The vaulted aisles, by flaunting folly trod,
And, 'neath the temple of the uplifted sky,
Go forth and worship God !

AND IS THERE CARE IN HEAVEN?

" And is there care in heaven ? and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base ? "

SPENSER.

Oh, that this palled but hungry soul, could find
That bread of life which stays the fainting mind,
Drink of that living spring whose waters flow,
At once to cleanse the heart and heal its wo ;
Or catch some kindly voice, whose cheering sway
Might wake this palsied will to soar away,
Trusting no more its refuges of lies,
Touched by a power descending from the skies, }
In showers as gentle as the summer dew
That dropt on Hermon, and as copious too.

Oh ! to launch forth from earth' perplexing dream ;
Oh ! for a draught of that immortal stream,
Which, redolent of heaven transports us there,
And on its crystal wave makes haste to bear
The sympathies of angels back to men,
And raise the spirit from the dust again !
Are they not ministers who day and night
Stand round the throne in robes of spotless white ?
And all the care these bending myriads know,
Lives it not only for this world below ?
And thrills there not even in this widowed breast,
A chord in tune with those which never rest,
Cold though it be, and impotent to raise
Its voiceless breathings in the Father's praise !

Yes there are cares and sympathies above ;
And earth, the wedded of those realms of love,
Partakes the glory, and reflects the bliss,
When that world's fulness overflows on this.

THE CONFLICTS OF MIND.

A VALEDICTORY ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE CLOSE OF THE
ACADEMICAL YEAR OF THE NORWALK SEMINARY.

BY REV. EDWARD THOMSON, PRINCIPAL OF THE SEMINARY.

MY YOUNG FRIENDS,—Many of you are about to leave this institution, and enter upon the arduous duties of life. It is proper that, on bidding you farewell, I should offer you a few words of counsel.

Although there are many things which I desire to say, yet as my remarks must be confined within narrow limits, I will restrict myself to one important and appropriate truth.

You will scarce have placed your feet upon the threshold of this busy world, before a troop of difficulties will encompass you. Enter upon any pursuit whatever, you may expect enemies, and competitors, and misfortunes; and as many of you will go forth without wealth, or friends, or experience, your first efforts may be failures. Judging by the light of experience, we are induced to fear that some of you will abandon your pursuits, and take refuge in the hut of obscurity, the works of fancy or the haunts of dissipation. With a view to guard you against such a course, I invite your attention to the following proposition, viz.:

Difficulties do not justify us in surceasing from the prosecution of a rational, benevolent, and feasible undertaking.

1. We cannot escape difficulty. The air is tainted, the soil churlish, the ocean tempest-tossed. Whether we are in the field or in the wilderness, on Persian plains or Alpine heights, amid equatorial heats, or temperate climes, or polar solitudes, we are met by a thousand obstacles. Earth is cursed, and everywhere she puts forth her thorn in obedience to her Maker's withering word. True, the curse is tempered with the mercy which yields unnumbered blessings to the hand of toil; nevertheless, it cleaves to all earth's surface, and turns the key upon her hidden treasures. We read of cloudless skies, and sunny climes, and fields which need nought but the sickle, but who finds them? Paradise is always ahead of the emigrant.

2. Difficulties invigorate the soul. I do not mean the difficulties of indolence and disobedience—these are withering blasting curses—but the difficulties of industry, of obedience.

They are conditions essential to strength. What gives power to the arm of the smith? The weight of his hammer. What

gives swiftness to the Indian foot? The fleetness of his game. Thus it is with the senses. What confers exquisite sensibility upon the blind man's ear? The curtain which, by hiding the visible universe from his sight, compels him to give intense regard to the most delicate vibrations that play upon his tympanum. Thus it is with the intellect. Who is the greatest reasoner? He who habitually struggles with the worst difficulties that can be mastered by reason. Do you complain of a feeble intellect? It may be your misfortune, but it is more likely to be your fault. Before you charge the Almighty with an unequal distribution of gifts, try your mind upon some appropriate difficulties. Bear it into the field of mathematics, or metaphysics, or logic. Bid it struggle, and faint, if necessary, and struggle again. If disposed to retreat, urge it, goad it. Let it rest when weary, bid it walk when it cannot run, but teach it that it must *conquer*. If, after this discipline, your mind be feeble, you may call your weakness an infirmity, and not a fault. Some men have fruitless imaginations, but who are they? Those who have never led their fancies out. The towering oak planted in a dismal cellar, shut out from the light and air of heaven, would not grow up and lift its branches to the skies. Plant your imagination in the heavens, and let it be subject to the high and holy influences of its pure ether, and its silent lights, and it shall manifest vitality, and vigor and upward aspirations.

3. Difficulties develop resources. To prove this it is only necessary to cite the aphorism—Necessity is the mother of invention. She levels forests; she rears cities; she builds bridges; she prostrates mountains; she lays her iron pathway from river to river, and from sea to sea; she baffles the raging elements, and extends her dominion from earth to air and ocean; she ascends the heavens, and with fearless foot treads round the zodiac.

Transport the savage from his woods to yon island in the sea; show him her crowded harbors and her metropolis of thousand spires; point him to her proud trophies, and her glorious triumphs in earth and sky; bid him mark how she brings the fruits of all the earth to her table, and weaves the chains of her authority over every latitude. Then, would you describe the secret of all that his eye beholds, and his ear hears, tell him that Britain resolved to meet the difficulties that lay in her path from barbarism to civilisation and refinement. This simple resolution sprung her arms and her arts; her science and her song.

I have said that difficulties call forth resources. How multiplied might be the illustrations. The revolution created the continental army and the continental Congress, and made dissevered, discordant, and dependent States a united and powerful Republic. An inventive nation, unless she plan important enterprises, will

find her arts and powers of but little use. Why does China exert so feeble an influence among the nations? Not because her population is small—it is one-third the population of the globe; not because they are idle—no men are more industrious; not because she has no arts—her manufactures are unsurpassed; not because she is infertile in expedients—she walls her territory to shut out invaders—she unites her rivers with artificial channels—she raises cities upon her waters—she divides her rocks into terraces, and makes them smile from base to summit with fairest fruits and flowers—she bridges her valleys with chains, and, as if disdaining the aid of nature, she rears her temples on mountains of her own construction. Is the answer found in providence? Nay. Is learning neglected? Not a nation in which it is so much encouraged. Yet should an earthquake sink her beneath the waves, what ocean would miss her sails? what land her treasures? what science her contributions? The great instruments to which we usually attribute the march of civilisation, viz., gunpowder, the mariner's compass, and the art of printing, have all been known to China from remote ages. Although she flashed powder from her "fire-pan in the face of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, yet, never plotting extensive conquests, she made no important use of the terrific instrument of war. Content with navigating along her coasts and inland waters, she kept her compass upon the land, and never daring to impress the world's mind, she confined her types to the stamping of almanacs."

As with the nation so with the individual. The fierce armies of Gaul and Britain gave Cæsar his martial skill. The snow-clad Alps made Hannibal fertile in expedients, resistless in command. Would you be illustrious? Plunge into difficulty, cross the Rubicon, bind your soul with stong cords of obligation, put on band after band,—the greater the difficulties, provided they do not paralyze, the greater the man.

4. There is scarce any difficulty that cannot be overcome by perseverance. Trace any great mind to its culmination, and you will find that its ascent was slow and by natural laws, and that its difficulties were such as only ordinary minds can surmount. Great results, whether physical or moral, are not often the offspring of giant powers. Genius is more frequently a curse than a blessing. Its possessor, relying on his extraordinary gifts, generally falls into habits of indolence, and fails to collect the materials which are requisite to useful and magnificent effort. But there is a something which is sure of success; it is the determination which, having entered upon a career with full conviction that it is right, pursues it in calm defiance of all opposition. With such a feeling a man cannot help but be mighty. Toil does not weary, pain does not

arrest him. Carrying a compass in his heart which always points to one bright star, he allows no footstep to be taken which does not tend in that direction. Neither the heaving earthquake, nor the yawning gulf, nor the burning mountain can terrify him from his course; and if the heavens should fall, the shattered ruins would strike him on his way to his object. Show me the man who has this principle, and I care not to measure his blood, nor brains. I ask not his name nor his nation; I pronounce that his hand will be felt upon his generation, and his mind enstamped upon succeeding ages. This attribute is God-like. It may be traced throughout the universe. It has descended from the skies; it is the great charm of angelic natures. It is hardly to be contemplated, even in the demon, without admiration. It is this which gives to the warrior his crown, and encircles his brow with a halo that, in the estimation of a misjudging world, neither darkness, nor lust, nor blasphemy, nor blood can obscure. The bard of Mantua, to whose tomb genius in all ages makes its willing pilgrimage, never presents his hero in a more attractive light; than when he represents him, "*tot volvere casus*"—rolling his misfortunes forward, as a river bearing all opposition before it.

I am well satisfied that it is a sure passport to mental excellence. Science has no summit too lofty for its ascent; literature has no gate too strong for its entrance. The graces collect around it, and the laurel comes at its bidding. Talk not of circumstances. Repudiate for ever that doctrine so paralyzing, so degrading, and yet so general, "Man is the creature of circumstances." Rather adopt that other sentiment, more inspiring to yourselves, more honorable to your nature, more consonant with truth, Man the architect of his own fortune. I grant that circumstances have their influence, and that often this is not small; but there are impulses within to which things external are as lava to the volcano. Circumstances are as tools to the artist. Zeuxis would have been a painter without canvass; Michael Angelo would have been a sculptor without marble; Herschell would have been a philosopher without a telescope, and Newton would have ascended the skies though no apple had ever descended upon his head. One of the most distinguished surgeons of modern times performed nearly all the operations of surgery with a razor. West commenced painting in a garret, and plundered the family cat for bristles to make his brushes. When Paganini once rose to amuse a crowded auditory with his music, he found that his violin had been removed, and a coarse instrument had been substituted for it. Explaining the trick, he said to the audience, "Now I will show that the music is *not in my violin*, but *in me*." Then drawing his bow, he sent forth sounds sweet

as ever entranced delighted mortals. Be assured, the world is a coarse instrument at best, and if you would send forth sweet sounds from its strings, there must be music in your fingers. Fortune may favor, but do not rely upon her; do not fear her. Act upon the doctrine of the Grecian poet—

"I seek what's to be sought,
I learn what's to be taught,
I beg the rest of Heaven."

Talk not of genius. I grant there are differences in mind, originally, but there is mind enough in every ordinary human skull, if its energies are properly directed, to accomplish mighty results. Fear not obstacles. What are your difficulties? Poverty? ignorance? obscurity? Have they not all been overcome by a host well known to fame? But perchance you climb untrodden heights. Nevertheless, fear to set down any obstacle as insuperable. Look at the achievements of man in the natural and moral worlds, and then say whether you dare set down any difficulty as insurmountable, or whether you are ready to prescribe boundaries to the operations of human power.

Are you destined to maintain the worship of the true God amid the darkness of infidelity? Daniel, in the den of lions, Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego, in the flames of the furnace, and a long line of illustrious martyrs, shouting hosannas from the flames, put forth their hands from the stake to beckon you onwards. Are you destined to plant the gospel in heathen lands, an enterprise the most daring and glorious in which mortals can engage? Do you imagine that you can meet a difficulty which the apostle Paul did not vanquish? But he was an apostle, yea, and the most successful of all the apostles. And what was the secret of his success? Was it his learning? The gift of tongues made the other apostles his equals in this respect. Was it his eloquence? Doubtless he was eloquent; but Apollos, too, was eloquent and mighty in the Scriptures. Was it his inspiration? But were not others inspired, also? It was his firmness and perseverance. When he preached Christ Jesus and him crucified, nothing could drive, or divert, or daunt him: "This one thing I do," &c.

Are you called to meet bigotry and superstition, armed with learning, power and wealth? See Luther braving the thunders of the Vatican, and hear him say, "I would go to Worms were there as many devils there as there are tiles on the houses," and then affirm, if you dare, that it is your duty to succumb to your difficulties. Are you destined, which Heaven forbid, to lead an army to resist invaders, or advance to conquest? Ask Cæsar, Hannibal, Pyrrhus, Alexander, what kind of difficulties may be overcome by decision of character. Have you undertaken to

ascend from poverty and obscurity to eminence and wealth? Ask the field or the Cabinet, any profession whatever, or either House of Congress, whether there are any difficulties which will not yield to firmness and perseverance, and ten thousand voices shall respond, in animating accents, no, no!

5. Difficulties are more easily overcome than is generally imagined. The simple resolution to surmount an obstacle reduces it to one-half. It concentrates the powers of the soul. There is much exertion in a retreating army; but it is of little avail, for it makes no impression upon the foe. It is spent in taking care of the baggage and the wounded; gathering up the slain; destroying property, lest it should fall into the hands of the enemy; preparing the way for escape, and protecting the rear from attack. Let that army, however, resolve to stand its ground; and though there may be no more energy expended than there was in retreating, how different is the result! Its powers are collected; every hand is placed upon a gun; every bayonet is directed against the foe, and every moment works important issues. So a defeated, staggering soul may make efforts to escape from the disgrace of defeat; effort to rise from beneath the pressure of its own humbling reproaches; effort at planning some new enterprise, but it is effort wasted.

Resolution brings every power to the same point, and moves the whole soul forward: like the Grecian phalanx, each part supported and supporting, and every step making an opening before it. It dissipates imaginary terrors. Imagination is a very busy, but very humble servant of the soul. She obsequiously consults predominant inclination, and paints to suit its taste. She is never more active than when fear (which is generally a usurper in a state of irresolution) sways the sceptre over the inner man. Hence, difficulties are always magnified when viewed in the distance. The inner as well as the outer optics are subject to illusions. When, upon some unknown coast, we view through the morning fog, the distant cottage, we deem it a castle. Thus the sluggard, standing at his door, sees a lion in his way. Though the enemy be a hundred miles off, the coward sees him on the next hill-top. He only who says, "I can and I will," sees difficulties in their true dimensions. How the terrors of the wilderness retreat before the advancing steps of the fearless emigrant! O how I like those words, "I can and I will!" They are words of magic: they put to flight the hosts of phantoms and hobgoblins which fear conjures up around us in moments of hesitation; they reduce giant enemies to ordinary foes; they level the mountains, fill the valleys, and make straight paths for the feet. Would you be victors, write them upon banners, and like

the vision of Minerva, which made Achilles tremble, they will shake the knees of all your enemies.

Ye mothers, at your cradles teach them to your children, and bid the first pulsations of their little hearts beat music to them. These words, "I will not let thee go until thou bless me," inspired mortal to struggle with immortal powers. Fathers, breathe resolution into your sons; then, though you put them unarmed, unfriended and unshod into this wide world, they will see their way to wealth and honor. Launch them upon the stormy ocean, they will exact a rich revenue from its billows; exile them to the wilderness, and they will press milk and honey from its rocks.

Resolution inspires self-confidence. Before the declaration of independence, the Continental Congress acted with fear and trembling; but so soon as that instrument was adopted, a noble self-confidence inspired that gallant band of patriots. They found that they had emerged from that dependence in which they had been reared; and this perception spread a might and majesty over all their thoughts and actions.

The resolution to pursue the path of duty, regardless of enemies or obstacles, begets the conviction that we can place reliance on our own souls. Under this conviction, whatever is done is done firmly. Next to a sense of the divine presence, there is nothing so invigorating to the spirit as the consciousness of independence. In some respects it is not proper that we should be independent. It is wisely ordained that our persons, our tongues, our property, should be, to some extent, under the control of human laws; but there is one little territory over which God designs that man should sway an exclusive sceptre—that territory is his own soul. On this no tyrant dare rattle his chains; into this no monarch can push his bayonets. It is a holy inheritance; it is celestial soil; it is guarded by the cherubic sword.

Unhappy wretch that does not rule in the counsels of his own mind! He opens the gates of his paradise. He becomes a vassal where he should be a king. Instead of heading an army, he can scarce control a finger. Pitable being he who asks his fellow-mortals to legislate for him. What do they know of the soul? Were they by, in the laboratory of heaven, when God struck it off? or can they measure its apprehensions or its anguish? Can they see it cling to the cross, or attach itself to the throne, or cast anchor within the veil? Can they lift the curtain that hides eternity, and travel up with it to see what will be its wants in unwasting ages? Poor ruined soul art thou that embarkest upon the shipwrecked reason of the world. *Perplexed* soul, who must obtain consent of his fellow worms before he

acts. To whom shall he go? This world is a great Babel, where chaos umpire sits,

"And by deciding, worse embroils the fray."

Such a man resembles a boatman on a mighty river, where it divides into a thousand branches. A points to one and B to another of the diverging streams, and obey whom he pleases, the overwhelming majority is against him. Perplexed by the confused cries, every stroke of his paddle is feeble. He is a degraded mortal, whomsoever he be, that stoops to ask man, or winds, or waves, or mountains, or storms, or lightning, whether he may do his duty; and weak as he is degraded. Would you be unembarrassed? Have but one will, viz., the will of God. Inquire what is duty, then do it; and though storms may rage around you, all will be calm within. From the counsels of your own soul you will come forth, as Gabriel, from the light, doing nothing rashly, nothing doubtfully, nothing feebly; and before you difficulties will sink.

Under manly resistance difficulties progressively diminish. If, when we set out in life, we fail, we shall be likely to do so throughout our career; but if we conquer in the first onset, we shall probably vanquish in the next; and after a few triumphs our march will be as that of the conqueror.

The forty-fourth British regiment having lost their colors by a dastardly delay in bringing up the fascines at the battle of New Orleans, and being sent to India to regain them, instead of accomplishing their object were annihilated by the Affghans. The hero who led the American lines to that memorable field, commenced his career by a fortunate battle, and terminated, in a blaze of glory, a series of brilliant victories. Summon all your energies to the first conflict. As under reiterated failures the bold heart sinks, under repeated triumphs the timid one rises. Success gives strength to the hand, and energy to the head, and courage to the heart; and produces the habit of perseverance to successful issue. Its subject goes to the battle as did the Greek, who, being reminded that he was lame, replied, "I propose to fight, not to run." When Bonaparte heard that his old guard had surrendered, he said it was impossible, because they did not know how.

Manly resistance subdues the opposition of the world. The world is a wicked one. It loves to crush the oppressed. I know not *how* it is, but I do know that *so* it is. When a man gives signs of failing, his friends forsake him, and his enemies come up; and even they who before were indifferent to his affairs, take an interest in his downfall. Wo to the man who cannot conceal his inadequacy to meet his exigencies. Clearchus, in that

memorable retreat of the ten thousand from Persia, though in an enemy's land, and surrounded with millions of armed foes, delivered to the king's messengers, inviting him to sue for peace, that truly Spartan reply, "Go tell the king that it is rather necessary to fight, as we have nothing on which to dine." While such was his bearing, he marched unhurt through dangerous passes and over unfordable rivers, and was abundantly supplied with Persian dainties; but when he went to parley with Tissaphernes, he and the brave men around him fell.

When a designing enemy sees that a man is not arrested by difficulty; that obstacles only develop superior energies, he will take care not to put any in his way. The very men that oppose you with bitterness, when they see you marching onward with accelerated footstep, will soon not only surcease their opposition, but come around you with obsequious smile, and bow and beg to do you homage.

Difficulty is associated with happiness. The curse which doomed man to toil is among the greatest of human blessings. In itself it is a curse; relatively, to fallen man, it is a perpetual, universal, unmixed mercy. Though the seraph, soaring on his wings of fire, and triumphing in immortal powers, *regards* it as a curse; though man in paradise *felt* it to be such; yet to man depraved, it is a kind angel which saves him from himself, his greatest foe. Were it repealed, earth would be a thousand fold cursed. Matter and mind would rot; the field would be a wilderness; man would be armed against himself and against his fellow; passion would obliterate reason; iniquity would spring out of all the earth; unmitigated wrath would look down from heaven; hell itself would be anticipated. Wisely has God locked up every blessing, and thrown a curtain over every truth, that in turning the key and lifting the veil, man's physical and moral powers might be diverted from *their* desolating, downward tendency.

But exercise not only preserves us, in some degree, from wickedness and wo, it brings us positive pleasure. The exercise of any of the faculties within prescribed limits, affords enjoyment.

Go to your congress of nations. See those two champion statesmen meet in fierce and final struggle. A nation's arguments, a nation's feeling, a nation's interest, crowd upon each aching head, and press each throbbing heart. The world's wit and wisdom crowd the halls, and beauty in the glittering gallery watches the approaching conflict. The multitudes besiege the doors, and aisles, and windows, anxious to witness the scene, and herald the issue. The champions rise upon the tempest of human passions; they raise storm after storm, and throw thunderbolt on thunderbolt at each other; they soar, wing to wing, into the loftiest regions; they grapple with each other, soul to

soul. Then is the purest, deepest, sweetest rapture, save that which comes from heaven. It were cheap to buy one draught with the crown of empire.

Difficulties, when overcome, insure honor. What laurels can be gathered from the field of sham battle? No enemy, no glory. The brave man scorns the feeble adversary. The greater the foe the more noble the victory. Rome gave her best honors to Scipio, because he prostrated Hannibal. America honors Washington because he drove the giant forces of Britain. England awards to Wellington her highest praise because he struck down Napoleon, her mightiest foe. Mark the aged Christian pilgrim, as he rises from some fearful conflict in holy triumph. Hark! Methinks I hear him say, "O glorious gospel of the blessed God! Because thou dost task all my powers; because thou dost lead me to the arena; because thou dost bring me to the mightiest foes; to principalities and powers, leagued for our destruction; to rulers of darkness, and wicked spirits, panting for our everlasting death; to the world and the flesh; to earth and to hell, thus making me a spectacle to infernal and heavenly worlds, to God the Spirit, God the Son, and God the Father; therefore will I glory in thee." Go ask the blood-washed throng if they would erase one trial from their history. Ask David on yon mount of glory, why the angels fold their wings, and drop their harps to listen to his story. Would you have an honored life, an honored memory, a blessed immortality, shrink not from conflict.

CAPABILITIES.

It has often been a question whether great men are the producers or the produced of great crises. We see a Cromwell live for forty years a quiet country-town life, till at length a national convulsion arising, he, being strongly interested in the views of one of the parties, dashes forward, and, before passing fifty, has all but the crown of England upon his head. Again, we see a French sous-lieutenant of artillery plunging into his country's history at a time of similar confusion, and making himself the most formidable sovereign upon earth before he is thirty-five. If we were to limit our regard to such facts as these, we should be disposed at once to conclude, that a man of powerful character is nothing, unless an opportunity arise for his entering upon a grand career. But, on the other hand, we often see a powerful

mind arise in times comparatively tranquil, and work great marvels, apparently by its own inherent energies. We see at times what seem to be occasions for the coming forward of great men upon the stage, and yet they do not come. We then begin to think that perhaps a Cromwell or a Bonaparte contributes to some great, though indefinable extent, in producing the events to which his appearance at first seemed subordinate. We suspect that the civil wars of England, and the French revolution, would not have taken the turn they did, but for the potent and overmastering influence of these individual actors. Thus we are prevented from coming to a decision on the point. And, in fact, this is a question which stands unsettled amongst thinking men until the present hour.

The question, as it appears to me, can never be definitely settled on the one side or the other; for neither view is wholly true. But I believe that the truth preponderates in favor of the argument which considers men as requiring circumstances to evoke their mental powers. Strong, active, and original minds will ever tell to some degree upon their circumstances, be these as impassible as they may; but they cannot tell to a great degree, unless at a time when the social elements are in some confusion. And this is simply because, let a single mind be ever so powerful, the fabric of society and its conventionalities is, in ordinary circumstances, stronger still, so that no one can do more than merely modify it in some slight degree, or prepare the way for future operations whereby it may be affected. If the matter be narrowly examined, it will always be found that, where an occasion for the appearance of a great leader passed over without any one coming forward, the necessary stir of the social elements was wanting. The *vis inertiae* of the mass is what all single minds find fatal to them, when they attempt to do great things with their fellow-creatures. Hence a Luther, rising in the twelfth century, when the Romish church was at its highest pitch of power, would have broken his head against its walls. As an obscure heretic, his name would have been forgotten in a few years. Such minds as his must, in the course of nature, have arisen at various periods among the conventual brotherhoods; but they would never become distinguished for more than a somewhat latitudinarian way of dealing with the authority of the prior, or perhaps an occasional fractiousness at the elections of sacristans. It is like the wind-sown seed, much of which comes to nothing because it lights in stony places, while only what chances to fall on good ground fructifies. And there is another thing to be considered. The most powerful minds are more or less dependent upon things external to them, in order to be roused into due activity. Such a mind droops like the

banner by the flagstaff, till the wind of occasion unfurls it. It may pine, and chafe, and wear itself out in vain regrets and ennui, like the prisoned huntsman, or, in the desperation of forced idleness, or unworthy occupation, waste itself upon frivolities idler than idleness itself. But still it will be for the most part a lost mind, unless circumstances shall arise capable of raising it to its full force, and eliciting all its powers. Here a consideration occurs, calling for some collateral remark. We are apt, at a tranquil period, to pity the men who have to fight through civil broils such as those in which Spain has for some years been engaged. In reality, these men are happier than we think them. They have the pleasure of feeling their faculties continually at the full stretch. Victorious or defeated, hunting or hunted, they are thoroughly engrossed in the passing day; not a moment for the torture of excessive ease. Providence is kind to the men who undertake dangerous enterprises. Even when death comes to them—no matter how dreadful his shape—he is met in a paroxysm of mental activity, which entirely disarms him of his terrors.

It follows from these considerations, that there must, at all but extraordinary times, be a vast amount of latent capability in society. Gray's musings on the Cromwells and Miltons of the village are a truth, though extremely stated. Men of all conditions do grow and die in obscurity, who, in suitable circumstances, might have attained to the temple which shines afar. The hearts of Roman mothers beat an unnoted lifetime in dim parlors. Souls of fire miss their hour, and languish into ashes. Is not this conformable to what all men feel in their own case? Who is there that has not thought, over and over again, what else he could have done, what else he could have been? Vanity, indeed, may fool us here, and self-tenderness be too ready to look upon the misspending of years as anything but our own fault. Let us look, then, to each other. Does almost any one that we know appear to do or be all that he might? How far from it! Regard for a moment the manner in which a vast proportion of those, who, from independency of fortune and from education, are able to do most good in the world, spend their time, and say if there be not an immense proportion of the capability of mankind undeveloped. The fact is, the bond of union among men is also the bond of restraint. We are committed not to alarm or distress each other by extraordinary displays of intellect or emotion. There are more hostages to fortune that we shall not do anything great, than those which havnig children constitutes. Many struggle for a while against the repressive influences, but at length yield to the powerful temptations to nonentity. The social despotism

presents the fêtes with which it seeks to solace and beguile its victims; and he who began to put on his armor for the righting of many wrongs, is soon content to smile with those who smile. Thus daily do generations ripe and rot, life unenjoyed, the great mission unperformed. Do angels ever weep? If they do, what a subject for their tears in the multitude of young souls who come in the first faith of nature, to grapple at the good, the true, the beautiful, but are instantly thrown back, helpless and mute, into the limbo of commonplace! Oh conventionality, quiet may be thy fireside hours, smooth thy pillowed, thoughts; but at what a sacrifice of the right and the generous of the best that breathes and pants in our nature, is thy peace purchased!

Is not one great cause of the dissatisfaction which rests on the close of most lives just this sense of having all the time made no right or full use of the faculties bestowed upon us? The inner and the true man pent up, concealed from every eye, or only giving occasional glimpses of itself in whimsical tastes and oddities—uneasy movements of undeveloped tendency—we walk through a masque called life, acting up to a character which we have adopted, or which has been imposed upon us, doing nothing from the heart, “goring” our best thoughts to make them lie still. Pitiable parade! The end comes, and finds us despairing over precious years lost beyond recovery, and which, were they recovered, we would again lose. And, if such be a common case, can we wonder at the slow advance of the public or national improvement? There must be a design with regard to highly-endowed natures, that they are to bear upon all around them with such intellectual and moral force as they possess, and thus be continually working on for the general good. This we might consider as a sort of pabulum requisite for the public health—something analogous to air or food with respect to the bodily system. But is this moral necessary of life diffused as it ought to be? Let the endless misdirections and repressions of human capability answer the question.

QUEEN ESTHER.

THE chronicles of great women have been somewhat confined to modern times. History is full of heroic acts, striking virtues, wonderful sacrifices and exalted heroism of distinguished women, but little has been said of the illustrious women of the Scriptures—little, we should say, comparatively speaking; they have been honored, applauded, selected as models of virtue, but profane history has not done them ample justice. Their lives, it is true, were secluded, and few striking occasions occurred for history to note or applaud. Foremost in the list of illustrious women is Queen Esther. Her history is a remarkable one—few women of modern times united so much beauty to so much worth and virtue, so much piety, purity, faith, decision, exalted character and eminent services.

The book of Esther, in which great historical events are recorded, is well known to the reading world—there is so much interest in the narrative, the story is so extraordinary, and the result so great and startling, that by some it might have been considered a mere romance, one of those Persian tales and fabulous stories which abound in that empire; but it has been cautiously and understandingly incorporated in the Jewish canons, and although there are doubts to whom the authorship of the book of Esther should be ascribed, whether to Mordecai, to Ezra, the scribe, to Joachim, the high priest, or the events collected in a book by order of the Great Synagogue, as is conjectured by the learned Dupin, it is certain, that all the events recorded in that book did actually occur, and were so written in the Persian chronicles; and Sir Robert Ker Porter, in his travels through Persia, speaks of the tombs of Esther and Mordecai being still standing at Shusan. The chronology of the book, however, is very uncertain, and it is somewhat difficult to ascertain who was the Persian monarch spoken of in Scripture as the king Ahasuerus. Archbishop Usher says it was Darius Hystaspis who married Esther; that Atassa was the Vashti, and Artystina the Esther; but history gives no such character to these personages as is recorded in the book. *Scaliger* will have it that Xerxes was the Ahasuerus, and Hamestres the Esther, but then Hamestres was a woman of violent character, incontinent and tyrannical, unlike Queen Esther in every respect.

There are two books of Esther; one is apocryphal, and from that book it is evident that Artaxerxes was the King Ahasuerus, not Artaxerxes called *Mnemon*, but *Artaxerxes Longimanus*. Josephus says it was he. *Severus Sulpitius* says it was he. Most of the ancient and modern writers speak of that monarch as the king Ahasuerus, from the well known fact that he was ever

kind to the Jews, and sent Ezra and Nehemiah to raise up the Jews in Jerusalem, to repair their broken fortunes and re-assemble the nation. These historical facts disposed of, let us see where the events occurred which are narrated in the book of Esther.

Persia, in which were the 127 provinces of Ahasuerus, extended from the Hellespont to Indus, 2800 miles, and from Pontus to the shores of Arabia, 2000 miles. It was founded by Cyrus the Great 2399 years ago, and was a most powerful empire. The kings after Cyrus were Cambyses, Darius, Xerxes the Great; Artabanes, Artaxerxes Longimanus (Ahasuerus), and other kings of minor note, down to Alexander the Great, who conquered it, Persepolis being the capital. The city of Shusan, in which the great events to which we now refer occurred, was the ancient Susa. It was built by Tithonus, the father of Mnemon, and was surrounded by a wall one hundred and twenty stadia in circumference. The palace of the king was built of the finest white marble, and was covered with gold and precious stones. Indeed the book opens with some indications of the splendor of that palace, for the pavilion in which the banquet was held, is described in Scripture as "*being fastened with cords of fine linen and purple, to silver rings and pillars of marble;*" and their ottomans "*of gold and silver upon a pavement of red and blue and white marble;*" and in fact, the origin of this banquet to all the nobles of the land, was to show "*the riches of his glorious kingdom and the honor of his excellent majesty in the court of the garden of the king's palace.*" So says the book.

This banquet, given to all the princes and nobles of the land, may be considered as the origin and cause of all the wonderful events which subsequently occurred. It was not the custom among those heathens, as among the Mussulmen, to conceal their women—to hide them from the public gaze and veil their faces. Women had their rights among the Persians, and mingled on all proper occasions in the general festivities; but on this important event, a banquet which was to last seven days, the Queen Vashti, with becoming propriety, declined being present, aware that in a weekly festival, continued night and day, when the golden wine cup passed briskly around, and bacchanalian revels shook throughout the splendid pavilions, it was not a proper place for a lady to be seen. Nevertheless, as the Scripture tells us, in order to do honor to the king, she "*made a feast for the women apart in the royal house which belonged to King Ahasuerus.*" She had a banquet of her own for the ladies of her court. It will be recollected that this banquet of seven days was but the finale to a festival which had lasted six months; and it was on the last day, when the wine was served in vessels of gold, and every one called upon to drink freely, when the king had exhibited everything in

proof of his power and glory, the idea suddenly occurred to him that the brightest jewel in his crown, his surpassingly beautiful queen, had not yet been presented to his guests. He loved her, was vain of her exceedingly great attractions, and was determined that she should shine the bright effulgent star of the banquet, the observed of all observers; and he ordered seven chamberlains to introduce her, arrayed in her royal apparel, in order, as the book says, "*to show the people and the princes her beauty.*"

How few there are, even in our day, who could have resisted the temptation of such an honor! How many a female heart would have bounded at the prospect of so much admiration and adoration from the assembled princes and magnates of the land—how carefully she would have made her toilet, how many graces would have flung themselves around her peerless person—with what majesty she would have walked through the imperial pavilion, receiving the homage of her guests, and seating herself on the throne of gold and ivory by the side of her king and husband! Not so Queen Vashti. "*She refused to come at the king's commandment.*" She considered it immodest and unbecoming as a lady and a queen, to be gazed at by drunken courtiers, and admired by a motley crew of besotted guests—she refused to come; the honor of her husband, her own nice feelings of delicacy and propriety, admonished her of the fact that her presence at such a time at the banquet was at once improper and uncalled for, and she refused to come.

That refusal saved the Jewish people; the Almighty, in implanting in her mind the sense of what is due to the dignity of her sex, intended, at the same time, to make that refusal the cause of a glorious issue to the Jews.

"*The king,*" so says the book, "*was very wroth, and his anger burned within him.*" He had exhibited to his guests the splendor of his possessions, and the plenitude of his power, yet, on the last day of the banquet, he was rebuked by the decisive course of the queen—he was not an absolute monarch. What was to be done? Take her life he dare not, there were laws in Persia not to be disregarded; and he called his cabinet together to know what should be done to his disobedient queen, and they determined to divorce her—to strip her of her crown and power, and send her forthwith a wanderer. She paid the penalty of her modest firmness, but *her sufferings were ultimately joy to countless thousands; her disgrace averted the destruction of the entire Jewish people, and here, for the first time, Esther is introduced to our notice.*

Scripture enumerates many Jewish maidens and women who were an honor to Israel. Our mothers Sarah, Rebecca, Leah, and Rachel, in the days of the Patriarchs, were models of wives and mothers; pious, obedient, kind and hospitable, eminent for

every virtue. Deborah, Miriam and others, were greatly distinguished; but we doubt if any were to be compared to the greatness of character, firmness of purpose, unbounded love of her people, consistency and devotion, equal to Esther. She stands out in bold relief, unapproached and unapproachable. She was an orphan and a captive, the cousin of Mordecai a Benjamite, who was carried captive to Babylon by Nebuchadnezzar, and who had adopted her as his daughter under the Hebrew name of Hadassah.

Mordecai was a man of great moral and intellectual worth—a shrewd politician, an able statesman—a bold, courageous, pious, devoted, patriotic man, and he educated his adopted daughter with care and tenderness, and she amply repaid all the affection and kindness bestowed upon her. Independent of great beauty and symmetry of person, she was blessed with every modest, becoming quality, full of amiable feelings and sweetness of temper and the most graceful and engaging manners.

When the king divorced his wife, and gave orders to assemble all the beautiful maidens of Persia, from whom he was to select a queen, Mordecai determined that his adopted daughter should become one of the candidates; hazardous as was the experiment, painful the privation, yet a secret voice and spirit urged him to make the attempt. He consulted her on the subject, and she consented; and among other cautious lessons of prudence, he admonished her not to let it be known that she was a Jewess, as they were captives in the land, and prejudice might mar her advancement. The book says "*it came to pass that when many maidens were gathered into Shusan, the palace, to the custody of Hegai, the chamberlain, Esther was brought also to the king's house.*"

It was, no doubt, hard for Mordecai to part with his child, probably his only solace in captivity, the joy of his age, and the companion of his leisure hour—harder still to urge upon her the concealment of her religious faith, a faith which in the face of every prejudice might speak trumpet-tongued to all the nations of the earth. But it was a good purpose he designed to bring about. Possibly Esther might find favor in the eyes of the king—her beauty and modest deportment might win him—she might be destined to be Queen of Persia, and then—what then were the aspiring hopes of Mordecai? that his daughter should reign in pomp and splendor, in riches and honor over the 127 provinces? No, not so. She was a Jewess—her people were captives, spread over the realm, well treated it was true, but an hour of calamity might arrive to threaten their destruction, and then Esther—the Queen—from her exalted position and persuasive powers might save them. Such was the pious, the laudable ambition of Mor-

decai. He brought her to the king's house—gave her a word of paternal counsel, and consigned her to the care of the chamberlain, to undergo her probation for twelve long months, and such was his great anxiety for the successful issue of the experiment, that *"he walked every day before the court of the women's house to know how Esther did and what should become of her;"* nay, to such an extent had this solicitude for her success reached, that he finally purchased or solicited the humble situation of porter to the palace, and took his station daily in the discharge of his new duties without any one being aware of the deep interest he had at stake. Those ladies whose beauty and accomplishments authorized their admission to the palace as candidates for the high honor destined to one of them, were all treated with princely distinction. They had separate apartments, numerous attendants, and splendid dresses, they felt their dignity and importance, their pride was flattered, their power acknowledged, and each haughtily imagined that she was to be the favorite choice of the king. Esther, on the contrary, carried into the palace her usual meekness and modesty—her unwillingness to give unnecessary trouble, her sweetness of disposition, and the absence of all pride or affectation,—and Hegai, the distinguished chamberlain, was so struck with her amiable deportment that after giving her everything required by her position, *"he preferred her and her maids unto the best place of the house of women."*

And now the hour of trial arrived; the important day, big with the fate of so many ladies, who with throbbing hearts were to venture on the trial for the king's love. They arrayed themselves with all possible splendor. We can imagine how magnificently they were attired—what coronets of gems—purple and fine linen—what brilliant complexions—what a galaxy of beauty, must have been present on that day at the court of the king's palace. When Esther's turn for attiring had arrived, and the chamberlain was determined that she should be the bright peculiar star, if crowns of jewels—velvet trains—the purest cosmetics and magnificent robes could make her so, the book tell us *"she required nothing,"* that is, no costly ornaments, no royal appanage, but with simple unadorned majesty, with modest looks and downcast eyes, with the *"pure red and white which he who blends the rainbow"* had mantled on her cheek, she walked into the presence of the king, and she triumphed—the Almighty was her friend, and the Jewish maiden was proclaimed queen of Persia. *"The king loved Esther above all the women, and she obtained grace and favor in his sight, more than all the virgins; so that he set the royal crown upon her head and made her queen instead of Vashti."*

Mordecai, we can readily imagine, was overjoyed at her suc-

cess, yet he did not make himself known to the king—he enjoined upon Esther not to reveal her nation and her creed—the time had not arrived. “*Esther did the commandment of Mordecai as when she was brought up with him,*” thus evincing her gratitude and filial affection for her kind friend and father, even while surrounded by wealth and power. While Mordecai continued in his humble station as porter to the king’s palace, he overheard two conspirators plotting the king’s life, and he immediately conveyed to the queen the knowledge of the fact, and they were arrested and put to death. This important event was recorded in the chronicles of Persia, and Mordecai, and his agency in the affair, were soon forgotten.

And now a very important personage makes his appearance in this eventful history, the Prime Minister, Haman. He was a man of great address—bold, haughty, ambitious, and revengeful. He was a great favorite with the king—his services had given him unbounded influence at court, and he enjoyed rank, honor, and immense wealth. Such a man, second only to the king, received as much homage as the sovereign himself. It was customary then, as it is now, “to crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,” to power and authority—he who had office and honor in his gift was sure to have followers and fawning sycophants. Every man bowed down before him as the Prime Minister walked into the palace—all prostrated themselves in his presence excepting Mordecai—and why did he refuse to follow in the general homage? Was it from pride, anger or revenge? Not so. He was a Jew—it was idolatry to throw himself prostrate on earth before man; besides Haman was an Amalekite, a bitter enemy to the Jews—he did not like the character of the man, and he let him pass unnoticed, “*Mordecai bowed not nor did him reverence.*” At first, Haman passed it by unnoticed, but day after day no reverence—no salutation—no token of respect; his attendants complained of the indignity, and at length it aroused in Haman a spirit of revenge—he discovered also that Mordecai was a Jew, and his violence and hatred knew no bounds—he did not order him to be bastinadoed or strangled, which he could have done; that was too poor a revenge for his insulted dignity, and he resolved that the whole nation should die—the many millions spread over the Persian territories should perish by the sword. He knew that his influence with the king could procure a decree which could not be revoked, and being fond of sorcery and witchcraft, he determined by casting *Pur*, as it is called in Scripture, meaning to cast lots, for the day, and fortunately it fell in the month of Adar, the 13th day, which gave twelve months’ grace to the victims of his malice and revenge.

Haman having fixed the day for the massacre, applied to the

king for a decree, representing the Jews to be a worthless race of outcasts—of different religion—difficult to govern, having no union, no alliance with the Persians, and a stain and blot upon the national escutcheon; and to fix the wavering policy of the king, particularly in losing subjects who produced revenue, he promised the king ten thousand talents of silver, upwards of nine millions of dollars. The king, without reflection, without inquiry, without the caution and deliberation due to so important and sanguinary a measure, gave his signet ring to Haman to affix to the decree, and the fate of all Israel was sealed—all we might say, because there were but few remaining at Jerusalem, and they were without a home or a temple. The decree went forth "*to destroy, to kill, and to cause to perish, all Jews, both young and old, little children and women, on one day, even on the thirteenth day of Adar, and all the spoils were to go into the king's coffers.*" This was a thunderbolt to the poor Jews—they had done no wrong, they were peaceable and industrious—always kind and obedient to the laws, and yet were singled out for sacrifice. Well, indeed, might the inspired historian say, on issuing the decree, "*The city of Shusan was perplexed.*" "*The king and Haman sat down to drink, but the city of Shusan was perplexed,*" and in all the provinces there was fasting, wailing, weeping, sackcloth and ashes. How this cruel edict fell on Mordecai, we can readily imagine.

He had been the cause—the innocent cause, of this intended destruction of his people; his refusal to bow before Haman had been revenged by this sanguinary edict. What was to be done? He was in agony of grief—he rent his clothes—dressed himself in sackcloth—went round the city, bewailing, "*crying with a loud and bitter cry,*" until he reached the palace, and there he sat, the picture of misery and despair. Queen Esther, on hearing of it, was exceedingly grieved, and sent a confidential messenger to know what had troubled him, and another dress for him to wear instead of his tattered clothes. He refused to be comforted, and informed the messenger of the whole nature of the cruel decree, and he demanded that Esther should interpose with the king, to save the life of her people.

Never was a woman placed in a position so delicate and embarrassing. She knew that a decree of Persia could not be recalled. She knew that by the laws, she did not dare present herself before the king to ask a favor, unless he first had touched her with his sceptre in token of confidence and love. The king also had allowed her to remain in her own apartments for thirty days—besides, Mordecai, her father, had commanded her to conceal from the king that she was a Jewess, and now his orders were to confess the fact, and pray for the lives of her people;

what was to be done in this dire extremity? Mordecai saw, at once, the difficulty of her position, but he was determined to overcome every obstacle.

He had asked nothing for himself—his child was queen, yet he sat at the king's gate as usual, as an humble porter; he wanted to save Israel from slaughter, and she must, under Providence, be the instrument. Again he urges her interference—animates her to action, appeals to her heroism, her duty—nay even to her fears, "*Think not,*" said he, "*within thyself that thou shalt escape in the king's house more than all the Jews;*" and after presenting the subject to her in every possible form, he says to her solemnly and emphatically, "*If thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall their enlargement and deliverance arise from another place, but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed.*" Here was a touching appeal—sufficiently powerful to overcome the timid fears of any woman. In a moment her resolution was taken; she determined to save her people. "Go," said she to Mordecai, "*gather together all the Jews that are at present in Shusan, and fast ye for me. I also, and my maidens, will fast likewise; and so will I go in unto the king, which is not according to the law, and if I perish, I perish.*" How calm, how pious, how firm! Fast and pray with me in this dreadful extremity, and then I will venture to make the fearful request of the king, and if I perish, why I perish. From fasting and prayer, and inward meditation, come faith and consolation—she felt all its influence, and was buoyed up with the hope of success. Never, to our recollection, was any measure, any important step managed with so much skill and diplomacy, as Esther managed to render this frightful decree null and void. With an aching heart, but with a joyful countenance, she entered the royal presence as a suppliant.

Although uncalled for, although separated from her for some days, he could not behold her beauty, her modest deportment, her suppliant position unmoved, but holding out the sceptre to her, the sign of royal protection, he said in a voice mild and benignant, "*What wilt thou, queen Esther, and what is thy request? It shall be given thee even to the half of the kingdom.*" Here were delightful, soothing words of encouragement, of hope, of confidence. Another woman, on the moment, would have fallen at the feet of the king, and asked for the revocation of the frightful decree against the lives of her people; her heart would have poured forth its grief, and she would have communicated to the king all she wished, all she feared. But Esther was too politic—she had too much tact and address to lay herself open by this course to a refusal—she knew that women had no right to interfere in affairs of state, and she had great reason to apprehend that the king

might answer, Take half my kingdom, gold and jewels of countless value, but thou knowest, queen Esther, that the decrees of the Medes and Persians alter not. This would have been too heavy for endurance; she did not therefore rashly put to sea in a frail bark, with all the kindness and encouragement of the king's manner, but simply asked the favor of the king and Haman honoring a banquet with their presence, which she intended to give.

Who could refuse a request so reasonable, so desirable, so agreeable? It was granted; the king accepted the invitation for the ensuing day. Haman, the prime minister, should also come, and Esther retired, rejoiced that thus far her plans had succeeded. Words could not describe the joy of Haman when the invitation and commands of the king were sent to him. To attend a banquet given by queen Esther to the king, to be the only guest invited, where was his power, his honor to extend? Overjoyed at his good fortune, he left the palace for his own house, but at the gate there sat Mordecai, again unmoved, and "*when Haman saw Mordecai, in the king's gate, that he stood not up, nor moved for him, he was full of indignation against Mordecai,*" and repaired forthwith to his house, called a council with his wife, Zeresh, and friends, and portrayed all his power, his wealth and influence, the high honor destined him by the queen, but what were riches, honor, power? "*All this,*" said he, "*availeth me nothing so long as I see Mordecai, the Jew, sitting at the king's gate.*"

The whole nation was to be destroyed in twelve months, but hatred and revenge called for an immediate object—the delay was too great, and a victim was forthwith required; it was Mordecai, and the wife of Haman and his friends counselled him to make a gallows fifty cubits in height, and demand of the King his consent that Mordecai be executed thereon, and he did order that gallows to be so erected. While this revengeful and cruel plan was devising, the hand of Providence was directed towards the preservation of Mordecai, and the downfall of his implacable enemy. The King was restless and perturbed. On that night the King could not sleep, and on calling for the chronicles of Persia, they read the record of Mordecai's services in detecting treason, and saving the King's life. Struck with the injustice done to him, he soon ascertained that neither riches nor honor had been conferred on Mordecai, and at that time the King asked, Who stands in the court? and the servants answered, Haman standeth in the court. He came to solicit the permission of the King to hang Mordecai, at the very moment the King was reflecting how he could reward him for his fidelity.

When Haman stood before the King, he said to him, What shall be done to the man whom the King delighteth to honor?

Self-esteem and vanity made up a great portion of Haman's character, and believing that he alone deserved the highest honor from the King, he answered unhesitatingly, "*Let him be clad in royal apparel, with the royal crown upon his head, set him on the King's horse, lead him through the streets of the city, and proclaim, thus shall be done to the man whom the King delighteth to honor.*"

We can imagine the rage and disappointment of Haman when the King said, "*Do even so to Mordecai, the Jew, who sitteth at the King's gate.*" There was no evasion, no escape from this degradation—this bitter disappointment, and he led Mordecai throughout the city in triumph, and then returned in grief and anguish to his own house, and in the midst of this grief and mortified pride, orders came from the Queen to attend the banquet to which he had been especially invited. He was in no frame of mind to enjoy this royal festival, but there was no avoiding it, and he went with the chamberlains; "*so the King and Haman came to the banquet with Esther, the Queen.*" This banquet, or rather this private festival—this confidential meeting to which Haman had been invited, was the time and place intended by the Queen to make the request she had contemplated making of the King, and he remembered it—demanded to know her will, to express her wishes, to speak her desires—she should have it, yea even to the half of the kingdom. What then must have been his emotions when he saw Queen Esther prostrate at his feet, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, saying, "*If I have found favor in thy sight, O King, and if it please the King, let my life be given to me at my petition, and my people at my request.*" What must have been his amazement at hearing these words! "Ask thy life?—thy life in danger?—thy people—what people—what danger threatens thee?" Such must have been the thoughts of the King, while Esther proceeded in an impassioned agony of grief—"For we are sold, I and my people—to be destroyed, to be slain, and to perish."

The King at once saw that some dark plot, some foul conspiracy had been set on foot, and hastily demanded, "*Who is he, and where is he, who durst presume in his heart to do this?*" We can imagine, better than describe the horror of Haman, when the Queen, rising in all her majesty, and pointing expressively and indignantly at the prime minister, the great counsellor of the King, exclaimed, "*The adversary and enemy is this wicked Haman.*"

The truth flashed upon him at once. Esther was a Jewess, and it was her people that Haman intended to have destroyed. The King rose from the banquet, and darting fierce glances at the wicked minister, rushed into the garden for air and reflection. It was then that "*Haman stood up to make a request for*

his life to *Esther the Queen*, for he saw that evil was determined against him," and such was his terror and agony—his apprehension and aberration of mind, that he threw himself on her couch as the King entered enraged against him, and the attendants muffled Haman's face as a doomed man, and hurried him out of the presence.

The sequel is known; "*they hanged Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecai*," the Israelites were allowed to defend themselves on the fatal day, and they destroyed those who went against them—the city of Shushan was rejoiced—the Lord had again saved his people.

Every circumstance in this eventful and interesting history carries with it its moral. We see virtue triumphant, and vice punished—error defeated, and tyranny destroyed. Honor is for ever due to Queen Esther. Religion and history have consecrated her in the hearts of her people—her firmness and consistency, her truth, piety and courage, are examples of the purest, the highest character, even to the present age in which we live.

THE RAVEN.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"Tis some visiter," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had tried to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"Tis some visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door;—
That it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door;
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this and nothing more.

Then into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon I heard again a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.
Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope the melancholy burden bore
Of "Nevermore"—of "Nevermore."

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door ;
 Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
 Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core ;
 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
 On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
 But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore !

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer,
 Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
 "Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
 Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore !
 Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore !"
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet !" said I, "thing of evil !—prophet still, if bird or devil !—
 Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
 Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
 On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
 Is there—is there balm in Gilead—tell me—tell me, I implore !"
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet !" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil !
 By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
 Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
 It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend !" I shrieked, upstarting—
 "Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore !
 Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken !
 Leave my loneliness unbroken !—quit the bust above my door !
 Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door !"
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
 On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door ;
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming,
 And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor ;
 And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
 Shall be lifted—nevermore

